

Run

D12

Got him, in the scope
Man hit this nigga man
Damn nigga. Stand still motherfucker
Man go ahead hit that nigga, come on we gotta get the fuck on
The leaves in the way
What?
Shut up nigga I got this
Hit that nigga
Swiftly McVay: I'm 'bout to hit him. I got him

Run...

Duct tape her, put the video tape and rape her
And fuck favors, I'm a criminal with a major
Disruptive membrane that's never letting go of the beef
I'm no stranger, streets paid with blood stains
I strangler her loose, wrangle a jump suit
Machete and leather boots
I'm severing whatever nigga sold you crack
And told you to expose your scrotum to these whores and you click-
clack, remember that
[?] the pain, have you niggas ducking like the hunchback of Notre-Dame
Fuckers ain't gon' say a thing
Huggin a burner, you acting like you trying to murder
Like a marine that's never been overseas
I heard the niggas like you
I can turn your city against any nigga willing to send me an invite
Whoever double-cross me
Then already walked across my first line
So its dandelions and curse time

Run

It's a nigga running behind you, you better hopin' for he don't find you, yo
u know you better

Run

Hearing them bullets whistlin' by you
You see the red dots are around you, you know you better

Run

Those niggas really trying to kill you
You better hopin' for he won't kill you, you know you better

Run

Black gloves, black hat, black hoodie, black gat
Flashlight attached to [?] where the clap at
Nigga, get your [?] on, my [?] on
Bullets leave the group, let 'em get a solo
[?], head on the council, pick the lock, backdoor, dead the whole household
You want murder? Take a flight out here (c'mon)
When the hammer sparks, you gon' get a bright idea (c'mon)
You better the other way, before I (Run) to the car
When you (Run) start playin', you don't (Run) to Bizarre (Yeah)
I leave a nigga slomp, a pistol grip will make your adrenaline pump (shit)
I blow your clothes backwards, criss-cross your ass
Make your whole body jump (jump) (jump)
This is gangsta shit like a John Gotti dump
People that's been shot before, they keep tellin' you that shit ain't fun (f
un) (fun)

If you get the chance, yo you better

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