

Runnin' Wild

dead prez

Inspiration that came from Black and Latino and young people.
From the ghettos of the Bronx and Brooklyn and New York, you know what I'm s
ayin'? (Of course) That's power

Fuck the police, can't wait to get from momma house
Hopped off the porch, old enough for some drama now
Pistol in his pocket, barely strong enough to cock it
But he ain't scared to pop it, got a heart like Colossus
Momma ain't home, daddy locked down
Still his gold chain swing, pants sagged down
He be clean, fresh Caesar
New jeans, new sneakers
Middle finger to his teachers, a rebellious young genius
Little Bobby Hutton, '09 version
Ready to touch something
No matter what
Determined to make his life worth something
Keeping it gangsta
Cause the young black male is in danger
One slip out here, these crackas will hang you
Only the strong survive
No choice, you gotta ride
Young in age but your mind is wise
Walking strong with a King Tut strut in your stride
Black pride and I'm young, hungry, born to survive
Don't collide with him

Ya, I hear all that righteous shit you talkin' man, fuck that.
I gotta get out here and get this money, man. My daughter feet grow everyday
.
I'm broke out here. Ain't nobody giving me no jobs. I gotta get it one way o
r another

Little child, little child
Runnin' wild, runnin' wild
Little child, runnin' wild
Whoah, ya
Hey, little child, little child
Runnin' wild
Little child, runnin' wild
Whoah, hey

Growing up in this world today is not easy to do
Either your choosing your path or your path will choose you
Lil' Khazi got big shoes to fill for his fam'
He's so young it's hard for him to understand
That he's the man of the house
He know the time, his momma work overtime
And his attitude (a milli, a milli, is '09)
Go to school just to battle MC's in the cafeteria
Fell asleep in third period to the theory
That the president is black so he should try to be that
Better yet, put a gat on your back and go to Iraq
But he already done chose a side
A bonafide People Army soldier rollin' for life
Mind sharp as that switch blade knife in his back pocket
Ain't no crack in his sock

He got bigger dreams
And even more than money countin'
He ready to move mountains
The future Kwame Nkrumah
And he know it's a dirty job but somebody gotta do it

Shoot, you gotta feel me man. Not a day goes by it ain't a shootout.
My gun is all I got in these streets.
I'm 'bout myself, and when I need help, the only thing I can rely on is my gun game

I love to see the homies cliqued up, fists up
Khakis on, STAG bandana rag twist up
Hood pride, unified
G'd up, ride or die
Street tribe
Real soldiers don't die, we multiply

You got people all around the world nodding their heads to what people are saying.
So when you're conscious of that, then ya know, you can do more than just say, "this is a hustle",
"I'm trying to make my bread" or "that broad got a big ass". Come on.
There's more important things in the world. I know you and stic do it everyday