

# Run For Cover

Flipmode Squad

Yeah, niggas want to talk shit, in the mothafucking room  
I got something for your motherfucking ass, check it out

Rampage I'm coming express through your chest  
In the Lex-GS, stop talking BS  
My watch is still flooded  
850 for the budget  
I'm Rugged, cats get gutted, rhyme then stab  
Send their rusty ass friend to the lab  
You's a crab, I take mines off the top like Fab  
Hit you with a jab for the 98  
Number one in billboard with the triangle shape  
Flipmode on every mix tape, watch you cats get scrape  
Rampage Alexander the great

What!  
Better run for cover for it's too late  
What!  
You know we got it locked way out of state  
What!

Now whose the chick to come ice the cake  
Put it through everybody on my license plate (Aight)  
Ripping MC's then got a rap chick fiending (fiending)  
Celine type creaming (creaming)  
Make them rappers poof like them crackers did Keenen  
Meaning I run that, Waiting on mine like I'm the LL comeback  
Wack rappers crawled out from holes  
Now you souped 'cause you slithered up the totem pole  
Flipmode Squad affiliate of of time-warner  
Send all you punks back to decorate the corner

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Now Baby Sham take the safety off hold

There's a lot of fake cats that jump in their mans Rolls  
Come to my show with these fake wallos  
Turquoise hid invoiced with plans to blow  
See me backstage with the gauge upholds my pants leg  
Hand made suits contracts is in the briefcase  
Life Negotiate so when I split these pies  
I'm sexing your dime  
Flow for Flow batteling rhymes  
Talking some crime  
Now I gotta split your time (What!What!)  
Get your shit pushed back like these seats recline (yeah)

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Now Baby Sham take the safety off hold  
  
Sliff Star throw on my scully tipping my brim (uh huh)

Stand on the Street corner scuffing up my Timbs  
Take off my jacket  
Pack the four fith 'cause a racket (that's right)  
Freaky fella  
Jimmy swaggert (wha')  
Kill a sucka  
Brothers had it (ha)  
Contradiction crucifixion  
False Leadership Richard Nixon  
Bouncing and switching the lanes all up in the Range  
Here's a fifty for twenty dollars of gas gimme my change!

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Hey it's the worlds famous international  
Sinner irrational (ha)  
Nigga who dance with wolves  
Masterful bash skulls  
Crack axles peel out in black fords  
Splatter brains on dash ports  
Start anthrax wars  
See's cast like task force die on a cross (ha)  
July 4th blow your hands off (Blaow!)

Special delivery  
Jam 'cause with ghetto misery when I'm killabrese of canine  
Last name heard it through the grapevine  
Killing your blood millineum bug  
United States divide with hate crimes  
Roll snake eyes  
In the concrete jungle of hell  
While Lord Have stays Super like the son of Jor-el

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I be the last nigga  
The quick to bust your ass niggas  
Do anything in this world to get the cash niggas  
I might even get mad and even slash niggas  
Rob them and get away in a car and crash niggas  
What!'s the world gonna do when I drop the smash nigga  
Iron all in your face don't make me pull the trigga  
Another reason for me to have to poor my own swigga  
Thought I was posing for word up but a fed took my picture  
Surgeon general I represent the underneath  
The ask for shit beef  
The worlds greatest fucking thief  
Brick layer hardcore smash your front teeth

Wilding it straight giving their mother mad grief  
Rob a nigga strip him down leave him in his briefs  
Do so much dirt the priest asked me to turn another leaf  
Made the priest flip change his whole belief  
Started wildin' in the club with them niggas starting beef  
Act fool