

# Run Or Fly

Pro Era

Before you fly you gotta run  
Before you run your gotta walk  
Before you walk you gotta crawl  
Before you crawl you gotta be born  
Said I came this far we can't go back  
Tell me how you feel, cause I really need to know that

As dusk turns to dawn, I keep growing, seeking knowledge  
Keep knowing seeing cheese without my teeth showing  
Thats right, I'm hot now headed to the top now  
I got it on lock down about to hold my whole block down  
In Pac town, rolling up a dub, Santa Cruisin'  
Enthused with my tunes, got the west showing love  
See my name on the bills, and people showing up  
To see me, shit is real  
Cuz I ain't even old enough to buy lotto tickets  
But I guess my motto didn't lie  
People don't listen until you're really fly  
Top five dead or alive thinking I fit the five  
But you gonna think I lied, cuz I ain't ever hid my eyes  
The ill minded, free will signin  
World domination consignment, I co-sign it  
I done reach my goal, but I'm not done being a minor  
Underground climbing, they can't dig it, they can't find us

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It's the Brooklyn representative, no artificial intelligence  
Just thinking, enlightening, ain't even take flight yet  
I know you feel me, pull out your camcorders  
Halves and ounces just ordered, you see a change, it's just my aura  
Over time I became a reflection of brains, cash, mary jane  
What did I forget to mention?  
Well fat blunts since the age of 15  
Y'all smoke toothpicks, I pick the steak out of my teeth  
Bon appetit, I'd rather be home sick than home-sick  
Plastic cups with rubbetussin to keep me posted like pics  
Not Budgin or ballin, and you can't run out of here  
Don't blink til you reach the top, uh keep up with stairs, no competition  
Y'all? smoke on the regular, my way only high grades  
Inhale the indica, exhale the nebula  
This cypher secular no sharing when they offer us  
Fallin off - that's preposterous  
Pick up on your chakras, you on the right trail  
Come sip that Ciroc with us, no facade  
I talk to myself, word to God  
Put your hands together, no applause  
Fuck the law, digress and fall, progress evolve, fuck the rest of y'all  
I'm Professional, and I'm still Dirty

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A couple chips for the meal, that's a lot though  
Nothing but crisp dollar bills  
The more the merrier, the richer I feel  
I'm living ideal, about to throw the tints on my wheels  
My homies steal, leave you still with the steel  
That when shit get reel  
It all started way back in the day  
Took the high-way but still wasn't trafficking weight  
Said fuck it pass me the J card what we happen to play  
Against me, just know you might end up having to pay  
Since I'm the champ of the game  
Smack down the face or just get smacked in your face  
Get out of line or get put back in your place  
I know it won't be fun having your back in a brace  
So just watch what you happen to say

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Said I came this far and can't go back  
Tell me how you feel cause I really need to know that  
I call it astromagentum, I woke up in a dream state  
This life may seem great, but it ain't  
It ain't the first time I seen gray  
With more higrade purple rain for the pain  
I said I hate to complain  
But lately, all I see is days are the same  
The ways that it strays can persuade me to change  
But I blame it on the game cause it made me this way  
I bet it started when I played Cee-Lo  
4 5 6 then out came STEELO  
A misfit I've been addicted to the weed smoke  
All the youngin ever knew was reload the demos and steam on  
Dream on, the plan to put his team on is mapped out  
We gotta cross the map now  
Caught a power surge and then we blacked out  
I ain't tapping out unless it's blunt ashes and clouds

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