

Run It

Slaine

We raping and pillaging the whole rap industry (Better run that shit)
Anything we can't get on our own, we coming to take it, right here
Play them horns, Statik, hahaha
I like that shit, we do it Boston style
In Boston, if we can't get it, we just go steal it
You know what I'm saying? Check it

Listen, I don't know what's real and what isn't
My alcoholism's a prison, my rhythm is possessed
I'm the Devil in the flesh, exorcism is next
My x-ray vision is infested with sex, drugs, and Tecs
I'm a star when I rock and roll
I can knock 'em home with my dome
It's so fucking cold, my Binaca's old and my vodka's sto'
Raspberry got me barking so dark and cold
I'm a poet going going gold, holding on his cock and balls
Singing every note that I wrote with the octave off
Push you off your fucking pedestal, they tell me "Knock it off"
Pocket's poor, raping rap music 'til my cock is soft
Married to this life, it's a wonder that I'm not divorced
Copping whores four in the morning and I'm coughing hoarse
Hanging out the window shooting motherfucking shotguns off
This is who I am and I'm always setting drama off
Fuck the twelve steps, I'ma throw you off your momma's porch

Your whips, your bitch, your wristwatch, your chain
Cadillac, Escalade, it's not the same
We thieves with deep beef and pickpocket change
Better run your shit (Run it)

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Yo, you can tell that we're fools by the hell that we choose
Man, I'm going for the gusto, I keep telling these dudes
I'm either getting rich, dead, or rocking felony shoes
I ain't Boston George, so fuck him and Penelope Cruz
Listen, this isn't vicious enough, this is a mixture of drugs
I fuck the system all up, this is a picture of us
I never piss in a cup, can't fit my wrists in the cuffs
I don't believe in the law, I didn't listen enough
You should be listening up, I got a pistol that's tough
I got an AK, shit barely fits in the trunk
I'm throwing fits when I'm drunk, I'm going spaz with the gats
I came so far, I laugh while you fathom the fact
I passionately pattern a track, rats imagine I'm back
Imagining that as I add another stack
Fuck society, they're telling me I should calm down probably
But I'm notorious like a Charlestown robbery

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