

# Run

## Spouse

Heyo, drop the blunt, jump the fence  
Toss the lighter quick or that shit will become evidence  
We'll get nabbed, thrown in detox  
Cops rolling up, like joints  
Stash the baggy in my Reeboks, zoinks!  
Ghost's face red already, there's no sun  
I'm winded too, man, but fuck it, we gotta run!  
Deuce misdemeanors done took me to the cleaners  
Cops is the meanest, Lorena Bobbitt off your penis  
Run if you're black, or white like dandruff  
Be scared of any motherfucker holding handcuffs  
Pants sagging off my tushes, hop in the bushes  
Too many brushes with the law got me hustling  
Pushing my body to the physical max  
'Cause I don't want to get charged with some criminal act  
There's no peace living here with these police  
I'm running down whole streets, fuck, I gotta go pee  
Can't stop, I'll get arrested  
Get locked up and go six months without (seeing my damn girl's breasts)  
Run! You'd rather get cuffed, fingerprinted?  
I'm sprinting like Homer Simpson with a doughnut in his vision  
Run! Or be a big, bad faggot  
In a jumpsuit the color of a Zigzag package, so

{Run!}  
If the po-peezy in the shadows  
{Run!}  
(If you spot Fahey or Battle)  
{Run!  
Don't be dumb, cops are scum  
They're handing out summonses by the tons  
Run!}  
If it meant he wouldn't get a trial  
I bet even Biggie Smalls would a four-minute mile, so  
{Run!}  
Hop benches, jump over fences  
When you see me coming, get the fuck out the entrance  
{Run!}  
Fuck that, I'm done, fuck that  
Spouse, motherfucker

It's wacked-out Wednesday, the cops is in the rear-view  
That's how it goes when Spouse ain't got nowhere to steer to  
Twenty-sacks to sell, I'm ballin' like Cassell  
Taking shots of Grey Goose getting loose while I puff Ls  
Weighing up these bags for fags that'll pay anything  
Short 'em on a sack and these cats won't say anything  
They ain't getting wise 'cause these guys will get choked out  
Tried to get his money back, I smacked and then he broke out  
Now I can't get rid of the smoke  
But I know these cops won't catch us, this Barney 5 shit's a joke  
Down shifting on 'em 'cause I got weed on me  
Smelly, green bud without any seeds on me  
Chasing like I'm big time, holding keys on me  
But I gotta keep going 'cause they gaining speed on me  
It's hard for me to slow down, I wanna see a new day  
IMing my chick right quick from Mugs' two-way

Use my shoelaces as a belt so pants stay  
If they catch me they gonna give me a fine that I can't pay  
Now we bailing from the whip, Spose wants to try that  
But I'm overweight so I'm looking for somewhere to hide at  
But they mad close, they just wanna nab Ghost  
Hope they don't pop off a shot or two  
'Cause run's what I gotta do

{Run!}

If the po-peezy in the shadows

{Run!}

(If you spot Fahey or Battle)

{Run!}

Don't be dumb, cops are scum

They're handing out summonses by the tons

Run!}

If it meant he wouldn't get a trial

I bet even Biggie Smalls would a four-minute mile, so

{Run!}

Hop benches, jump over fences

When you see me coming, get the fuck out the entrance

{Run!}

Fuck that, I'm done, fuck that

Spose, motherfucker