

# Runaway

Swizz Beatz

When my heart aches I'm drowning, pain won't go away  
And in my cups brown fills my brain, won't go away  
These five yellow girls all on parade asphyxiate  
Goddamn

Still stuck in a box tryna clear my name  
Y'all know the deal  
Still trapped in a box tryna clear my name  
It's only real  
And in my cups brown fills my brain  
Can't stop it, can't stop it  
And in my cups brown fills my brain  
Still trapped in a box tryna clear my name  
Y'all know the deal  
Won't go away  
It's only real  
I'm afraid  
Your love will blow me away  
Can't stop it, can't stop it, yeah  
Am I dumb?  
All 'cause I numb the pain  
Am I just another runaway?  
Runaway

Handsome gangster, ain't he? '89 to be exact  
We own the block, sixteen had two Techs and one Mac  
Niggas cookin' that work, we thirsty to see it come back  
Killas and rats, sold crack, fiends where I hung at  
Drivin' through every borough with your woman, I done that  
Cuban link dreams, chasin' fiends down, deez foul  
Nothing frisk me, I had the nerve not even put the weed down  
These clowns thirsty to squeeze rounds

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Drivin' eighty miles per hour in the rain  
Feelin' yesterday's high still  
And it's calming my brain which is ever-moving  
I still remember shootings, that never leave out my thoughts  
Blowin' by the basketball court, they went to war it happened  
All I imagine sometime, under sunshine on vacation  
Things I did in my hood situations, oh well  
Probably was a bad father to my first born  
Love her to death, but I ain't been home since my first song  
Provided for her, but money can't replace a father for her  
Plus I got a son, blessed with kids, yeah, man, I adore them  
And I was sure I was gonna leave this life too fast

I got guardian angels came down and saved my ass

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New York City, stand up!  
New York City, stand up!

Yeah, yeah, yeah  
This that Nas  
That Za Za  
That New York  
That Za Za  
That Nas