

## Shaquille O'Neal F/ Sauce Money

### "Run Tha Street"

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[Daz Dillinger]

Penitentiary scars, war stars, stolen cars  
What you wanna be, a gangsta or a gang star?  
Make your mind up before your times up  
I'll pick my nine up, fore' they find up all in the cut  
Fucked up, it's like I'm locked up  
They let your man out  
Thought he got twenty, he didn't do any  
Now it's time to - carry our plan out  
Fuck the handout and the charity case  
I want your fam, hot, burned it down and murdered the place  
Developed in court rooms, and they caught me in dark rooms  
Cause I got caught with a yacht to Cancun - with a bird  
You know it wasn't a parakeet  
It was a ki, worth at least 10,000 G's  
Plus I was indicted, then extradited  
Sent to the County to fight it and my bail was priceless  
Shit like this requires drastic measures  
I heard Alaska's the best place for escaped felons  
Because the ones don't wine and the sun don't shine  
If I blow some hydro with some friends of mine  
It's gettin' dark all the time, they gettin' jiggy wit it  
I'm gettin' gangsta wit it, killas, Young Gotti wit it  
I don't regret shit, I ain't sorry for nothin' I done  
I did it all for a reason, the matter wouldn't have been done  
I wanna -

[Chorus]

Run the streets and rule the world  
Punch the boys and kiss the girls  
Cease the peace and start the war  
Kill the bitches and fuck the whores

[Daz Dillinger]

They wanna know why I nut up in the club  
Cause they never showed me love before I was 21  
Had to run to get a fake I.D  
How you like me now?

Try me, I puts it down like gangs, black, brown  
Should I get a sack or should I get some liquor?  
What'll go first? Will it be my lungs or my liver?  
Make me quiver as I sip and take a drink out the bottle  
It's hard to swallow  
Gotta hop over this bullshit at least 'til tomorrow  
My heart is hollow with no sorrow or no sympathy  
No positive energy, bad publicity, bad ass energy  
Everywhere I go - wars show, they 'bout to hit a fo'- fo'  
Go blow, then the flow, and then float  
I give the people what they want, supply and demand  
Put the money in my hand, work with me, I'm the man  
Daz Dilly you on some crazy stuff  
Now they all under the ground pushin' the daisy's up  
The parts of life, nigga it's dirt cheap  
The devilry is deaf is either cheap at first you don't  
sleep  
If the words that the preacher preach don't reach  
His home and each, there's no perception of the  
speech  
Then what good is it, if the hood ain't in it  
Don't act like you heard it  
Act like you know it when I serve it motherfucker, I  
wanna -

[Chorus - X2]

Run the streets and rule the world  
Punch the boys and kiss the girls  
Cease the peace and start the wars  
Kill the bitches and fuck the whores

[Daz Dillinger]

I'm a G like Tray Deee, King Tee  
And Eazy-E and Ice T and all the other G's like me  
Niggaz like y'all pop like Utah Jazz  
Shoot from the outside but can't come in and bash  
Scared to mash cause your bitch ass ain't got enough  
cash  
If you move too fast your ass will get blast  
I'm out for cash and loot if I got to blast or shoot, in a  
khaki suit  
Hit the witness before they can prosecute  
The whole testimony - was stretched and phony  
Have your ba-by mama testify for me  
Say that she knew me, I was with her on the night, I was  
there  
Said we fucked around in a cheap motel out of town  
I don't know this much, the bitch clowned, she lied  
under oath  
Now my niggaz got to catch you slippin', cut your throat  
Ah bitch, you wouldn't listen, had to - rock the boat

I'll set you up with them Inglewood bitches to get you  
smoked  
Now my niggaz is out for y'all  
The Roman Empire's about to fall, Death Row is about  
to fall  
God damn, this gangsta shit get deep  
Caught him empty hand and then put his ass to sleep  
We had to - creep, creep - cut the glass out the skylight  
Slid into the window at the corner after midnight  
And slit his windpipe, and did his wife with the same  
knife  
Took his homie life under the street light  
I think I - live a strange life, I'll probably die a stranger  
death  
The dangerous words uttered under a strangers breath  
A gangsta as decision was made - to have Marion  
"Suge" Knight straight blown away  
I wanna -

[Chorus - X2]

Run the streets and rule the world  
Punch the boys and kiss the girls  
Cease the peace and start the wars  
Kill the bitches and fuck the whores

[Outro]

Yeah nigga you know we run this right here  
Everyday, all day  
You know I'm in yo' streets  
Diss me if you want to  
I'll catch y'all slippin' homie  
Yeah... the black phantom  
HA HA, HO!

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