

**Sisqo % Dru Hill F/ Ja Rule****"Runnin' \*"**

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\* the word 'police' is censored on the album version of this song

One time, one time nigga one time! (Where?)

Runnin' from the police (Yeah I know what you mean)  
No matter what I do, they got a nigga  
still runnin' from the police  
(Put them motherfuckin Nike's on tight and get ghost y'all)

[Dramacydal]

I ain't got nuttin on my mind, but gettin in some trouble  
Lickin shots to they block leavin bloody blood puddles  
for some ridah delight, now we in a gunfight  
I can shoot the gauge pebbles at the devils or die tonight  
It's on me, but if I die bury me a motherfuckin G  
A open casket on them bastards so they all remember me  
With my vest on my chest, my tools and my piece  
Thug Life motherfucker gotta me runnin' from the police

Nigga, you know that's true  
Catch a nigga like K-Dog, chillin wit a crew  
Every damn day parlay with my glass of Re  
The O.J. and it's all OK  
'til that fuckin fake cop got to play the man  
Ran me down the block with my glass in my hand  
Damn, I hope it don't spill  
Nigga chill, shit is real cock back my steel

Still runnin' from the police I gets no sleep  
I got you peepin in my window while I'm smokin indo  
But I ain't no motherfuckin track star, pig's got a Jeep  
like Big Mouth, runnin through motherfucker's  
backyards  
So I, grabs my piece before I flee  
And instead of me runnin', these bitches is runnin'  
from me

Lick shots hits spots off on my piece  
Cause a nigga like Big Mouth is through runnin' from  
the police

[Interlude: Buju Banton]

I bust off! What about the time they pull me from the  
Bronco  
lay, they tried to cock me, but them can't gun store  
When a batty bwoy do it from the mob  
Ahh, pull up your pants then you screw an left squad  
Look around, look around, punk police  
While gwan man doesn't a come but a bad boy test  
Look around, look around, punk police  
Me hafta blast back, cause de blast is best

[Stretch]

Yo I was, schemin and fiendin for loots and took the  
crooked route  
to, ghetto fame I felt the pains and now I run the game  
The insane brain, cold gettin fly like a plane  
on them suckers with my nigga Biggie Smalls causin  
ruckus

[Notorious B.I.G.]

Check it, I grew up a fuckin screw-up  
Got introduced to the game, got a ounce and fuckin  
blew up  
Choppin rocks overnight  
The nigga Biggie Smalls tryin to turn into the black  
Frank White

[Stretch]

And we got the workers choppin rock, Benz by the flock  
And we gettin it, the dirty cops are jealous so they  
sweatin it  
I'm lettin off smoke, hope they don't play me for no  
joke  
and provoke the homicide, so just let the drama slide  
We keepin it real, fuck how you feel, Biggie pass the  
steel  
Let's serve these motherfuckers slugs as a fuckin meal

[Notorious B.I.G.]

We had to grow dreads to change our description  
Two cops is on the milk box missin  
Show they toes you know they got stepped on  
A fist full of bullets a chest full of Teflon  
Run from the police picture that, nigga I'm too fat  
I fuck around and catch a asthma attack (\*heavy  
breathing\*)  
That's why I bust back, it don't phase me

When he drop, take his glock, and I'm Swayze  
Celebrate my escape, sold the glock, bought some weight  
Laid back, I got some money to make, motherfucker

[Interlude: Buju Banton]

Now it's war, me tryin to sell, runnin from the punk police

They try to cock me, but them can't gun store  
What about they come to hold up me North  
Pulled up the park, I left school and left buck  
Look around, look around, punk police  
Was about to blast with ya gun but you can't stop me  
Look around, look around, punk police  
Me haf to blast back, cause blast back best

[2Pac]

They got me runnin' from the five-oh  
duckin and dodgin in my survival  
The Benzo and I let off with my nine, hoe  
I'm movin swifter than the next nigga, no time for sex  
Cause in my mind all I wonder is who's next  
Nigga, my homey slipped and now he pays the price  
He did a driveby, sixteen, now he's doin triple life  
Tell me is it me or my upbringing, I spit that thug shit  
Nigga motherfuck singin, I hope you got your Timberlands  
on tight, cause I ain't givin up  
I'd rather duck these motherfuckers all night  
I'm runnin' through the projects, beyotch  
They'll never catch me  
Cause I'm loc'd and trigger happy on the, sneotch  
Don't say you never heard of me, til they murder me,  
I'm a legend  
Do Thug Niggas go to heaven?  
I'm rollin with the thorough heads  
We gettin ghost on them hoes and yo  
I got no love for the five-oh I'm runnin' from the police

[Outro: Buju Banton to fade]

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