

# Wu-Tang Clan

## "Run"

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Crack backs heavy on the cash all night  
At the drug site we hung tight  
Three o'clock in the night ounces of coke dirty kicks  
Money gets low in the street yo  
Tough times nickels thats bigger than dimes, you know  
the flavor  
Ruff neck city ain't nothin sweet kid ain't nothin pretty

New York be poppin' the cork on crime look at the nine  
Summertime in the court house oh, shit whats mine  
Two to four three to nine benatoned it what  
We all ran coke grams, you outta luck  
Young bucks carrying gats, stay fat for what  
We all slipped through the po-nig nobody bust

Freeze, we in the breeze with the blunts  
Nobody drop the trees or they fronts  
Meet on the roof look off the front play low  
Watch out for po-po thats how it go  
Three in the whip, we not lag it though, run for the  
gusto  
Peep Marcel and Brown comin' around dippin' the logo  
Run if you ever got somethin' on you son

You best a run, be off the set, bounce on the projects  
Cease another vick, weed in your piss and parole  
gotsta have it  
Slide like a rabbit move quick this is it  
Hang jump from the fire escape, I made it  
Drop the clip fingerprints all on it, ah fuck those bullets  
I'm losin' my pants, I advance in my speed, succeed in  
my travel  
Dance on 'em, and I fucked up whip, make my heart  
skip  
Caught up in the drug traffic I astounded surrounded  
by the outfit

One twentieth tried to knock my whole click  
Run! These black boys that take none  
Don't cop out the shit, take the three six and you add  
that shit  
Run! If you ever pack a nice size gun

Run! If you sell drugs to your dun  
Run! Be the fuck out word God run hard

Between two cars we park, pepper got sparked  
In the dark heads scramble at the six ooh  
Spy's lookin' at you one two lookin' too  
How you roll what you stole let me see you  
Nah fuck you, if you wasn't a cop I might bust you, I  
don't trust you  
Coppers lust over my crew, forget a curfew

We gather in the plaza to jerk through  
Three sixty with the crime waves modern day slave  
First one to peel, it's not real  
Plant that as a matter of fact we crack 'em down  
Us against brown, run fast like you ran track  
Never look back push the Acc on the sidewalk  
Crash, toss the heat and tear ass  
Zig zag till you reach your stash

Run! If you sell drugs to your dun  
Run! Be the fuck out word to God run hard

Me and the God back to back one eighty five  
With the four five survive that shit  
You just came even though I remember your face  
Even though I seen you rollin' there bowlin' in green kid  
This cream will get you rocked, knocked if you don't  
run  
Don't grab my jacket don't get the fuck off, break north  
Or go to jail, word life is strife, on the block it's too hot

You got my man shot, nigga run  
We wylin on Staten Island it's one thing bein' in the bing  
And not smilin' on the gate it's too late  
Fate held you over, jakes runnin' for snakes  
The white rover, with the plates burn down Gee street  
Comin' from outta state, see me in the drivers seat  
Coolin' without the I.D., it's not me  
Babylon to the God, D I V I N E

Run! If you sell drugs to the dun  
Run! If you pack a nice size gun  
Run! If you want to still have fun  
Run! Be the fuck out word God run hard

Motherfucker  
Run motherfucker run

