

## 2 Pac "Ronnin"

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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)

Verse One: 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

To that fuckin fake \*I shot\*, 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, \*Trator\* got a Jeep

Like Big Mouth, runnin through motherfuckers  
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: Don Gargon ?? (some ragga toaster, this is a  
very rough guess)

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

Verse Two: Stretch, Notorious B.I.G.

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

Check it, I grew up a fuckin screwup

Got introduced to the game, got a ounce and fuckin  
blew up

Choppin rocks overnight

The nigga Biggie Smalls tryin ta turn into the black  
Frank White

And we got the workers choppin rock, Benz by the flock

And we gettin it, the dirty \*pigs\* 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

We had to grow dreads to change our description

\*Tupac\* 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

Summer break, my escape, sold the glock, bought  
some weight

Laid back, I got some money to make, motherfucker

Interlude: Don Gargon ?? (again this is a very rough guess)

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

Verse Three: 2Pac

They got me runnin' from the \*four-five\*

duckin and dodgin in my survival

The Benzo and I let off with my \*nine milli\*

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 split that dove 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 \*motherfuckers\* I'm runnin' from  
the police

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