

## 8 Foot Sativa

### "Run Rabbit Run"

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some days I just wanna up and call it quits  
I feel like i'm surrounded by a wall of bricks  
everytime I go to get up I just fall in pits  
my life's like one great big ball of shit  
if I could just put it all in to all I spit  
instead I always try to swallow it  
instead of staring at this wall and shit  
while I sit writers block sick of all this shit  
can't call it shit, all I know is i'll hit the wall  
if I have to see another one of mom's alcoholic fits  
this is it, last straw, that's all, that's it  
I ain't dealing with another fucking politic  
i'm like a skillet bubblin till it filters up  
i'm about to kill it, I can feel it building up  
blow this building up, i've concealed enough  
my cup run'ith over i've done and filled it up,  
the pen explodes and busts, ink spills my guts  
you think all I do is stand here and feel my nuts,  
well i'm a show you what, you gonna feel my rush  
you dont feel it then it must be to real to touch  
Bill the dutch, i'm about to tear shit up  
goosebumps, yeah i'ma make your hair sit up  
yeah sit up, i'm a tell you who I be  
i'ma make you hate me cause you aint me  
you aint, it aint to late to finally see  
what you close minded fucks were to blind to see  
whoever find me, is gonna get a finders fee  
out this world and aint no one out their mind as me  
you need peace of mind, well here's a piece of mine  
all I need's a line but sometimes  
I dont always find the words to rhyme  
to express how i'm really feeling at that time  
yeah sometimes, sometimes, sometimes  
just sometimes, its always me  
how dark can these hallways be  
the clock stikes midnight, 1, 2, then half past 3  
this half ass rhyme with this half ass piece of paper  
i'm desperate at my desk if I could just get the rest  
of this shit off my chest, again, stuck in this slump  
cant think of nothing, fuck i'm stumped  
but wait here comes something

nope, its not good enough, scribble it out  
new pad, crinkle it up and throw that shit out  
i'm fizzling now thought I had figured it out  
ball's in my court but i'm scared to dribble it out  
i'm afraid, but why am I afraid, why am I a slave to this  
trade  
sign that i'll spit to the grave, real enough to rile you up  
want me to flip it I can rip it any style you want  
i'm a switch hitter, bitch, jimmy smith aint a quitter  
i'm a sit here till I get enough  
for me to finally hit a fucking boiling point  
put some oil in your joints  
flip the coin bitch come get destroyed  
an MC's worst dream I make 'em tense  
they hate me, see me and shake like a chain linked  
fence  
by the looks of 'em you would swear jaws was commin'  
by the scream of 'em you would swear i'm sawing  
someone  
by the way they running you would swear the law was  
commin  
its now or never and tonight it's all or nothing  
momma, jimmy keep leaving on us, he said he'd be  
back  
he pinky promised, I dont think he's honest  
I'll be back baby I just gotta beat this clock  
fuck this clock, i'ma make 'em eat this watch  
dont believe me watch, i'm a win this race  
and i'm a come back and rub my shit in your face  
bitch, I found my nitch, you gonna hear my voice  
till you sick of it you aint gonna have a choice  
if I gotta scream till I have half a lung  
if I have half a chance I grab it, rabbit run...

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