

## Jay-Z feat. Beyonce

### "Run"

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\* Originally titled "Ride" from debut album "Da Ghetto Psychic"

[Intro - Rated R]

Uh huh, yeah (I ain't scared of you motherfuckers!)

Yeah, mamma didn't raise me well (yeah!)

I ain't scared of y'all niggaz

Rated R (we could do that)

Lil Jon (whatever you wanna do we could do that)

(yeah!)

(Whatever you wanna do we could do that)

Trying to tell them fa sho (getting it crunk in this bitch  
fa sho!)

(Tampa, are we supposed to be scared of these niggaz  
out here?)

(Whatever you wanna do we could do that) 2-4-1

(yeah!)

(Whatever you wanna do we could do that) Florida, ATL

(Oh) oh! (oh) oh! (oh)

[Chorus - Rated R] (Lil Jon)

Oh! I'm 'posed to run nigga? (run nigga!) I'm 'posed to  
hide?

Nigga you 'posed to ride nigga! (ride nigga ride!)

Oh! I'm 'posed to run nigga? (run nigga!) I'm 'posed to  
hide?

Nigga you 'posed to ride nigga! (ride nigga ride!)

(You better rep it 'fore I make this bitch spit, YEAH!!)

(You better rep it 'fore I make this bitch spit, YEAH!!)

(You better rep it 'fore I make this bitch spit, YEAH!!)

(You better rep it 'fore I make this bitch spit, YEAH!!)

[Verse - Rated R]

You don't wanna be my target, my nigga

Hit ya from the three point range like Reggie Miller

I hang on the block wit killas and drug dealers

That got love and slugs for a nigga

So take ya pick, take a stick, take a brick

Cause niggaz round here ain't taking no shit

Ya hoe bitch, ya bitch hoe, I don't give a fuck

Cause you fin to go get yours cause I got mine

Whachu is blind? (You better break 'fore I make this  
bitch spit one time!)  
It's yo fault I had to get my nine  
Last man standing when this shit start firing  
That's right, everytime

[Chorus]

[Verse - Rated R]

Now I been missing in action like Bin Laden  
Meantime deep in the lab and still rapping  
Ghetto Project, stacking, relaxing and still thinking  
Hit Lil Jon up for a track and told em let's make it  
happen  
I'm tired of the tongue grappling (fa real)  
We can get the guns clapping, betcha that'll get ya toes  
tapping  
Toward the exit, let's get physical  
Bump then thump, run for the trunk  
Pull out the pump, O-Town gon now  
It's too late to cry, somebody gotta die  
Bye bye, now we gon find out  
Who can do they thang in the game when there's no  
timeout

[Chorus]

[Verse - Rated R]

You better pray motherfucker  
Your life I'm bout to take motherfucker  
Duece duece in lake motherfucker  
You a fake motherfucker!  
C'mon nigga shake motherfucker  
Let's see what we can make motherfucker  
Money or war, whachu came here for?  
Ain't nothing but slugs and a room full of thugs  
Whole bunch of hustlers passing out drugs  
Watching real close, every hug ain't a hug  
That's a transaction, swanging on a nigga dawg is just  
a reaction  
Think what you wanna think but you can not imagine  
Nigga I'm a savage, and all that fun shit I won't have it  
Y'all better back up and live, play wit ya kids  
Handle ya liquor, I hope ya got your boys wit ya  
Count em up, cause somebody gon be missing  
Wit that bullshit in a fucked up position!

[Chorus]

[Outro - Rated R] (8x)

Whatever you wanna do we could do that

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