

## **Bachman - Turner Overdrive**

### **"Roadrunner"**

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Chi-Ali the lady stunner, I'm stunning the stunts  
That's blowing me kisses because I'm a Native Tounger  
The native runner, and I'm about to blaze this flock  
track  
Like Isaac, I leave ya in the Hayes  
For days and days and days you try and phase  
Yet you need to get Met, cause yo I heard it pays  
Your pockets looks skimp, but yo there's a bulge in my  
jeans  
Cause I'm only 15 and ripping rap scenes  
All the magazines say that cat's hitting  
But I feel like a rat getting chased by all the kittens  
And all the coytoes setting up traps  
But collapse on the faaaaabulous  
No haps I design, a lined on the boom blue batter  
Up next, me context a hex, from the complex  
Rough, stuff, I puff, smoke, you wanna toke slow poke?  
Nope, you can't get nothing sporty  
Your girl's naughty, talking bout "Who's shorty, who's  
shorty?"  
But get your girl cause I don't wanna be the stunner  
Just the runner, the funky Roadrunner

Cool it coyote, I'm the roadrunner running things  
(Repeat 4x)

I shook up, honey ice tea  
That's domino a girl, I'm an O and a fly MC  
From the, from the west  
I'm fly from the east, peace to both, we know who's  
best  
Dip dip dip, I'm dipping landmines and pits  
That coytoes set up to keep me from making hits  
They want me to go pop but I'm a hip-hop the vote  
So you know the only pop I'm popping is a soda  
Never quote a Vanilla line when I wrote a  
My mouth the trigger action and my brain's a speed  
loader  
And yo my pockets stay loaded  
(Hey Chi, I heard you blew up) Pssssh, exploded  
But now my Redhead, a Kingpin Ed said

"Move It" The kid got skills, don't believe me?  
I'll prove it, to all, from Tony to T and  
My vision's perfect, but if you smoke crack, I ain't trying  
to see ya  
The only thing I smoke are my mics  
So take a hike and uuhhhhh, don't sweat my Nikes  
And don't be sleeping on my statute, it's no fact  
I measure up to MC's because my mic's a protractor  
And it may come as a shocker  
I bumped around and got more styles than you'll find  
at Foot Locker  
So cool it coyote, cool it coyote  
Or I'll break a coyote, I hate a coyote  
And if you're coyote, I won't hang with ya  
Trying to trap off, or run off and bust a cap off, get the  
picture?  
Hope so, cause I don't wanna be the dunna  
Just the runner, the funky roadrunner

Cool it coyote, I'm the roadrunner running things  
(Repeat 8x)

I'm about to be but, but before I do  
I gotta say what's up to my crew  
The Q, yeah, and on the check one, two  
Is the Lemonader with Dres who said the choice is on  
you  
So what's up Doc? Butcher for the cut  
And can I get a nut (What?) Chill, a Beatnut  
This combination you can't break, I'm hard to taste  
So step to me and get cut up just like a steak  
Yeah, I know that's from one of my promos  
But my rhymes roll on more tracks than a fat set of ???  
Total Wreck, Sean Cato got ill skills  
The Op Shop can't drop so yo just chills nills  
Girls say I'm cute as a button  
Fly denim, my raps' venom, I pin em  
To, my trusty, my trusty old pad  
No curses in these verses, respects due to mom and  
dad  
Now tell me who's the #1 son of  
Oh you guessed it, it's the funky roadrunner

Cool it coyote, I'm the roadrunner running things  
(Repeat 8x)

Can you make him run? Well let me him run! (Repeat  
4x)

