

Cam'ron "Wanted: Dead Or Alive"

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{*Running* *Breathing*}

(Beanie Sigel)

Wanted, 100 miles and runnin'
Through the rain and the sunnin, when them feed folks
comin
Keep your head up youngin', gotta keep ya heads up
youngin'
The streets'll give your head up youngin'
Listen, flip your con 'tacs, stay focused like contacts
Your head's open for a contract
Can't go where mom at, the last place you wanna bring
the dram at
The first place they gonna track I promise
Can't relax, but remain the calmest
Couple rules that your play by, stay by, stay live
You keep your boots on your laces tied
And only troop on the late night if you play right, you
stay right, right
You never play the day light, jakes get on your tail
Never let them see the break lights
Catch me if you can when I'm dippin from the cops
Mr. Gingerbread never falling victim of the fox

Chorus: Wanted: Dead or Alive (2x)

(Beanie Sigel)

Wanted, but you can't stop runnin'
With a price on your head, be prepared to gunnin'
Don't be scared like the Red Coats comin' nigga
Stay underground and keep runnin' like Tugman
You can't sleep, not a peep, no slumber
Man I slepted about a 100 hours rest this summer
No stress when your dealin' with the running
Waking up in cold sweats, pissed scared of the
rumblin'
Fuck it, just prepare for the trouble
Don't be shit scared nigga with your head undercovers
This not a broad threat, I got something for 'em
On the steps with two tecs, this is not a warnin'
Nigga they close like camera flash
When the hammer blast, put on your State Prop

camouflage

Crack the box or the avalanche, put on your Montana
mask

Get to clappin' like it's Pakistan

What every strap, cause an accident

Make a traffic jam, dodge all the traps you can, keep
runnin'

Chorus: Wanted: Dead or Alive (2x)

(Cam'Ron)

All you got to say is hide me, I ride free

I be, the one to change your birth, S.S., or ID (I got all
that)

Ain't no more hangin' with the Y.G. State Prop

No Roc, private dock, incase you need an IV

No more Bent', that's Accord money, 420

Schemes can't afford money, money you award
money

Whether 90 or the first degree, any murder in the first
degree

We'll be the third degree, and they looking for the
perjury

If you ain't merk the g, perfectly, you'll be in surgery

Take the seed out the nursery, nurse him at the
precinct

Give 'em desert, that ain't where he deserve to be

And I went through this personally, certainly

3-2 for burglary, now it was referred to me

So they play us in no way, know way

Blaze up the roadways, A.C. and O.J

Read the paper, eggs and OJ

Call CD head of the O'Jays

That's a gipsy caps, risky all the chips we had

45 flee-flicker, we niggaz, hit the gas

When the operation go stale, ain't no jail

I did my whole album on bail (That's the truth)

I got you mac mittens, I send them a black ribbon

Attached to Mac spitten, I can't go back prison

Chorus: Wanted: Dead or Alive (2x)

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