

## Bethania Maria

### "Roadrunner"

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#### Verse 1: Chi-Ali

I be the Chi, oh who I be  
No matter cause the serve say tre on a dime platter  
Batter up batter boy, joy to the world  
Get goosed by the Footloose crew and the youth  
Back your brother Bam Bam, here comes the stool with  
more  
What you hear will come clear  
Fix up the mommy doo, jams that I adore  
Making it clear to all ears  
You wanna grab a yolk, don't choke on the young one  
Come here I come, here I kiddy come come  
Me not ??? yo ways in the days  
That come, lay low, and then you get some  
I'm around you on the neck for respect  
You didn't want to cash in, so I'm mashin  
Level from the low mumbo jumbo  
They be splashing, and I be asking  
Wanna swing a chop-shop rhyme by the pack?  
That's a no no coyote, look how ya act  
After I step on, you'll be stepping all in it  
Cause I'm the roadrunner running things

#### Chorus: Dove

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

#### Verse 2: Chi-Ali

So on after Jabberjaw and for sure  
I rhymes any rhymes, I rhyme for sure  
Pashes to bashes, bigger figure here  
Ashes to ass, I trigger niggas here  
Coyotes learn I burn every time  
It's my turn, seems like a perfect  
But is it worth it? Better be, better G  
Than the next wrecks, or else I get vexed  
No how did this adept kid turn rap?  
All hips wanna flip when they check the stat

But 40 ain't the shorty to be guzzling with  
I'm out to get paid so I sip lemonade  
The ruffian youth with the pocket full of poof  
So don't check the label, you're liable to goof  
I work wonders, put a drumbeat to thunder  
Rhyme like a rain, lay low and maintain  
Break the batter boy with my rat-tat-tatta toy  
Don't block the roadrunner boy, son enjoy  
A talk from a New York brother in a swing  
It's the roadrunner running things

Chorus

Verse 3: Chi-Ali

My problem coyote? I wrote this hit  
This for the doggy doggy step right out  
Don't flow the ritual puppy just sit  
Soon comes a mini rhyme, in styles out  
I funk the whole pile, wicked and wild  
Must I profile? Well not by the mile  
I got you nagging, bragging, that the Chi was raggin  
But I grin and just smile  
So listen real close, the brother might boast  
Although I appear as the guest and the host  
No need for all the lingering and loitering  
When the roadrunner's running things

Chorus

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