

Da Banggaz "Run Up Get Dun Up"

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[Chorus: in faux patois]

Run up run up we got de gun up
Haters that think we funnin dey get done up
Run up run up we got de gun up
Haters that think we funnin dey get done up

[Hi-C - sounding like Milk Dee]

Stop schemin, and lookin hard
I got that ghetto platinum credit card
Make one phone call and fools gettin hurt
Niggaz, busters, bitches in skirts
Got a hoe in the house peepin out yo' safe
Get you naked, and duct tape your nuts to your waist
Horny *****, thought you was gettin some ****
You ain't gettin ****, ***** you got got
While I run your **** back over to the top
400 bottles of Moet gettin popped
Not even cops, can **** with Swift or the Diggler
Serve and protect, we gettin rid of ya
Put the green light on L.A.P.D.
Cause I'm tired of the motherfuckers fuckin WITH ME
I wanna bust, that's how I feel it
G ****, punk *****, we be keepin it real

[Chorus] - 2X

[Too Swift]

Invisibility like Space Ghoster
I'm comin through in my Range Rover, shoot 'em up the
party's over
Cause when I'm sober like to {?} in mines
I squeeze tight as some pliers, handle my strap, with
these evil designs
to kill a *****, don't step in my path
A psycho maniac ***** raw killer it's a bloodbath
The aftermath, 'll make you laugh
Cold shoot 'em up like La-Di-Da-Di when that 45 hit his
body

Drop his corpse to the motherfuckin pavement
It ain't no future in that California brave ****
I guess that you thought that it was all about you

But it's all about that one 8 double-oh, hit 'em up some
mo'
Niggaz always causin, drama
But Too Swift I'm gettin calmer, plottin like the
unibomber
Niggaz trippin off my conversations
It ain't no confrontations, when my strap {?} like
installations

[Chorus] - 2X

[Verse Three]

Now every day, all day, I'm only out for my riches
Busters and snitches be player hatin so I'm elevatin
Like elevators, regulate like regulators
Assassinate player haters, a lyrical motivator
Pull mo' raid than Raiders, so you think you can fade
us?
Yes we snap like alligators and got mo' game than yo'
fastest commentator
When my intellect, the dialect, subtractin conversations
Cause I'm a lethal weapon when it comes to
confrontations

[Hi-C - like Milk Dee again]

We get money, money I got
Makin haters hot when I whip in the drop
Ding dong it's the bell, once again it's on
Postman dropped the package out in front of my home
Could this be a setup? ****, man let me get up
Ain't nobody comin in here, they gettin wet up
Opened up the package, it was nothin but scrilla
We gon' throw another party, this is Hi-Life *****!

[Chorus] - 4X

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