

# Ghostface Killah "Run"

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Pss, yo, yo, yo  
Yo son roll!  
Oh shit, yo, yo, yo, run

Aiyo, I jumped from the 8th floor step, hit the ground  
The pound fell, cops is coming  
Runnin' through the pissy stairwells, I ain't hear nothin'  
Buggin', only thing I remember was the bullshit  
summon  
So I stopped at the 2nd floor, ran across, cracks is  
fallin'  
My pockets is lean, clean when I vanished off  
Took off, made track look easy  
The walkie talkies them D-E-T's had, black, they was  
rated P.G  
Run, I will knock your bug, no, quick flag the car down  
Take me to, Ghost here they come now!

Err! Pull off quick, back up, hit the bitch, dog  
Turned down Hill, light the Marley spliff  
Run! I will not get bagged on the rock  
Run! See what happened to Un, they bad with they cops  
Run! They am' shit, plan shit, destroy evidence  
Get cassed, I'm not comin' home with no fifty six  
Die with the heart of Scarface and take fifty licks  
Before I let these crackers throw me in shit  
Bounce if you a good kid, bounce, do the bird hop  
Curse, swerve to get served, these cocksuckers got  
nerve  
Heard I was killin' shit, they must got word  
That I told the chief on Rich Port I don't wanna merge

Run! If you sell drugs in the school zone  
Run! If you gettin' chased with no shoes on  
Run! Fuck that! Run! Cops got guns!  
They givin' out life like bird tons  
Run! If you ain't do shit, you it  
That next felony, nigga, it's like three zip  
So, run! Hop fences, jump over benches!  
When you see me comin' get the fuck out the entrance!  
Run! Fuck that! Run! Cops got guns! Muthafucka

Ah-hah! I might gotta take my shirt off  
Yeah, kid  
I like that one  
Uh-huh, go in, go in

Yo, uh, it's Task Force Tuesday, the NARCS is in the  
black car  
I got five hundred, hundred packs in my backyard  
Clear twelve-twelve's, that look like stuff shells  
I'm cuttin' niggaz throats on the sails while they puff L's  
Don't leave nothin' unbagged, shave everything  
I learned from the O.G.'s to save everything  
They come by one more time, they gon' hop out  
They two deep and one is a bitch, she gettin' knocked  
out  
Then I can get rid of the pack  
But I just copped this pretty chrome thing, so I'm  
dippin' with that

Uh, down-shiftin' on 'em like I got gears on me  
Run! Besides that, I got about 5 years on me  
Run! Scared to death, runnin' like I got bears on me  
Run! My Timb's start feelin' like they Nike Air's on me  
Run! It's hard for me to slow down, it's like I'm on the  
Throughway  
My belt's in the crib on the floor by my two-way  
Now I'm try'nna hold my hammer up and my pants too  
If they don't kill me, they gon' give me a number I can't  
do  
Rather it be the streets, then jail where I die at  
And I'm ashmatic, so I'm lookin' for somewhere to hide  
at  
But they too close and I got this new toast  
'Magine if I would of let off a shot or two, you know  
what I gotta do

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