

Glenn Frey

"Running"

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[Chorus]

Splacka splacka, splacka splacka, splacka splacka
Shot him anyway, motherfucker I don't play
They in the woods with clubs and candles understand
G
They in the woods with clubs and candles understand
G
I gotta move baby, baby gotta get the hell on
I gotta move baby, baby gotta get the hell on
Point it at the crowd and commence to splacking
Point it at the crowd and commence to splacking

I got a mission to six to hook up with some tricks
Them hoes wanna help out a nigga on his spliff
So I pull up at the hotel room with no guilt
Thinking if I'm gone get away or if I'm gone get kilt
But fuck it, I gotta do it, my pockets kind of brown
So I kick in the door and lay the motherfucker down
Don't budge, don't breathe, don't even make the
slightest noise
If you do motherfucker, I'm putting a six to your boys
Splacka splacka, splacka splacka, splacka splacka
Shot him anyway, motherfucker I don't play yeah
Tied up the motherfucker onto the chair
Then have thoughts of killing him, just leaving him
right there
Some more niggas came in, I said fuck it, lets fiend
him
Pop the nigga in the chair and then I ran with the
caprice
Now I'm on the run, straight up I gotta go
Through the window and then I fell with the hoes

[Chorus]

Now I'm riding with these two hoes thinkin that I'm
stuck
Then they pull to the side and they ask for they cut
Now ain't this a bitch, what the fuck I'm gone do
I got the gat from the back and I bust them hoes too
Took them out in the field, headed to my niggas house

I got blood into the seat, dippin to the south
And I hope I don't run into College Park or East Point
Couldn't pick up no wealth, but I got papers for a joint
Then I ride east and made a right on Washington Road
I caught a wicked ass thought and a light in my nose
I'm thinking of these motherfuckers that used to be
down with me
They in the woods with clubs and candles understand
G
So I crept on in, and caught the niggas sleeping good
What the fuck, East Point controlling the hood
I gotta get the hell on and make my escape
But then leave the motherfuckers, got caught by the
gate

[*repeat 8X*]

They in the woods with clubs and candles understand
G

At the apartments, I'm headed for the highway
I got plenty faith in this shit, it's going my way
I was laid back, cooling, like I went to Missouri??
Outside were the boys of the niggas that I jacked there
first
I made a left, the hell on with a joint in my mouth
I'm rolling fast as fuck, towards 85 South
Policed the other motherfuckers, then other
motherfuckers
Trying to take me down, but I refuse to hit the ground
I gotta move baby, baby gotta get the hell on
Before these motherfuckers try to take me up in the
zone
I got herbs and curbs everywhere, I should be bendin
I got a feeling it's gonna be a fucked up ending
I got a flat, my chins broke with all these foes behind
me
Only thought in my mind was to get the nine G
I got up out the car with the gat but have my back
Point it at the crowd and commence to splackin

[*repeat until fade*]

Point it at the crowd and commence to splackin {*4X*}
I gotta move baby, baby gotta get the hell on {*2X*}
They in the woods with clubs and candles understand
G {*4X*}

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