

## Group Home "Run For Your Life"

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Intro: {sample from movie}

Most persons never have a chance to get into a  
recording studio  
Never get to see or hear a record being made  
And only experience the finished product  
Until now, you had no way of learning  
Of the anormous complexity of the recording process  
And this limits appreciation of music  
We can't hope to explain all the complexity  
But we hope to give you some insight  
For the musical forces at work  
And have a good time in the process

Chorus 2X: Lil Dap

Run for you life, if your life you live  
Live behind the gun, and this is what you get  
Two slugs to the head, and you're dead and gone  
Listen to the word, that's how word is bond

{Agallah}

Word is on the corner of Gas & the Plate  
The don who got laced up by mistake  
Time flies yo we chillin at his wake  
Sittin up, suing down and shit feel type fake  
Nice '88 black is held down with the white face  
The way shit was going, couldn't wrote out his will  
Hear them be sneaking upon niggas, 'cause he love to  
kill  
Met war, slouching cars, to send you bon voyage  
One fourth of tears pullin out from the eyes of your  
mom  
The rise of your life is on, negative or positive  
You trying to live right or wrong, something just got to  
give  
Even if you got a BM, it's the walk of dead, everytime  
you seen him  
Prisoners walk, always try to go for freedom  
Year two thou, back space, niggas delete them  
Praying god, everytime we eatin

Chorus 2X

{Lil Dap}

My dreams to walk the streets open hearted with my  
peeps  
Sweet game upon knowledge, sometime we feel like  
scholars  
More power to devour all these fake MC's  
Uncle Tom brought the playa hating jellin on me  
So we jellin to our music, 'cause that's all we know  
Break it down to the ghetto, with that I'll ass flow  
Walkin days or nights, business sights and fights  
Bodies and souls are gettin picken all night  
Indeed yo, in the streets this is what you see  
Try to speak the forth, but no one understands me  
Moms please listen to me, turning dust into black  
Running straight for my life, and there's no turning  
back

Chorus 2X

{Blackadon}

Yo were I'm from ENY, where there at? Brooklyn  
Got heads turning, from Cali to Fort Ten  
I've been in the mix since before '86, and while you  
sucking dick  
I'm strickly gettin biz  
You know who it is, when you from Brooklyn  
Every fuckin borough scared of them crook kids  
And don't wonder why, just please come thru  
With your 10 karat ice, and see what we do  
It ain't nuthin new, just the same old thing  
Will snatch your chain, invest your brain  
That was my frame of mind, when I think way back  
The only thing to say was, my name was K Slack  
To overgate my sins, so I can be born again  
Still livin the Brooklyn rasta farayan  
You listen to my words, and you will be born  
A life filled, a child worn

Chorus 2X

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