

## Joey Diggs

### "Running"

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[Royce Da 5'9"] + (Cha Cha)  
(Stick up, stick up) Gangs 'til we play brains  
We pick up (pick up) when them thangs spray  
This how it goes down in the hood that you can't stay  
I'll invite a nigga over then make him leave in the same  
day  
Can you meet her?  
I'm talkin bout a chick wit a Coke bottle figure but never  
the 2-liter  
Whatever you choose, especially you  
Definitely I rhyme better than who rhymes better than  
you!  
Cause this is your sire, I spit in the fire  
Thinkin that I'm fittin to retire? {"BITCH, you a liar!"}  
Ah-hah! The home of the wildest, I'm only the illest  
I only'll steal it, phony-est niggaz'll feel it, c'mon widdit  
But when the battle is through  
It's all-out "Jerry Springer" every arena, I'm on the  
panel, too  
Spit shit for my peeps, shit for the Jeeps  
(Stick up, stick up) Strange pick-ups, brains hittin your  
feet  
Stained in ya mayn, listen, change in dissin  
(And recognize) You MC's, nothin; you leave with nothin  
(And recognize) Fuck it, hold on - I hear somebody  
comin  
{"Ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh, what is his name?"} 5-9!

[Chorus]  
Can't keep comin around me baby  
Make my girls say (OHHHH!)  
Can't keep running awayyyy  
Give it to me now (RUN)

[Interlude: Cha Cha]  
You can't leave, you can't breathe, you can't sleep  
Hearts beat's goin - bu-bu-b-b-BUMP!  
(It's like) Precious comin, can't turn your back from it  
And your heart keeps drummin - bu-bu-b-b-BUMP!  
See deep, see the world from beneath  
And all you hear is that beat - bu-bu-b-b-BUMP!

(YO!) Evictions (YO!) enrichment (YO!)  
Contentment - bu-bu-b-b-BUMP! (YO! YO!)

[Royce Da 5'9"] + (Cha Cha)  
Yeah, then after THAT I just thu-thu-th-thump, for fun  
I'm COCKIN back my (pu-pu-p-p-PUMP!)  
Yeah, what nigga man, you better be du-du-d-dumb  
You better stutter, you better SAY I'm th-th-th-the one  
Cause I'm the, rap oxy moron, feel that?  
Cause I bring tracks to life while I kill, cracks  
Ladies say (Royce I wanna get with, you!)  
And it's cool cause I got a whole (get with) crew  
And I hit, writers, right where it hurts  
Don't call me no hit, writer; I am a fighter, first  
Niggaz try to murk on my fire since fireworks  
Now you hurt, have you goons in a drive-by verse  
Cause I'm STRONG in that area thuggin  
I just, LOVE leavin niggaz layin there like a area RUG  
Plus you, yeah, smellin my game  
Ev-ery girl +Wanna Be Bad+, ask Willa Ford, tell her  
my name  
It's, 5-9! Hah, now I see why you can't see  
See why you can't breathe, why you can't beat or be  
ME!  
Man please, you better be Sam Sneed  
(And recognize) You just feet, a piece of a stampede  
(And recognize) Shh, hold on - I think somebody comin  
{ "Ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh, who could it be?" } 5-9!

[Chorus]

[Outro: Royce Da 5'9"]  
A round of applause for the brand new Mrs.  
Montgomery  
My lil' sister Cha Cha, Rush!  
Of course my name is Royce 5'9"  
When you think of my name  
Think of a fresh new sound  
A fresh new face, let's go

[Interlude]

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