

# Juvenile "Run For It"

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I be comin' up wit da glock toy  
You can stop, boy  
You ain't heard I'm off tha block, boy  
Chipp-pedy chop, boy

Off in ya cut is where I'm layin'  
Ready fo' sprayin'  
Soon as I see yo face and hand  
I ain't wit dat playin'

My daddy showed me how to play it in a situation  
My daddy tol' me I ain't shit wit outta occupation  
So, I played the game, bust yo' head if you said my  
name  
I had some of deez niggaz scared I came

I kno' some niggaz out tha Nolia that'll ride fo' me  
I kno' some niggaz hollin' solja dat a die fo' me  
T.C., L.T., Magnolia and six  
Oh, you want some of dat fire dope you can score in da  
bricks

You disrespectin' my mind 'cuz you keep comin' short  
I might hitcha wit dat iron 'cuz you need to be taught  
You keep showing yo teeth 'cuz you thank it's a joke  
You mus thank deez bullets ain't real and you ain't gon'  
git smoke

Now, if ya at dat second line and dem boyz gotta gun  
You betta run for it, run for it, run  
And if ya too deep in some beef and dem boyz 'bout ta  
come  
You betta run for it, run for it, run

If ya ain't gotta strap but yo' enemy got one  
You betta run for it, run for it, run  
And if you got into it wit a cash money brotha  
You betta run for it, run for it, run  
(Who me?)

I be in all black sometimes  
Sometimes, I be jumpin' out trees in camouflage

Me and Juvenile got two keys we 'bout ta ride  
Dem boyz playin' wit da upt, well, dey gots to die  
Man, it's that deep

It's a tragedy when you can test me  
Heard I run in houses, don't put it past me  
Hell, look boy, you betta tell deez niggaz  
Fo' I mask up and try ta kill deez niggaz

You don't want my stress troubles  
I be back in 2 hummers and 5 lex-bubbles  
Wa, my big brother Juvy  
Tol' me not to eva letta nigga screw me

Tol' me if I eva did he would do me  
Gave me two guns and sent me round dey shootin'  
And then they start runnin'  
Hardest niggaz on tha block started actin' like a woman  
Tha 4-foot stranger in ya area bustin'

Load it up, slide it in  
Cock it back, pop it out, we ridin'  
[Incomprehensible] I'll run in a busta spot  
I'll sit on a busta porch, I'll sleep on a busta block  
Apply five and then let go

Bang, Lil' cowards keep playin', get hurt  
Motha-flirk see I dont curse but'll wet up yo shirt  
Look all my enemy's see me comin'  
All my enemy's peugh be runnin'

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You thank I'm playin'-a somthin', Lil Woo dey', I ain't  
trippin'  
Tha beef started last week and dem niggaz still be  
hittin'  
Two children got killed and a ol' lady got hit  
Look, I'm 'bout ta git tha fuck 'cuz I ain' got no time fo'  
dis shit

Now, you could be comin' through and runnin' to a gun

if you feel  
That they ain't gon' do you shit 'cuz ya real  
I won't wanna be witcha when it's happening either  
I probably be some where ducked off takin' a nap wit  
my people

I'd rather see it on T.V. Than I see it in person  
And having my fucking' head hurtin' when dem 30's be  
burstin'  
I bet if yo' beef see ya, he ain't gon' wait fo' ya dog  
Our all gon' try to rearrange ja face fo' ya dog

A 2nd line and round dem clubs, ain't no place fo' ya  
dog  
Dem same niggaz you come up wit playa-hatin' ya dog  
I see 'em comin' wit choppers and I know they gon' bust  
Lil' Wayne hol' up, we kiting out sho' nuff'

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You betta run for it, run for it, run

Ya betta run for it, run for it  
Ya betta run for it, run for it  
Ya betta run for it, run for it  
Go git cha gun for it, gun for it

Ya betta run for it, run for it, run  
Run for it, run for it, run  
Run for it, run for it, run  
Run for it, run for it, run  
Get cha gun for it , gun for it, gun  
Get cha gun for it, gun for it

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