

KRS-One & Buckshot "Runnin' Away"

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[Intro:]

Why you runnin away way way
They on they way way way way way
Stop runnin away way way
They on they way way way way way
[X2]
Stand up!

[Verse 1: Buckshot]

In my neighborhood there's a bullet
For every black man with a trigger if he pull it but -
Could he take another option instead of stopping yep -
Next time keep it moving up the block on DuckDown
On the penal code the C in fold
Why smart motherfuckers take the scenic road
Better known as the other route
Hate the way the cops is hopping out on my niggas it's
like a scene from slaughterhouse
Word of mouth does more damage than gunpowder
Niggas feelings get hurt? Now it's a problem
I got them on the phone talking to backbar
Lord saying what's going on in my backyard
Facts are every black man ain't a rap star
Track star, trap star know we get that far

[Chorus x2: Buckshot]

What you goin do?
Keep on running, thieves keep commin
Do you see something?
Out of the blue
When it comes to this
They goin this one shot one hit
What you goin do?

[Verse 2: Immortal Technique]

I don't care if you bump this while your fucking your
whip
Or if you stuck to script like plantain chips
Just remember soldier that when the government flips
It's going down harder than the last bullet in the glock
clip
Visions of the future toxic in my cranium

Like the byproducts of enriching uranium
Gentrification byproduct like the palladium
So this is the message that I relate to them
'Fore they do me like I'm a do
I'm a do what I gotta do
You should follow through before they bottle you out of
the blue
They treat niggas and spicks like tigers and lions
Cute little babies but when they grow put em behind
iron
Let em join the military
Fight for the country hard
Throw em some college money
Get em a green card
Get a black Pinocchio President to lead
But controlled by an old white to peddle on wall street
(Yup Yup)
Guerrilla war through the jungles of concrete
Microphone like the? my arms reach
Fuck the commercial world I'd rather spit raw
We carry the underground like a rickshaw
Hard work like raising children on food stamps
Trained to fuck you up like a terrorist bootcamp
I'm here to celebrate the rebirth of an age
Start the BDP motherfuckers right off stage

[Chorus x2]

[Verse 3: KRS-One]

KRS Buckshot Brooklyn lovedot
Braap to the realness we dustin them bloodclots
Broods man come true like POP POP
22 45 clock we stop that
Before I put your mop back I'm pushing a cop back
Cause they violent and I'm tryin to stop that
People act like it's insanity to fight back
Yeah I know Mr. Sean Hannity won't like that
But they ain't goin to like this either
They hate it when slaves become writers and readers
And whole heeders and don't need they femurs
We culture keepers Hip Hop's true leaders
The Teacher
I'm chillin in New Orleans under the iten
With the last victims of Katrina
You gotta see the corruption
Families dying
And we still on the T.V. buggin?
Rise up niggas get your guns up niggas
Feed your families get your funds up niggas
Rise up niggas get your guns up niggas
Feed your families get your funds up-

Listen!
It's an honor to be rockin with Duckdown
As you can see it's a good thing you stuck round
Fuck clowns we the original Bucktown
We generals with connections to uptown
We gotta tell the crowd calm down
Cause we rockin cities and farm towns
I'm on now
You know true revolutionaries be on guns
We throwing bombs now

[Outro: Krs-One]
Let me go freestyle while I got the chance
This is about talk real talk not dance
I'm in the studio live brothers you know
This is how we go and we got to go
Bucktown
Duckdown
Bucktown
Duckdown
Bucktown
Duckdown
Bucktown
Duckdown

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