

## Marty Robbins

### "Best Run"

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[Kurupt]

Gangsta shit, I'ma show you how the gangsters do it  
Word to mother, Kurupt Young Gotti  
Excuse me for a second while I blow, on this bomb  
{\*inhaling and coughing\*}  
Beans, Beanie Sigel, yeah  
Daz Dillinger, Dat Nigga Daz, bitches

I gotta little bit of somethin that you'll never understand  
With that double deuce, double up, hammer in hand  
Got so many different advances, different chances  
lead to different circumstances, enhancements  
Calibers, mental mind gallagher, shells  
Hit niggaz like hammers hit nails  
I'm Apocalypse 6000, I remember that hoe  
Bitch don't you owe me 6000? I'm countin(?) to ten

[Rosco]

I slide through on some ol' outlandish shit  
And roll up anybody on some skanless shit  
Many try to be I, wanna bang the gang  
Screamin our name, the Dogg Pound Gangsta gang  
They call me Young Rosco, young and ho-stile  
If it ain't on D's, then I can't even ride yo  
I'm so caught up in the streets I need to lie low  
And I'm runnin out of sheets, to weed that I blow

[Chorus]

Best run, getcha guns, spittin dum dum  
slugs at the thugs, y'all niggaz don't want none  
Here we come, best run, spittin dum dum  
slugs at you thugs, y'all niggaz don't want none  
Here we come, best run, spittin dum dum  
slugs at you thugs, y'all niggaz don't want none  
Here we come, best run, spittin dum dum  
slugs at you thugs, y'all niggaz don't want none

[Beanie Sigel]

The Gooch is back, the hold up man with deuce gat  
(Blow up fam) You fold up fan, you're fruit cat  
Niggaz gettin swoll up, plans for loose tracks

When I roll up fam (yeah nigga) produce scraps (kick in)

You know I'm all about the street dollars

Follow your trail and blaze niggaz with +techs+ like 'Sheed Wallace

They say the streets talk and I ain't hearin a word

Feet to the ground got my ear to the curb

Roll with niggaz disappear in them burbs

Pop up appear with them birds, in darkness prepare you for worst

(Listen) - in other words stop talkin

I slim up your legs, curl up your hands, nigga you stop walkin

when the fifth stain leave shit stains off in

your Pampers, get your shit bag changed often

You niggaz soft and the fifth lift chains off often

Get your block chalked when the glock start barkin

[Chorus]

[Daz]

Who wanna get 'em up? Nigga let's get 'em up

Why the fuck they act like you know, and so we did 'em up

When the uz' bruise I serve crews, act like you know

Rude bwoy tryin to walk in these shoes

I ain't impressed off dues with that bullshit, I pull quick

And y'all dumb hoes suck dick - she just a bitch

I hit the switch and peel out, and wheel out, throw up a (?)

I get shit, get get done with it, and so I get out

The smallest of my hustle so I floss off bones

Pay the cost of the death, watch you die when you step

Seven to ten niggaz drop when they step

Don't sweat the technique or get chin-checked

[???

Pimpin never gave a fuck, Sigel Daz and Kurupt

Rosco, (??) you can't bite my shit, it causes fiascoes

My rhymes is designed, drinkin tobasco

I'm dippin, rollin, that's the way the (?) bowl

D.P.G.'s bowl, R.O.C. soul

controllin, foldin, suckers like envelopes

Rollin on hundred spokes, smokin on a pound of smoke

[Chorus]

[Kurupt]

Dogg Pound Gangsterville, where the gangsters at

Sigel came to roll through and smoke us out

So what's wrong with that? Nigga, ha? Yeah

Daz Dillinger, yo, the one-shotter  
Shootin niggaz down cause it's nuttin  
The first nigga to take off, nigga boulder boy  
Yo, Kurupt Young Gotti, ha?  
You know that nigga, that one nigga, set it off on ya  
Pleezbelieveit ya bitch  
I know bitches when I see a bitch and youse a bitch  
And bitches get treated like bitches..

Roc-A-Fella, Dogg Pound nigga!

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