

Craig Mack

"On Da Run"

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[Craig Mack]

Eh yo, god bless the dead, ya know?
And all my cats I know with the football jerseys on: dont
have no regrets
Hold them numbers
Big up to the feds who tried to catch me in 88, nigga

Ha! Funk Flav, Mr. Mack

Eh yo, I cant face going to jail
Cuz my life is bullshit, man, nigga fuck paying bail
Shit is on the third rail
On my tail is the feds, baby, Frank ?? for club med
Niggaz wanna kill me, god
Scared I might wrap these niggaz
Entrap these niggaz
If the feds wasnt watching I would clap these niggaz
I mean put a bullet through the fuckin back of these
niggaz
Phone ringing off the hook, probably tapped my niggaz
See the headlines now: "Mack found in 5 rivers"
FDR, thinkin was it better when I didnt buy the car
Didnt cop the bar, didnt buy my girl mother a new
jaguar
Shit, my moms got the Continental R with the backseat
bar
Talkin about "my sons a star"
Little do she know I'm Caesar and world ???
Crack is dead, I'm sellin X instead
Bitches in my bed will fill your ass with lead
Keep givin me head 'til the tip turns red
Sit back and watch me butter this bread

[Hook: repeat 2X]

On the run
Best three words to describe my life, make the game
my wife
On the run
Hustler, born and raised, in the streets where I spent
my days

[Craig Mack]

I told my main chick, pack your bags, She ain't listen
Chrome started whistling and turned her Christian
Blew up the whole house using nitro-glycerin
But the Expedition in the garage was missing
Moved the nannies and the kids to a new position
Intuition gave me suspicion
Shit is murder, do I kill myself and fuck them niggaz'
satisfaction
Or demand action, pull out toast and start blasting
Young niggaz asking, wise cats only give a fraction
Streets is the young man's attraction
I dug myself into a hole
Into a world thats cold
Pimps, players, bitches, ballers, hustlers, drugs, guns
and thugs
Million dollar homes, like Capone's, persian rugs
Gentlemen with fake hugs, turn to slugs
I'm a made man, paid man, show no love
Clock's ticking, plot thicken, probably written in a book
somewhere
My fuckin life ain't fair
See either way, i'ma make it off this earth without a
trace
So if I ever see the judge, i'ma spit in the bitch face

[Hook]

[Craig Mack]

Eh yo, faggots
Nah i'm sayin, all you sweet cats, nahmean?
Real gentleman dont need it

Its strictly drive-thru window meals
Enemies lurking every crack and crevice, eating rocks
for breakfast
No time for music, carry toast and use it
See your house and uz' it
Test your life and lose it
You heard Gotti, shit is all fucked up
His family didnt even wanna check him
Disrespect and neglect him
In a place to correct him
Disconnect him and stretch him
While the bull cop police protection
Shit is question
My suggestion in the game of deception
Is to reign with aggression
With the guns for collection
The whores you undressing, keep 'em inside the best
western

You want a firm investment?
Nigga, go have a kid, and let him eat your steak
Dont make the same mistake
Hope the kid is strong, when i'm gone
You'll be like pop-duke was the man, but his life was
wrong
Gunned down off the top like Kong

[Hook]

[Craig Mack]
Mack!
Hustler, born and raised

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