

## Cru "Ten to Run"

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(heavy breathing)

{Yogi}

Niggas comin XL on the exhale

Crackin Watson Avenue, dope on Intervale

Hey, these really spray feds are watchin

Fiends comin thru beggin I'mm knock 'em, why they jockin?

Runnin thru the Bronx now, don't get stomped now

Willie's flossed and beemers sparkin the john now

Willie's boss, Robbin Ross,

strappin on the roof of the car, revealin moss

Dot dot dash dot dash dot,

that that coke you got, got us scorchin hot

Shit movin too fast like techno

In the jiggs I've seen you wicked comin back like echoes, word bond

See the toes you stepped on

might end up connect to that ass you got against tomorrow

So squig ya bottle

A nigga treat you like a son,

then turn around and give a nigga fuckin ten to run

KRS-One, Awesome Two, Treacherous Three, Agony

All I see is Catastrophe, Cold Crush Four,

Furious Five to take Six

Windin down to K Seven, Niggas better call a reverend

Got the morgue truck eyeing me, up to MC Eiht N.I.N.E.

Nigga turn the corner buy a Blackens

Get across the bridge and I'ma make it, Mack 10, damn

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