

Robert Palmer**"Run"**

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(Now there ain't but 20'000 police in the whole town
Can you dig?
Can you dig it?
Caaaan youuuu dig iiiit?!
- Yeah!)

(Run-D) --> Run-D.M.C.

[VERSE 1: Schoolly D]

Run sucker, run sucker, run sucker, run
Sucker run, I'm comin like a shotgun
Schoolly-School, I'm never gonna be the one
And if you think that I'm ever gonna let up
Shut up - and just get up
I'm on your back, got you runnin like a rabbit
I'm in your veins like a cocaine habit
And let you know that I'm never gonna stop
Until a sucker get dropped
I'm not your boy, you ain't my master
Another brother gotta do what he has ta
Do, and everything that I wanna
The only job I got standin on the corner
And everything that I do is illegal
Another brother, but the brother was an eagle
Run, run, run, run, run, you better run fast
Another sucker just got gased

[VERSE 2: Scholly D]

Alright sucker, you want the real deal?
Here it is, at the tip of the cold steel
Shoot a punk and a shoe-shine nigger
Shoot em all what Schoolly D figure
Line em up, put your finger on the trigger
Sit back and take a little swigger
And let a rhyme intoxicate your mind
Like a cheeba and a forty of wine
I'm gettin tired of every other brother in the ghetto
Gotta sell a little lleyo
Because a brother didn't have enough knowledge
Didn't know because he didn't go to college
I'm gettin tired of the suckers on my back

Because I'm black, hard with a dope rap
Do you think a young brother wanna hear that?
They rather hear a brother pullin on a git-gat
Run, run, run, run, run, you better run fast
Another sucker just got gased

[VERSE 3: guest rapper]

Jump fast out the startin block
>From this gat from the fact that I hold you will feel the
pop
Gunshots on the neighborhood
Are the sounds of brothers hard up to no good
Feel the pain of a bullet wound
For suckers tryin to slip and trip, time to meet their
doom
Like the sounds of a battle cry
Either run, soft sucker, or get caught, do or die
Flee, it's the reality
Cause I see another weak comp, it's so violent, see
Brothers dyin over property
Dope, money, women and ki's
So now the time is at hand
You can sit down, be a punk or be a man
It's like chillin, cold lampin on death row
And I catch you, boy, in a grave you go
Stay out on the move, it ain't for fun
Yo School, make them suckers wanna run, run, run

(Run) [cut up until end]

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