

## Schoolly D

### "Run"

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(Now there ain't but 20'000 police in the whole town  
Can you dig?  
Can you dig it?  
Caaan youuu dig iiit!  
- Yeah! )

(Run-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

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

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)

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