

# Trick Daddy "Run Nigga"

Visit "[Run Nigga](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

(I thought all our problems were over)

Westcoast, we're not suppose to know better  
I suppose we just suppose to let this shit happen, huh?  
You mother fuckers done lost y'all mind  
Y'all done bumped y'all mother fuckin head  
Now there's got to be somethin done bout all this shit  
that's occurin  
I don't like it  
I don't like it one mother fuckin bit

*[Trick Daddy:]*

Free me  
I've been captured by some demons  
They drainin my blood  
Taken samples of my semen  
Got the nerve to call me crazy  
Tappin all my telephones  
Questioning my lady's  
But I trained them every summer  
Hope to ball and never fumble  
Survive in the jungle  
It stinks like Stevie Wonder  
Rainy days, I'll be the thunder  
No carma and no drama  
So I gots to ask my mama  
Yo, why Kenny left me starvin  
Didn't daddy do his part?  
She explained she had a heart  
She did all that she could do; She kept her faith in god  
(Its Hard)

*[Coursus: x2]*

You better run nigga  
Do ya thang nigga  
Get off a chain nigga  
Cause you's a free nigga  
Run nigga  
Thang nigga  
Chain nigga

(What)

I'm holding in my hand an original copy of the  
emancipation proclamation  
Much to my dismay I noticed that Lincoln forgot to sign  
it  
And that means technically I'm still a slave and you're  
still a slave owner

*[Tre+6 :]*

I rest around the roudy bout it g niggas  
And niggas who wanna be known as thugs  
Livin the life because they wanna boom in money and  
drugs  
But ain't no love when they spray  
Pray for them everyday  
Cause they kill ya dead and take ya bread if you play  
with they late  
To my dismay my niggas ain't no thugs  
They some slaves tryin to runaway to a better day  
And anything in they way, they gonna crush it

But if ain't about that flow then don't discuss it  
Plopin and pumpin we off the chain and disgusted  
Willin to die for anything, and that's official  
Without or with you, pistol be government issued  
With the scached off word so the Tre would be  
observed  
We serve, L-Ron fuckin with nerve

*[Funk Boogie:]*

See no like myself  
See I hear no, speak no, see no evil  
Except for them demons that be by lookin like everyday  
people  
Tryin to get up in my mindframe, stop me from doing  
my thang  
See if I was a killa, y'all would hear my nine milli  
{WHAT} bang  
But na that never was my skillo, Funk Boogie mostly  
just be like chillen  
Dealin wit these crooked villains, standin ready like  
Freddie  
Tryin to whoop a nigga for somethin  
That's why I'm on the rock so for sure they gets nothin  
Except a nigga asscrack, kiss it, runaway slave, that's  
the click  
We set you free nigga, break yourself from the clinch

[Corus: x 2]

[Tre+6 :]

Samba bring dead ain't got shit to live for  
Talkin bout you real how you killed so  
Scared to death, shakin like a dildo  
Find something to live for  
It's sad to see you with that slave mentality  
Let me set you free, come follow my cracks ain't no  
lookin back  
Better run like hell, for sure you'll end up dead, don't  
bump your head  
Man I'm bout to make right for you and me  
To my ghetto children, Be Free  
See how life's suppose to be

Run nigga  
What  
Thang nigga  
What  
Chain nigga  
What

(It's over)  
Run nigga  
What (it's over)  
Thang nigga  
What (it's over)  
Chain nigga  
What (it's over)  
(Nigga we runaway slaves)  
(Nigga we runaway slaves and we ain't going back)

Visit [Trick Daddy](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.