

Chi-ali

"Roadrunner (Puberty Mix)"

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Chi-Ali the lady stunner, I'm stunning the stunts
That's blowing me kisses because I'm a Native Tounger
The native runner, and I'm about to blaze this flock
track
Like Isaac, I leave ya in the Hayes
For days and days and days you try and phase
Yet you need to get Met, cause yo I heard it pays
Your pockets looks skimp, but yo there's a bulge in my
jeans
Cause I'm only 15 and ripping rap scenes
All the magazines say that cat's hitting
But I feel like a rat getting chased by all the kittens
And all the coytoes setting up traps
But collapse on the faaaaabulous
No haps I design, a lined on the boom blue batter
Up next, me context a hex, from the complex
Rough, stuff, I puff, smoke, you wanna toke slow poke?
Nope, you can't get nothing sporty
Your girl's naughty, talking bout "Who's shorty, who's
shorty?"
But get your girl cause I don't wanna be the stunner
Just the runner, the funky Roadrunner

Cool it coyote, I'm the roadrunner running things
(Repeat 4x)

I shook up, honey ice tea
That's domino a girl, I'm an O and a fly MC
From the, from the west
I'm fly from the east, peace to both, we know who's
best
Dip dip dip, I'm dipping landmines and pits
That coytoes set up to keep me from making hits
They want me to go pop but I'm a hip-hop the vote
So you know the only pop I'm popping is a soda
Never quote a Vanilla line when I wrote a
My mouth the trigger action and my brain's a speed
loader
And yo my pockets stay loaded
(Hey Chi, I heard you blew up) Pssssh, exploded
But now my Redhead, a Kingpin Ed said
"Move It" The kid got skills, don't belive me?

I'll prove it, to all, from Tony to T and
My vision's perfect, but if you smoke crack, I ain't trying
to see ya
The only thing I smoke are my mics
So take a hike and uuhhhhh, don't sweat my Nikes
And don't be sleeping on my statute, it's no fact
I measure up to MC's because my mic's a protractor
And it may come as a shocker
I bumped around and got more styles than you'll find
at Foot Locker
So cool it coyote, cool it coyote
Or I'll break a coyote, I hate a coyote
And if you're coyote, I won't hang with ya
Trying to trap off, or run off and bust a cap off, get the
picture?
Hope so, cause I don't wanna be the dunna
Just the runner, the funky roadrunner

Cool it coyote, I'm the roadrunner running things
(Repeat 8x)

I'm about to be but, but before I do
I gotta say what's up to my crew
The Q, yeah, and on the check one, two
Is the Lemonader with Dres who said the choice is on
you
So what's up Doc? Butcher for the cut
And can I get a nut (What?) Chill, a Beatnut
This combination you can't break, I'm hard to taste
So step to me and get cut up just like a steak
Yeah, I know that's from one of my promos
But my rhymes roll on more tracks than a fat set of ???
Total Wreck, Sean Cato got ill skills
The Op Shop cannt drop so yo just chills nills
Girls say I'm cute as a button
Fly denim, my raps' venom, I pin em
To, my trusty, my trusty old pad
No curses in these verses, respects due to mom and
dad
Now tell me who's the #1 son of
Oh you guessed it, it's the funky roadrunner

Cool it coyote, I'm the roadrunner running things
(Repeat 8x)

Can you make him run? Well let me him run! (Repeat
4x)

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