

## Nana

### "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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