

Nature

"On The Run"

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[Treach]

No crooked cops pass my pocket or my peoples cause
they evil to my people

Fuck procedure hope that ass can spell illegal search
and seizure

Banged before ain't forgettin go 'head start all your
crap

And get a boot from a lawsuit and a news conference
at eleven

Routine stops how often? Tri day before last week
(word?)

Always tryin to pull me over on these dark ass streets
Gave the war two blocks, two middle fingers like my
nigga

Mr. Fuck-a-Cop Tupac so fuck them mug shots that you
got

My Boo stops for nathin, know that Bonnie and Clyde
If that was then there'll be no Texas with you Tommy's
inside

Chasin cases got that badge and know you runnin the
place

But that ain't NAR' a fuckin reason to have them guns in
my face

And your attitude's, like you ain't no had no nookie (go
jerk off)

Shit, get your sights, get off that rookie shit

Let's have some fun, one on one, bite the badge, drop
the gun

You did the same, thing we done, I got my niggaz on
the run

I ain't the one! Fuck that! Get up, ah get up, no get
down!

We'll just be niggaz on the run

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[Vinnie]

Hardcore on my block just because I'm black
Cause I'm ghetto superstar you pull me out of my car
Well motherfucker I'm not knowin what they put in yo'
ear

The only thing I'm transportin is my Naughty hear
I don't sell coke no mo', but still I make fast dough
By slangin records by the millions, what you question
me fo'?

Runnin my plates, registration, and insurance thus far
L-X fo'-seventy's my COMPANY car
So next time you think about, pullin over Uncle Vinnie
I'ma call Dan Nolan, sue your whole fuckin city

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So you won't, give the Illy nones

Like I fucked your bitches, silly grudge

Yeah protect and serve that ass, with a billy club

Go the right way, to get rid of ya, political riddle ya

Fuck with me I'll turn you to a traffic ticketer

To put it plain I'm SICK of ya, cherry tops are pitiful

Break bones and ligments, can't fix it, so dig shit

To keep niggaz ig'nant, and in crap, like pig shit

That's just a fragment, of what they invent, to bend shit

Years were handed, for Joe, left by Judy with the booty
crew

But they blame the game Suzy with the snooty two
(who?)

The Blockout Thugs plus the hoochie crew, shit I keep
my uzi too

Who the fuck are you to tell a fool rules?
I got somethin for those droppin a loss
And somethin else for all you FAGGOTS pullin me out
of my car
Let's have some fun, one on one, bite the badge, drop
the gun
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