

## Northstar

### "Red Rum"

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F/ Mikey Jarrett Jr., ShaCronz, Shoshot

[Intro: Mikey Jarrett Jr.]

Ya know say Mikey there 'pon dem case, Northstar  
Ah, family, ya done know, ah  
For real, we ready for them, we nah ramp  
Ah, ah..

[Chorus: Mikey Jarrett Jr.]

Red rum, red rum, dem all have fi run  
You don't want no war, boy, don't make me must me  
gun  
Red rum, red rum, dem all have fi run  
If a war to watch you know dem all have fi come  
Red rum, red rum, dem have fi run

[Hook x3: Christ Bearer]

Northstar and the R-Z-A  
Red rum, red rum, red rum, red rum, run away! Run  
away!

[Christ Bearer]

Aiyo I shot the sheriff but I didn't shoot the deputy  
One up before I cocked back the Wu-Tang weaponry  
Told him R-Z-A and the North don't play  
(Red rum, red rum, red rum, red rum, run away! Run  
away!)

Killa Californ-I-A, we get up popping in the lo's, popping  
in the tre's  
Where it's easiest to get an AK  
To the gut, make 'em say "Yup" like Brother J  
Point blank with the shank or the stray  
(Red rum, red rum, red rum, red rum, run away! Run  
away!)

When I exfixiation those who wait  
Perpetuate the murder rate, make 'em eat bake  
Pull out the shotti like somebody gotta pay  
(Red rum, red rum, red rum, red rum, run away! Run  
away!)

You want the pain? Here comes the pain  
Get ya punk ass blasted, all you bastards get slain

I'm full of Remy, Tanquaray and Alize  
(Red rum, red rum, red rum, red rum, run away! Run  
away!)  
I hit the booth like "kill them with the know  
Heads high, it's the return of Death Row"  
Lacing up my black boots, Eagle for the fray  
(Red rum, red rum, red rum, red rum, run away! Run  
away!)

[ShaCronz]  
Listen closely, 'til your attention's undivided  
Many in the past, tried to do what I did  
Like my beef with cheese on it  
That B.K. bullshit, yeah we on it  
Ya girl, ya wife, but my dick, she's on it  
Twirling around it like she's on a pole in a strip club  
In the cold on the stroll I got that bitch up  
Five hundred to fuck, a penny to get ya dick sucked  
Straight paper, hate haters, get ya click up  
Cronz done grown a lot, I'm not a player, I sit in the  
owner's box  
Spit sixteen like I'm roaming glocks  
From F.G. to Long Beach, we zip and zone the block  
What?

[Chorus x1.25]

[Shoshot]  
It's all about that bread, watch me stack them chips up  
high  
Puff that lye 'til I'm so so high  
Laid back pushing the six, or the five  
Picture me falling short, all them fake dives  
I've been known to drop dudes like twice my size  
Be in different states with a pretty chick by my side  
Chromed out, bet she can't wait to blink out  
Clear the place out, look at ya face now  
It's the Don so I thought I'd ought to let it be known  
Plus take a crack at the throne, I'm holding my own  
If it ain't about cash, better watch ya tone  
From the East to the West, the zone, and I'm gone

[Meko the Pharaoh]  
We splash y'all niggaz with the gift of Gods  
Knocking down buildings like my nizzle Snoop Dogg  
West Coast analyst, we creep through the fog  
And it's an everyday thing like a walk through the mall  
(run away!)  
Northstar up in ya  
Murder, murder, death, run away, cuz he couldn't fuck  
wit her

I see you moving to the rhythm  
Like Martin RunTellThat before you fall victim  
The world is filled up, envy and lust  
Remy and skunk, that leads to people not giving a fuck

[Hook x3]

[Chorus x2]

[Outro: Mikey Jarrett Jr.]

Ya done know say Northstar family (run away!)

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