

## NWA

# "100 Miles And Running"

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And why do we call ourself 'Niggaz 4 Life'?  
'Cause if we die we still gon' be some dead niggas  
You don't really think you're gonna get away, do you?  
We haven't spotted them yet  
But they're somewhere in the immediate vicinity

A 100 miles and runnin', MC Ren, I hold the gun and  
You want me to kill a motherfucker and it's done in  
Since I'm stereotyped to kill and destruct  
Is one of the main reasons, I don't give a fuck

Chances are usually not good  
'Cause I freeze with my hands on a hot hood  
And gettin' jacked by the you-know-who  
When in a black and white the capacity is two

We're not alone, we're three more brothers, I mean  
street brothers  
Now wearin' my dyes 'cause I'm not stupid,  
motherfuckers  
They're out to take our heads for what we said in the  
past  
Point blank, they can kizz my black azz

I didn't stutter when I said, 'Fuck Tha Police'  
'Cause it's hard for a nigga to get peace  
Now it's broken and can't be fixed  
'Cause police and little black niggers don't mix

So now I'm creepin' through the fall  
Runnin' like a team, well, see, I might have slayed y'all  
So for now pack the gun and hold it in the air  
'Cause MC Ren has a 100 miles of runnin'

Into this news, four fugitives are on the run  
F.B.I. sources tell us that the four are headed  
100 miles to their home base, Compton  
Lend me a mutherfuckin' ear, so I can tell you why

Runnin' with my brothers, headed for the home base  
With a steady pace on the face that just we raced  
The road ahead goes on and on

The shit is gettin' longer than the mutherfuckin'  
marathon

Runnin' on but never runnin' out  
Stayin' wired and if I get tired, I can still try out  
Hitchhikin' if that's what it gotta do  
But nobody's pickin' up a Nigga Witta Attitude

Confused, yo but Dre's a nigga with nuthin' to lose  
One of the few who's been accused and abused  
Of the crime of poisonin' young minds  
But you don't know shit 'til you been in my shoes

And Dre is back from the C P T  
Droppin' some shit that's D O P E  
So fuck the P O L I C E  
And any motherfucker that disagrees

Stuck and runnin' hard, hauling ass  
'Cause I'm a nigga known for havin' a notorious past  
My mind was slick, my temper was too quick  
Now the F.B.I.'s all over my dick

Got us tick and runnin' just to find the gun that started  
the clock  
That's when the E jumped off the startin' block  
A 100 miles from home and yo, it's a long stretch  
A little sprintin' motherfucker that they won't catch

Yeah, back to Compton again  
Yo, it's either that or the Federal Pen  
'Cause niggas been runnin' since beginning of time  
Takin' a minute to tell you what's on my mutherfuckin'  
mind

Runnin' like I just don't care  
Compton's 50 miles but yo, I'ma get there  
Archin' my back and on a straight rough  
Just like Carl Lewis, I'm ballin' the fuck out

From city to city, I'm a menace as I pass by  
Rippin' up shit just so you can remember  
I'm a straight up nigga that's done in, gunnin' and  
comin'  
Straight at yo' ass, a 100 miles and runnin'

This one goes out to the four brothers from Compton  
You're almost there but the F.B.I. has a little message  
for you  
Nowhere to run to, baby, nowhere to hide  
Good luck, brothers

Runnin' like a nigga, I hate to lose  
Show me on the news but I hate to be abused  
I know it was a setup, so now I'm gonna get up  
Even if the F.B.I. wants me to shut up

But I've got 10,000 niggas strong  
They got everybody singin' my 'Fuck Tha Police' song  
And while they treat my group like dirt  
Their whole fuckin' family is wearin' our T-shirts

So I'ma run 'til I can't run no more  
'Cause it's time for MC Ren to settle the score  
I got a urge to kick down doors  
At my grave like a slave even if the Ren calls

Clouds are dark and brothers are hidin'  
Dick-tricklin' at the sunny, motherfucker's are ridin'  
Started with five and yo, one couldn't take it  
So now there's four 'cause the fifth couldn't make it

The number's even, now I'm leavin'  
We're never gettin' took by a bitch with a weave in  
Her and the troops are right behind me  
But they're so fuckin' stupid, they'll never find me

One more mile to go through the dark streets  
Runnin' like a motherfucker on my own two feet  
But you know I never stumble or lag last  
I'm almost home, so I better haul ass

Tearin' up everything in sight  
It's a little crazy motherfucker dodging the searchlight  
Now that chase, the shit, is done and  
Four motherfuckers goin' crazy with a 100 miles of  
runnin'

Stop, stop, stop, stop  
Surprise, niggas

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