

Onyx "Run"

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[Intro: Ghostface Killah]
Pss.. yo, yo, yo (yo son roll!)
Oh shit, yo, yo, run!

[Ghostface Killah]
Aiyo, I jumped from the 8th floor step, hit the ground
The pound fell, cops is coming
Runnin' through the pissy stairwells, I ain't hear nothin'
Buggin', only thing I remember was the bullshit
summon
So I, stopped at the 2nd floor, ran across, cracks is
fallin'
My pockets is lean, clean when I vanished off
Took off, made track look easy
The walkie talkies them D-E-T's had, black, they was
rated P.G
Run, I will not give up, no, quick flag the car down
Take me to.. Ghost here they come now!
Errr! Pull off quick, back up, hit the bitch, dog
Turned down Hill, light the Marley spliff
Run! I will not get bagged on the Rock
Run! I seen what happened to Un, they bad with they
cops
Run! They am' shit, plan shit, destroy evidence
Fuck a case, I'm not comin' home when I'm fifty six
Die with the heart of Scarface and take fifty licks
Before I let these crackers throw me and shit
Bounce if you a good kid, bounce, do the bird hop
Curse, swerve to get served, these cock suckers got
nerve
Heard I was killin' shit, they must got word
That I told the chief on Rich Port I don't wanna merge

[Chorus: Ghostface Killah]
Run! If you sell drugs in the school zone
Run! If you gettin' chased with no shoes on
Run! Fuck that! Run! Cops got, guns!
They givin' out life like bird tons
Run! If you ain't do shit, you it
That next felony, nigga, it's like three zip
So, run! Hop fences, jump over benches!

When you see me comin' get the fuck out the entrance!
Run! Fuck that! Run! Cops got guns! Muthafucka..

[Interlude: Jadakiss (Ghostface Killah)]
Ah-hah! I might gotta take my shirt off (yeah, kid...)
I like that one (uh-huh, go in, go in!)

[Jadakiss]
Yo, uh, it's Task Force Tuesday, the NARCS is in the
black car
I got fine hundred, hundred packs in my backyard
Clear twelve-twelve's, that look like stuff shells
I'm cuttin' niggaz throats on the sails, while they puff
L's
Don't leave nothin' un-bagged, shave everything
I learned from the O.G.'s to save everything (to save
everything)
They come by one more time, they gon' hop out
They two deep, and one is a bitch, she gettin' knocked
out
Then I can get rid of the pack
But I just copped this pretty chrome thing, so I'm
dippin' with that
Uh, down-shiftin' on 'em like I got gears on me
(Run!) Besides that, I got about 5 years on me
(Run!) Scared to death, runnin' like I got bears on me
(Run!) My Timb's start feelin' like they Nike Air's on me
(Run!) It's hard for me to slow down, it's like I'm on the
Throughway
My belt's in the crib on the floor by my two-way
Now I'm try'nna hold my hammer up, and my pants too
If they don't kill me, they gon' give me a number I can't
do
Rather it be the streets, then jail where I die at
And I'm asthmatic, so I'm lookin' for somewhere to hide
at
But they too close, and I got this new toast
'Magine if I would of let off a shot or two, you know
what I gotta do

[Chorus]

[Interlude: Comp]
Yeah... yes! Yes!
Comp, Chocolate City! (Whoo!)

[Comp]
They got me runnin' and I weigh about three hundred
Drawers stuck in my ass, gun under my stomach
And I don't even know why they chasin' me for
Cuz I'm dirty like the corner in the bathroom floor

So I run through the alley, when I come through the
block
Runnin' so fast, you would think I'm chasin' the cops
Right in broad daylight, in the middle of winter
I can't go to jail, my mother cookin' chicken for dinner,
damn!
The Board of the City, Police Department
Try'nna put me in that bunk bed caged apartment
But I won't let 'em, you gon' have to catch him
All I heard was "Freeze!" and "God damn it! Get him!"
I duck and dodge, I sprint and flee
They got canines and I don't need that sent on me
Body on the burner, I don't need that pit on me
But I'll be damned if a cop Rodney King me, Comp!

[Chorus]

{*sirens and footsteps*}

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