

ScHoolboy Q

"Run"

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(Now there ain't but 20'000 police in the whole town
Can you dig?
Can you dig it?
Caaan youuu dig iiit!
- Yeah!)

(Run-D)

Run sucker, run sucker, run sucker, run
Sucker run, I'm comin like a shotgun
Schoolly-School, I'm never gonna be the one
And if you think that I'm ever gonna let up
Shut up - and just get up
I'm on your back, got you runnin like a rabbit
I'm in your veins like a cocaine habit
And let you know that I'm never gonna stop
Until a sucker get dropped
I'm not your boy, you ain't my master
Another brother gotta do what he has ta
Do, and everything that I wanna
The only job I got standin on the corner
And everything that I do is illegal
Another brother, but the brother was an eagle
Run, run, run, run, run, you better run fast
Another sucker just got gased

Alright sucker, you want the real deal?
Here it is, at the tip of the cold steel
Shoot a punk and a shoe-shine nigger
Shoot em all what Schoolly D figure
Line em up, put your finger on the trigger
Sit back and take a little swigger
And let a rhyme intoxicate your mind
Like a cheeba and a forty of wine
I'm gettin tired of every other brother in the ghetto
Gotta sell a little lleyo
Because a brother didn't have enough knowledge
Didn't know because he didn't go to college
I'm gettin tired of the suckers on my back
Because I'm black, hard with a dope rap
Do you think a young brother wanna hear that?

They rather hear a brother pullin on a git-gat
Run, run, run, run, run, you better run fast
Another sucker just got gased

Jump fast out the startin block
From this gat from the fact that I hold you will feel the
pop
Gunshots on the neighborhood
Are the sounds of brothers hard up to no good
Feel the pain of a bullet wound
For suckers tryin to slip and trip, time to meet their
doom
Like the sounds of a battle cry
Either run, soft sucker, or get caught, do or die
Flee, it's the reality
Cause I see another weak comp, it's so violent, see
Brothers dyin over property
Dope, money, women and ki's
So now the time is at hand
You can sit down, be a punk or be a man
It's like chillin, cold lampin on death row
And I catch you, boy, in a grave you go
Stay out on the move, it ain't for fun
Yo School, make them suckers wanna run, run, run

(Run)

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