

SO SICK SOCIAL CLUB

"Run"

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Chorus:

Y'all gonna get your head stomped. Stomped Stomped.
Y'all gonna get your chest popped. Popped Stomped.
Y'all gonna get to meet God,
Your God.
Should have never came you better RUN RUN RUN.

Y'all gonna get your throats cut.
Cut Cut.
Y'all gonna get your eyes shut.
Shut Shut.
Y'all gonna get to breathe blood.
Your blood.

Should have never came you better, RUN RUN RUN.

Verse 1:

CHRIS:

Y'all fucked up now, you're fucking running your mouth.
You stepped into the asylum and there is no way out.
You clowned up on the wrong kid, yeah you did.
Now you're gonna get your skin ripped you silly bitch.
We don't get down like normal gangsters.
We pack clothshangers with dripping fetus and barbed
wire jackets and rusty razors.
Put them all into the skin of these Abcrombie fly
wanksters.
Wipe my ass with missing posters, the monster is me
gets forced out.

UGLY:

I'm going to write you into an exquisite, explicit story,
like a so sick stage, knives twirling, bloody and gory.

DREW:

A big line of krell will kill the smell of her body
decaying. I'm lysol spraying, praying, saying this

wasn't supposed to happen.

UGLY:

She should have never opened her yap. She tap danced on death traps. Pissing on this corner will only get her a skin graph.

DREW:

Hey Ugly, time for one more line. Grab the shovels and a bag of lime. A murderous mastermind. Staying true to the So Sick grind.

Pre Chours:

Oh good the devils here
He wants to wish you well
Don't cry, this is what you started.
Say goodbye to the life you once lived.
Oh good the devils here
He wants to wish you well
Don't cry, just scream for mercy.
Say goodbye to your final memory.

CHOURS

Verse 2:

CHRIS:

Yo I love it when they step to me, their grandmas clench their rosaries.

DREW:

Fuck the penitentiary, that sentence was a joke to me.

UGLY:

I rip the stitches out of her mouth, I watch the blood leak out.

CHRIS:

Bully me now when your corpse rots in the ground.

DREW:

Never second guessing, murder charges pending.

UGLY:

I'm despicable, miserable, I'll put you in the hospital.

CHRIS:

Have the angels calling down, cuz all of em fallin down.

DREW:

Step up to the club you better RUN RUN RUN

PRE CHOURS
CHOURS

OUTRO:

Come meet the devil.

Come meet the devil.

Come meet the devil.

Call me the devil.

Welcome your devil.

RUN RUN RUN

With your greased back hair, your tight designer jeans,
think you're VIP, you better,

RUN RUN RUN

With your fake assed tits, driving daddys new car you
star fucking bimbos better,

RUN RUN RUN

Yeah musclebound head, pump your chest superman,
in your tight diesel shirts you better

RUN RUN RUN

If you aint kickin it, straight so sickin it, grab your fuckin
preacher and

RUN RUN RUN

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