

Pooh-Man "Run Nigga Run"

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A lot of my Eastside partners are dyin' fast
And it ain't for natural causes, fool, they catchin' a
blast
Tim, Yogi, Bruce and James
pick up the newspaper, fool, and it's all familiar names
Brothas i grew up with and do up with
Partners killin' partners, man, that's the cold shit
Gots me spooked to hang with the fellas
Cause you never know when the nextman's gettin'
jealous
Cause I've seen some cold shit:
Brothas gettin' killed over the words of a bitch
Now tell me what that be like, player
But in the Oaktown ain't no rules, nigga
Everything's fair, hah!
And the main fact is a bullet
He's got his finger on the trigga
And he'll damn sure pull it
This defines ghetto mentality, right?
But it all so got a player runnin' for his life...

I walked to my homie's funeral last week
Tears rolled down his mama's cheek
And it made me think:
I never tripped when i was gunnin' and funnin'
But the things i did in past got me duckin', dodgin,
runnin'
And it ain't that i'm scared but if a fool starts to blastin'
It ain't like I'm gonna stand there
See, moms allready lost my brotha
So I keeps my vest on when I roam in the gutter
But we droppin' like flies
What's goin' on the Eastside can't be denied
Remember when we used to box?
But nowadays we grabbin' A.K.'s
And be bringin' down the whole block
And little kids gettin' gaught up in the crossfire
Before he reaches a teens he's expired
12 years old and it's a damn shame
Layin' in the middle of the nearest lane, hah!
And it brings tears to my eyes, damn!
We got'em runnin' for their lifes...

Another mother's tears on the cheeks
Seems like another brotha got beaten by these
Eastside streets
He fell victim to a drive-by
And I find myself askin' why?
Was he part of the game claimin' red or blue?
Or was is just a time to him to pay for things he do
He probably killed another brotha
Don't act like you're shocked
Cause that's the way of the gutter
He was the baller callin' major shots
He slipped one too many times so he got dropped
And ain't nobody untouchable, fool
Before the phony starts everything's cool, hah!
But once it's on it's goin' down
Drive-by's sparkin' up the whole fuckin' town
Deathtomb 17 over the weekend
Strapped with my vest in the funerals of my friends
Cause they droppin' like flies
Stayin' alive you can't do shit but try
Cause the brothas slippin' to the left
And the name of the game ain't shit but death
Because the way we live, hah!
They got us runnin' for our lives...

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