

The Blues Brothers

"Run Nigga"

Visit "[Run Nigga](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

{I thought all our problems were over}

Westcoast, we're not suppose to know better
I suppose we just suppose to let this shit happen, huh?
You mother fuckers done lost y'all mind
Y'all done bumped y'all mother fuckin head
Now there's got to be somethin done bout all this shit
that's occurin
I don't like it
I don't like it one mother fuckin bit

Trick Daddy:

Free me
I've been captured by some demons
They drainin my blood
Taken samples of my semen
Got the nerve to call me crazy
Tappin all my telephones
Questioning my lady's
But I trained them every summer
Hope to ball and never fumble
Survive in the jungle
It stinks like Stevie Wonder
Rainy days, I'll be the thunder
No carma and no drama
So I gots to ask my mama
Yo, why Kenny left me starvin
Didn't daddy do his part?
She explained she had a heart
She did all that she could do; She kept her faith in god
{Its Hard}

Courus: x2

You better run nigga
Do ya thang nigga
Get off a chain nigga
Cause you's a free nigga
Run nigga
Thang nigga

Chain nigga
{What}

I'm holding in my hand an original copy of the
emancipation proclamation
Much to my dismay I noticed that Lincoln forgot to sign
it
And that means technically I'm still a slave and you're
still a slave owner

Tre+6 :

I rest around the roudy bout it g niggas
And niggas who wanna be known as thugs
Livin the life because they wanna boom in money and
drugs
But ain't no love when they spray
Pray for them everyday
Cause they kill ya dead and take ya bread if you play
with they late
To my dismay my niggas ain't no thugs
They some slaves tryin to runaway to a better day
And anything in they way, they gonna crush it
But if ain't about that flow then don't discuss it
Plopin and pumpin we off the chain and disgusted
Willin to die for anything, and that's official
Without or with you, pistol be government issued
With the scached off word so the Tre would be
observed
We serve, L-Ron fuckin with nerve

Funk Boogie:

See no like myself
See I hear no, speak no, see no evil
Except for them demons that be by lookin like everyday
people
Tryin to get up in my mindframe, stop me from doing
my thang
See if I was a killa, y'all would hear my nine milli
{WHAT} bang
But na that never was my skillo, Funk Boogie mostly
just be like chillen
Dealin wit these crooked villains, standin ready like
Freddie
Tryin to whoop a nigga for somethin
That's why I'm on the rock so for sure they gets nothin
Except a nigga asscrack, kiss it, runaway slave, that's
the click
We set you free nigga, break yourself from the clinch

Courus: x 2

Tre+6 :

Samba bring dead ain't got shit to live for
Talkin bout you real how you killed so
Scared to death, shakin like a dildo
Find something to live for
It's sad to see you with that slave mentality
Let me set you free, come follow my cracks ain't no
lookin back
Better run like hell, for sure you'll end up dead, don't
bump your head
Man I'm bout to make right for you and me
To my ghetto children, Be Free
See how life's suppose to be

Run nigga
What
Thang nigga
What
Chain nigga
What

{It's over}
Run nigga
What {it's over}
Thang nigga
What {it's over}
Chain nigga
What {it's over}
{Nigga we runaway slaves}
{Nigga we runaway slaves and we ain't going back}

Visit [The Blues Brothers](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.