

## Ras Kass "Won't Catch Me Runnin'"

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Verse One:

Stay in school was the motto, but I'd rather hit lotto  
Swallow a shot of tequila but leave the worm in the  
bottle  
In the spot with a BAC of .13  
And when my voice hits the mic I electrocute Spit like  
Beat Street  
I lounge with a clique, thick as the '93 Freaknik  
Smokin a beadie, flippin the script like a hermaphrodite  
So choose your weapon if ya got beef, chief  
Cause we can take it to the looseleaf sheets or  
concrete streets  
Cause Ras not strapped is like LL without a hat  
Syntax attacks, head cracks, they know David Horowitz  
would strike back  
The night I got dice accidentally stepped on money's  
Nikes  
He tried to break fool and threw a glass full of ice to  
incite the fight  
But didn't know who flew heads  
I got ??? like Ricky Randall takin the legs off Chavez  
Instead ya lose, he got punked for his shoes  
Cause just like BB King I'm givin niggaz the blues

Chorus:

Times is hard, brothers is frontin' but they ain't about  
nothin'  
So ya won't catch me runnin' (x4)

Verse Two:

I step through crews as if they was holograms  
Been inside of more vaginas than a diaphragm, so I  
don't give a damn  
Kid, I am the man that you think you are  
5'5" and throwing hooks like Abdul-Jabbar  
Servin' these kids like pediatrics, practice the tactics  
And suckers cover your head, just like a prophylactic  
does  
Thought he wasn't when he was gettin' retarded  
Rented a U-haul truck when the LA riot started

Slid my homeless brother a buck, and ducks duck  
The verbal buck-buck, boo-ya, who ya  
Figure will be stylin' when Cali is an island (FAT!!!)  
It's my fault, my shake from Brooklyn to Vegas  
The earthquakes on lyrics ya plates like San Andreas  
Would be rumblin', you're not ready for my fly type of  
genre  
I'll rock your world like ugly Wanda

Chorus

Verse Three (LP Version):

Now money talks and bullshit walks in the street on the  
daily  
And niggas pull my strings like a ukelele, but  
I lust ruckus like I used to lust Halle Berry  
But now I bat wack motherfuckers like Dave Justice  
Must bust nuts  
Because he's married  
1 time this brother tried to step and thought the little  
guy was scar-ied  
Tryin' to freak all up on the girl I was dancin' with like  
he's invincible  
Not that the ho was important but it's the principle  
Involved, I said, "Yo black this my lady pal"  
The stupid nigga laughed and said, "Well she my bitch  
too now"  
So what can you do when boys is men  
Our self-image depends on the next man's scrimmage  
so I sin  
Cause thou shalt not kill, but I tried my best  
Left my fingerprints in his neck  
I never understand why brothers try to act up on one  
another  
But if the static is comin'  
Fool, you won't catch me runnin'

Verse Three (EP Version):

Stop your flow like its menopause the men all pause  
Cramp your style like P.M.S  
Suckers checking for lumps in they chest  
Like breast cancer  
My stanza gets censorship from Reverend Calvin Butts  
but he could suck my diction, dictation is ridiculous  
indicative of dictatorship  
Today's four letter words were standard english until  
1066  
and ignorance is bliss  
So as I sag my Ralph Lauren chaps  
Walking into lyrical scraps

I'm knocking niggas off the map  
See more stars than astronomy  
Not near one can follow me  
Thoughts premeditated like two Melendez brothers  
That's word to the father and the mother

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