

Klear J

"Most Wanted"

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ATM Records Music Group

Verse 1 (Klear J):

They'll never take me alive/
Fuck that shit cause I was never alive/
Always gone of that dro', drunk, ride til I die/
Gotta heater by my side, .22 if they test me/
To see the lord when they die might be they very next
blessing/
Now the police tailing me/
Bitches checking my tag/
So I dash on'em, cause I don't like being harassed/
I got some shit off in my trunk that if they found out I
had/
Under the jailhouse is where they'd probably bury my
ass/
I got nothing to lose, but then I got a lot to prove/
That I'm a soldier bitch, fuck what happen back in the
school/
He still on my man, I ain't got nothing to do/
I got my CB on so I can hear the bitch in this fool/
(We got a high speed chase, 20 that a 10-4/
A suspect of a murder, 20 cut him off at the store)/
I'm on 431, I gotta find the quickest back road/
(Oh, he a black man, we got another one Jeffro)/
I hit a right, a left, a right, I'm swerving just to lose'em/
Call up my decoy 'round the way, I need something to
do'em/
(He hitting right and left so fast that I'm 'bout to
lose'em/
He must have traded cars, I think we may have lost
him/
Screw'em)/
I got away and that was nothing but a fast break/
I'm wanted now, and I ain't trying to go upstate/
My breezy called me up, said that she wanted to fuck/
Got in the truck and hit the road to go and pick her
up€

Chorus (LoKal):

I'm on the run, EPD tried to get me a case/

But I be damn, cause they ain't catching me today/
I'ma hit my fucking spot and go and get blunted/
So now they label me as Alabama's Most Wantedâ€!
(Repeated 2X)

Verse 2 (LoKal):

I bust six nigga, I'm out this motherfucker for show/
I burn the tires, the rubber for show/
It's off the heez homeboy, you can't catch me/
The EPD, yeah they got a nigga on the run you see/
But I'ma break lose and break lose fast nigga/
I'ma turn around and shoot to blast/
Cause I ain't trying to get caught homeboy, you can't see/
I got five motherfucker, in the jail to see (huh)/
And if you want, to see me/
You gone have to come to, the motherfucking hood to catch me nigga/
I'm at the hide out, I'm with my cus, we chillin' dude/
We drinkin' Bud Light and it's off the chain dude/
We gonna still make our money, and that for show/
We can't let them po-po scare us for show/
We some hard hitting, head bussing motherfucker/
And if you run up, you gone get caught niggaâ€!

Chorus (Repeated 2x)

Verse 3 (Klear J and LoKal):

They say I dash like the fucking Olympic nigga/
When it comes to them cops/
They got them dogs after me, but look I can't be stopped/
Got my nine 'bout to bust nigga, give me my props/
Nigga chasing after me, like I'm gone straight hot/
Like I'm gone straight flop/
Give myself up for a nigga/
Hell Naw motherfucker, I'ma buck on a nigga/
Turn around and dash these nines out/
Bust straight like that, then empty my whole clout/
Nigga that's what I'm 'bout/
Yeah nigga I got your back/
And if them laws come nigga, I got your back/
Cause we gone buck just like that/
We soldiers for show/
We ain't giving up shit, nigga we taking clout for show/
I want my money off top and that for show/
And if them dogs come nigga/
We burn ya' for show/
Cause them laws on our ass/
The got us on the run/
America's Most Wanted/

They got us on the runâ€¦

Chorus (Repeated 2X)

End

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