

Royce Da 5'9

"Running"

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[Royce Da 5'9"] + (Cha Cha)
(Stick up, stick up) Gangs 'til we play brains
We pick up (pick up) when them thangs spray
This how it goes down in the hood that you can't stay
I'll invite a nigga over then make him leave in the same
day
Can you meet her?
I'm talkin bout a chick wit a Coke bottle figure but never
the 2-liter
Whatever you choose, especially you
Definitely I rhyme better than who rhymes better than
you!
Cause this is your sire, I spit in the fire
Thinkin that I'm fittin to retire? {"BITCH, you a liar!"}
Ah-hah! The home of the willest, I'm only the illest
I only'll steal it, phony-est niggaz'll feel it, c'mon widdit
But when the battle is through
It's all-out "Jerry Springer" every arena, I'm on the
panel, too
Spit shit for my peeps, shit for the Jeeps
(Stick up, stick up) Strange pick-ups, brains hittin your
feet
Stained in ya mayn, listen, change in dissin
(And recognize) You MC's, nothin; you leave with nothin
(And recognize) Fuck it, hold on - I hear somebody
comin
{"Ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh, what is his name?"} 5-9!

[Chorus]
Can't keep comin around me baby
Make my girls say (OHHHH!)
Can't keep running awayyyy
Give it to me now (RUN)

[Interlude: Cha Cha]
You can't leave, you can't breathe, you can't sleep
Hearts beat's goin - bu-bu-b-b-BUMP!
(It's like) Precious comin, can't turn your back from it
And your heart keeps drummin - bu-bu-b-b-BUMP!
See deep, see the world from beneath
And all you hear is that beat - bu-bu-b-b-BUMP!

(YO!) Evictions (YO!) enrichment (YO!)
Contentment - bu-bu-b-b-BUMP! (YO! YO!)

[Royce Da 5'9"] + (Cha Cha)
Yeah, then after THAT I just thu-thu-th-thump, for fun
I'm COCKIN back my (pu-pu-p-p-PUMP!)
Yeah, what nigga man, you better be du-du-d-dumb
You better stutter, you better SAY I'm th-th-th-the one
Cause I'm the, rap oxy moron, feel that?
Cause I bring tracks to life while I kill, cracks
Ladies say (Royce I wanna get with, you!)
And it's cool cause I got a whole (get with) crew
And I hit, writers, right where it hurts
Don't call me no hit, writer; I am a fighter, first
Niggaz try to murk on my fire since fireworks
Now you hurt, have you goons in a drive-by verse
Cause I'm STRONG in that area thuggin
I just, LOVE leavin niggaz layin there like a area RUG
Plus you, yeah, smellin my game
Ev-ery girl +Wanna Be Bad+, ask Willa Ford, tell her
my name
It's, 5-9! Hah, now I see why you can't see
See why you can't breathe, why you can't beat or be
ME!
Man please, you better be Sam Sneed
(And recognize) You just feet, a piece of a stampede
(And recognize) Shh, hold on - I think somebody comin
{"Ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh, who could it be?"} 5-9!

[Chorus]

[Outro: Royce Da 5'9"]
A round of applause for the brand new Mrs.
Montgomery
My lil' sister Cha Cha, Rush!
Of course my name is Royce 5'9"
When you think of my name
Think of a fresh new sound
A fresh new face, let's go

[Interlude]

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