

Onkown

"Running Rap"

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YO, my cadence is decadent, no accident or
audience,
No pretense on my residence, abilities aint
coincidence, fool,
I precedence over the dissident, avoiding the
obedience,
Without any guidance, pittance, or no ordnance, I'm
radiant

Yeah, I'm a hash house harrier, I always run with my
terrier,
It's always gettin much furrier, but I'm zestier and
zestier
All the horsier warriors, that barmer the sorrier,
They aint getting heartier, just gettin tastier for the
wavier

See all those joggers with hardware, stretchin the
quadrature,
Feedin the creature, readin the literature,
To nurture the departure of overtired aperture
Give me the torture, not the sandbag of order

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