

## **Big Pokey f/ Mobtsyle**

### **"Runnin' Da Red"**

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[Big Pokey]

What type of nigga eat, and don't get full  
I'm half gator, half dog I'm a crock bull  
With a appetite, if I snap tonight  
I'ma knock a bitch head, in his lap tonight  
I'm strapped tonight, extra clip in the glove  
Under the shotgun slugs, and a throw away snub  
When my pressure swell, niggaz never live to tell  
That they jumped in the water, with a killer whale  
That's deep homes, I'm bout to get my eat on  
Until a son of a bitch head, and his feet gone  
A mob nigga mask up, and get his creep on  
And make sho', that that hoe ass nigga sleep long  
Chiropractor, I pop niggaz backs  
My hand size Mack, unlock six packs  
That's that back-back, move around dog  
Watch that crack back, you around hogs nigga

[Hook - 2X]

If you see me with my heat, I got one in the head  
If you see me on the creep, I'm running the reds  
If my work ain't right, I'ma put one in his dreads  
One in his neck two in his chest, stomach and legs

[Killa Kyleon]

Kick in your do', while you sipping a fo and you hitting  
the dro  
That hoe that's licking you low, she's hitting the flo'  
Better go to your safe, and be getting the do'  
Or them tires in your garage, and be getting the snow  
I thought you had work, it look like you been sniffing  
your snow  
That's when I'm lifting a fo', now he stiff in the snow  
And if that broad try to run, I'ma put six in that hoe  
Merck everybody in the vicinity, in case witnesses know  
Hop in the six and let's go, supply the licks at the sto'  
But make sho' that this blow kick do', at a continuous  
flow  
Better not be short on my work, or my Benjamin's bro  
Or your body'll get a permanent, injuring bro  
Bullets go in niggaz fast, they ain't entering slow

On your knees you begging your please, surrendering  
hoe  
I'm M-O-B-S-T-Y-L-E  
Got a lick for a ki', just make sure you contact me

[Hook - 2X]

[Grimm Reap]

You wanna play nigga, you better find somebody  
Or a whiteboy'll be jogging, and find somebody  
It stay personal with me, cause I live off respect  
You in this game playing foul, now I'ma give you a tech  
Not only your shirt wet, I'ma flood the block  
You speaking on niggaz I eat with, get you dressed in a  
box  
And I don't care, if you hate it or love it  
Stone till I'm gone, nigga and I swear while I'm here  
I'ma thug it  
Only got one to live, so I'm go all out  
You cross the wrong niggaz, therefore we fall out  
Don't try running in your house, I'll blow your do' all out  
44-Mag, the reason that they bagged his body  
Your partnas don't care, they don't even ask about him  
Didn't know stupid nigga, you should of asked  
somebody

[Hook - 2X]

[D-1]

I'm running in your house, and I'm hitting your safe  
Any problems, the 4-4 hitting your face  
Act like a asshole, and get a split in your face  
You kept talking, when I told you get in your place  
Now this SK got your soul, living in space  
If you ain't walking, then how you gon get in the race  
Been doing dirt twenty years, without getting a case  
And I don't care about your niggaz, let 'em try to hurt  
me  
Get they wig pushed back, like Calvin Murphy  
I'm the kid balling, but I don't play for Jersey  
Pushing a Prowler, painted like a purple slurpee  
And I got what you need, from quarters to turkeys  
I'm with the Mob mo'fucker, don't leave me out  
I stay balling, even when the season out  
A young nigga that lay low, and love to bleed in  
droughts  
A dope game quarterback, I just feed the routes

[Hook - 2X]

