

Capital-X

"On The Run"

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They'll never take me alive, I'm on the run for life
I've uncovered the truth, and it came with a price
This ain't Miami Vice, this is life or death
They want my mutha fucking blood, to pay off my debt
And they're out to collect, beat me to death with night sticks
As I fiend for freedom, like a junkie that's dope sick
And they roll mad thick, and heavily armed
Making you all think your safe, but you've all been conned
They will murder your pops, and imprison your moms
Man even Pac was a prisoner before he was born
3 million strong, San Quentin to Sing Sing
Man they're merciless like Ming, at war with Bloods and Kings
There's no turning back now, it's all or nothing
I'd rather die for the cause, then to live and do nothing
I'm at war with corruption, fighting with words and percussions
Reading the book of Psalms as I pray for their fucking destruction

I'm on the fucking run, don't be slowing me down
Just give me a pound, when I roll through your town
Raise ya fists up, White Yellow Red Black or Brown
I'm snatching the crown, murdering with the sound
I'm on the fucking run, trying to bring you the truth
The government wants me dead, because I'm living proof
Arm yourselves with the truth and don't be scared to shoot
Because they murdered Jesus, and they will murder you too

Some people fear Revelation, I pray it all comes
In the name of the Father and Son, Thy will be done
I'm tired of seeing freedom being sacrificed, for fun
Revolutions now a gimmick, I see no action
Brothers and sisters are captives, buried alive in stone
Raped like a virgin, to call home on the phone
Their children left all alone, to face the unknown

Lost in this world of madness, they will make a prison
your home
Family reunions, being held in the yard
Where so many have died, at the hands of the guards
In cold blooded murder, and not one has been charged
Man everyday of my life, feels like I'm still behind bars
Cops are now the guards, stalking their prey
And they will make you a slave, for what you think or
say
Leave you to die a slow death, locked in a fucking cage
Put you in a box, and mail your moms your fucking
remains

We're in the last days, the final seconds
For your own protection, unconceal your weapons
This here is Armageddon, the Truth Vs. the liar
The earth will burn like the sun, as it's covered with fire
These are my deepest desires, trapped behind barbed
wire
I see nothing to lose, so I choose to open fire
Like the DC sniper, Ferguson on a train
Insane like NoN Phixion, with the House of Pain
I'm breaking the chains, they've wrapped around my
brain
Breaking all the rules, because this isn't a game
I hold my mic like a shank, and pray to my Saviour
Take the stage and wild the mutha fuck out like Larry
Davis
Don't do me no favors, and don't ask me for shit
The trust issues I have, will land you in a deep ditch
Buried left to a trick, right next to a snitch
To the right of Lady Justice, that racist bitch

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