

Bulworth soundtrack

"Run"

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Crack backs heavy on the cash all night
at the drug site we hung tight
three o'clock in the night ounces of coke dirty kicks
money gets low in the street yo
tough times nickles thats bigger than dimes
you know the flavor
ruffneck city ain't nothin sweet kid ain't nothin pretty
New York be poppin the cork on crime look at the nine
summertime in the court house ??? shit whats mine
two to four three to nine benatoned it what
we all ran coke grams, you outta luck
young bucks carrying gats, stay fat for what
we all slipped through the po-nig nobody bust
freeze, we in the breeze with the blunts
nobody drop the trees or they fronts
meet on the roof look off the front play low
watch out for po-po thats how it go
three in the whip, we not lagit though, run for the gusto
peep Marcel and Brown comin around dippin the logo
run! if you ever got somethin on you son
you best a run, be off the set, bounce on the projects
cease another vick, weed in your piss and parol gotsta
have it
slide like a rabbit move quick this is it
hang jump from the fire escape, I made it
drop the clip fingerprints all on it, ah fuck the bulets
I'm losin my pants, I advance in my speed, succeed in
my travel
dance on em, in a fucked up whip, make my heart skip
caught up in the drug traffic I astounded by the outfit
one twentieth tried to knock my whole click
run! these black boys that take none
don't cop out shit, take the three six and add that shit
run!... if you ever pack a nice size gun
run!... if you sell drugs to your dun
run!... be the fuck out word god run hard
Beetween two cars we park, pepper got sparked
in the dark heads scramble at the six ooh
spys lookin at you one two lookin too
how you roll what you stole I

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