

South Pacific

"DMX, Ozzy & Ol' Dirty Bastard - Nowhere To Run"

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Fuck that shit 'ya know what I'm say'n
Give a child to my nigga'
I ain't givin' a child to no fuckin' body fuck that
Big baby Jesus in the motherfuckin' house
Ya' know what I'm Sayin'
(roof, roof)
Fuck It
C'mon!

I don't walk, I stalk
Livin' foul like the Park
Shuttin' down, underground
Streets of New York
Hawk, is what the niggas call me
'Cause they all be
Suckin' my dick
In my Muthafuckin' (What)
I know half, so I laugh with 'em
Bloodbath, when I let the fuckin' rap hit 'em
Full clip, but only half did 'em
That's all it took, another crook
Taken out, over a dirty look (What!)
I bag niggas, but niggas ?? (C'mon!)
You only takin' a fuckin' thing from me but hot lead
You know my style, faggot
'Cause I'm always scheming
in jail
Niggas was holding the six screaming
Police!
But you got no piece
It was just you Big Man
And a lot of grease
All I gets is pound
'Cause niggas want none of this
Backstreets are like track meets
'Cause I be runnin' this
C'mon!
Chorus:
Ain't nowhere to run ('cause I be running this)
Ain't nowhere to hide (come on!)
Ain't nowhere to go ('cause I be running at ya)

Go against the grain
I got to pee
I know you don't recognize me now
I done cocooned
How many lighting bolts
To take the light of the fucking moon One of 'em two of
'em
You better get the fuck up off of me
We don't need it
It gets more ugly
Business was trying to bust their ass
Trying to get away from me
When I said my real name
I call myself
Eatin' a bitch, butthole
All the same, all the same, all the same

Ain't nowhere to run ('cause I be running this)
Ain't nowhere to hide (come on!)
Ain't nowhere to go ('cause I be running at you)
?????

What motherfucker
Don't try to psychology my shit
Mother fucker
'Cause you never psychology it mother fucker
Never, never, never, mother fucker, never.

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