

White Boys

"Running The Show"

Visit "[Running The Show](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

The White Boys

The White Boys

The White Boys

(Fresh)

The White Boys

(Fresh)

The dope beat's pumpin, cold comin correct

The White Boys in full effect, check

What I'm sayin, the vocals, our voice

Just like my lady my rhymes are choice

It ain't difficult, so come to my area

Just listen, the beat will carry ya

Hands in the air, literal excitement

Marley made the track, on the rhyme time I spent

Stupid dope, however you describe it

Just like a beverage you will (?) it

Into your system, an injection

This is '88, the year of an election

So yo, vote for this funky groove

It sounds strange, but you got to move

So move, groove, soothe your soul

The beat is loose, it's on parole
Cold slammin to let you know
The White Boys are running this show
The White Boys are runnin this show (4X)
I'm rhymin, the dope entertainer
With a story about Elena
It's short, but to the point
You better listen or leave the joint
It's serious, mysterious, it left me curious
Why Elena was tryin to hurry us
To tie the knot and buy a lot
A house, a car, a dog named Spot
I got wise, looked in her eyes
Said, "What's the hurry and why all the lies?"
She was busted, not trusted
I just broke, mad and disgusted
She wanted money, fortune and fame
She didn't love me, she loved my name
She took heed and not my dough
And now she knows who's runnin this show
The White Boys are runnin this show (4X)
It goes 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9
A rhyme from my mind, you won't find
A lime like mine in any kind of time
So unwind, loosen up, just get funky

The situation at hand is hunky
Dory, don't bore me
Listen close, I tell you a story
About a crew who came around my way
And told me I'd outplayed my stay
I said: "No way, you wanna fight, okay
Go ahead, O.J., and make my day"
But don't ignore this
I take you out just like Chuck Norris
Or Bruce Lee, you're so sorry
Why don't you go play your Atari
You're like Pac Man, old and silly
You remind me of the four Hillbillies
Black Gold and Texas T
Why don't you move to Beverly
Hill, that is, in California
One more thing, I need to warn ya
When you go home, don't go to sleep
I pull up in my jeep, the horn'll go beep
And when you hear that, look out your window
So you'll know who's runnin this show
The White Boys are runnin this show (* repeated till
fade*)

Visit [White Boys](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](#), to get more lyrics and videos.