

J-Murda

"Run em' out"

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You can sift me, cut me, I'll turn you to a junkie
I'm the number one seller in the whole fuckin' country
Wallstreet niggas, they cop me on the low
White boys don't call me coke, they call me blow
It's time to go, on the bus, the train, the plane
I'll smuggle, I'm nothin' but trouble
I'll make your money double
Cook me in baking soda
I'll turn your Hooprock into a new Range Rover
I'll pay all your bills and fill your 'frigerator
Feed your family, turn your man into a hater
Put me in your doorpanels or your stashbox
Put me in your Nik's, Timbs or Reeboks
If you cop three and a half you hustlin' backwards
Cop a hundred grams, you movin' forwards
You tryin' to move more birds
...In PA all day, on the corner of Third
I'm a man
I'ma make a new plan
Time for me to stand up and travel new land
Time for me to just to take matters into my own hands
Once I'm over these tracks man
I'ma never look back
(8 Mile Road)
And I'm gone
I don't like where I'm goin
Sorry mama I've grown
I must travel alone
Ain't no followin no footsteps
I'm makin my own
Only way I know how to escape from this 8 Mile Road
You can take me out the 'hood, but can't take the 'hood
out me (what?)
'Cause I'm ghetto, I'm ghetto
Picture me polishin' pistols, I'm comin' to get you
The shells hit you, you screamin'
Think I'm playin'? I mean it
Man, I done bought all these pistols
Lets get it poppin'
Start wavin' my emboies shell cases get the droppin'

(C'mon)

Like if it's down the corner, I got too much pride to hide
I'm outside, gun in my pocket just stunnin' I'm stoppin'
I'm dyin' to pop it, I'm young and I'm restless, you know
my contestants

As the world turns, there's lessons to be learned
Count all my blessin's, clean up my weapons
I'm ready for war, the strong survive, the weak will
parish

I told you before, hoes they compliment me now like
"50 nice chain"

Malasio, twenty grand in chips at a dice game
Burn out, can't stop gotta watch MTV, BET
Nigga you see me!

I wonder if you mad, 'cause I'm doin' good
or 'cause niggas feelin' me more than you in your own
'hood

And it hurts 'cause you love 'em and they don't love
you back

'cause they know you just rappin' and you don't bust a
gat

You pussy

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