

Harry Toddler

"Tha Way We Run It"

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Geah
One two One two (check it out)
One two One two (check it out)
Uh

[B-REAL]
I put years in this shit struggled to build the empire
Just another brick in the wall you fall tired
Who will be the one son to fall victim?
Who's on the street, who's runnin' from pigs wishing?
No way out
You can't stay out - your hook
Criminal lifestyle, you're booked in the crook
Where will you seek shelter? Killafornia
What'll you do when you see the heat around the
corner?
You silly fucking goner, where will you hide?
On the sick side of town facin' the long ride
Sick-ass Soul Assassins I keep blastin'
Cause you never know when it's time for some action
A fraction, chain reaction the crew smashin'
Through your city get the committee a ready faction
We run shit
And muthafuckas are on it
You can't call it, buster you better stall it

[Chorus]
We got G-boys and ho's on deck
One times gafflin' niggas that chin check (check it out)
You see a robbery
We done it
That's just the way we run it

[EIHT]
Ten years in the game, no chains remain
Heavy weights, get it straight, still bringin' the pain
First green since the B.G.
I gotta get cream
Late nite hype's the fiends as I plots a scheme
Got tight with rap flows and followed the rap shows
But the streets keep callin' me to cluck the pesos

Did good
I made up tapes about the hood
Locked down that shit as nobody could
Enemies always out to get me
But just keep spittin' rhymes and they won't hit me
Street dreams always made of this
Top dollar
Bitches and switches is on my list
Leave your ass with the good night kiss
Makes moves smooth so your shorty won't miss
Never runnin' to meal, we chill on the hill
Real G's always packs the steel

[Chorus]

[Eiht]

It ain't a problem that I can't fix
Cause I can do it - in the mix
Nowadays
We be's the G's that's deadly
Bustin' raps, shootin' craps, gots the straps on ready
Common sense'll tell you, slide out
But ain't no fuckin' where for you to hide out
Got the picture?
We don't play no games
Eiht and B-Real fuckin' Frank & Jesse James
To the limit
Watch us do what we do
Leave your whole life fucked turn misty blue
Senoritas and pesos yes yes y'all
Ball cause we to tall and never fall
We got paper fo' sho'
No doubt
Criminal mind this time you're assed out
Define it
Here's your strollin' paper just sign it
Take a walk as the Eiht starts to talk

[Chorus]

Soul Assassins one time
Soul Assassins two times
Geah
My nigga Muggs
Still pushin' that china white
Check it out, uh
Boom Bam in the house
My nigga Foe in the house
Geah
Cypress in the house, uh
Take 2 to your mouth

Soul Assassins
That's right
Whatcha wanna do?

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