

**Heinz Rühmann & Oliver Grimm****"Run Nigga Run"**

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A lot of my Eastside partners are dyin' fast  
And it ain't for natural causes, fool, they catchin' a  
blast  
Tim, Yogi, Bruce and James  
pick up the newspaper, fool, and it's all familiar names  
Brothas i grew up with and do up with  
Partners killin' partners, man, that's the cold shit  
Gots me spooked to hang with the fellas  
Cause you never know when the nextman's gettin'  
jealous  
Cause I've seen some cold shit:  
Brothas gettin' killed over the words of a bitch  
Now tell me what that be like, player  
But in the Oaktown ain't no rules, nigga  
Everything's fair, hah!  
And the main fact is a bullet  
He's got his finger on the trigga  
And he'll damn sure pull it  
This defines ghetto mentality, right?  
But it all so got a player runnin' for his life...

I walked to my homie's funeral last week  
Tears rolled down his mama's cheek  
And it made me think:  
I never tripped when i was gunnin' and funnin'  
But the things i did in past got me duckin', dodgin,  
runnin'  
And it ain't that i'm scared but if a fool starts to blastin'  
It ain't like I'm gonna stand there  
See, moms already lost my brotha  
So I keeps my vest on when I roam in the gutter  
But we droppin' like flies  
What's goin' on the Eastside can't be denied  
Remember when we used to box?  
But nowadays we grabbin' A.K.'s  
And be bringin' down the whole block  
And little kids gettin' gaught up in the crossfire  
Before he reaches a teens he's expired  
12 years old and it's a damn shame  
Layin' in the middle of the nearest lane, hah!  
And it brings tears to my eyes, damn!

We got'em runnin' for their lifes...

Another mother's tears on the cheeks  
Seems like another brotha got beated by these  
Eastside streets  
He fell victim to a drive-by  
And I find myself askin' why?  
Was he part of the game claimin' red or blue?  
Or was is just a time to him to pay for things he do  
He probably killed another brotha  
Don't act like you're shocked  
Cause that's the way of the gutter  
He was the baller callin' major shots  
He slipped one too many times so he got dropped  
And ain't nobody untouchable, fool  
Before the phony starts everything's cool, hah!  
But once it's on it's goin' down  
Drive-by's sparkin' up the whole fuckin' town  
Deathtomb 17 over the weekend  
Strapped with my vest in the funerals of my friends  
Cause they droppin' like flies  
Stayin' alive you can't do shit but try  
Cause the brothas slippin' to the left  
And the name of the game ain't shit but death  
Because the way we live, hah!  
They got us runnin' for our lifes...

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