

Kurupt, R.O.C. , Phats Bossi, RZA, Dr. Dre, Warren G

"Doncha Runaway"

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(Verse 1):

Now don't you run away from my Glock
You can't dodge 17 muthafuckin' shots
Could somebody pass me a clip and a trigger
Walk across the party pistol whip a nigga
Shiiit,
I'm comin' up at 'em with the .9's the Glockes and Macs
And they'll never breathe again like Toni Braxton
Cause I don't see nothing wrooong with a little brotha
jack
So say "what up?" to the 187 FAC
Nappy head ass muthafuckas wearin' plats
Kickin' back like a muthafucka slangin' sex
Ready to peel a nigga cap if they got the nap
So if you're funkkin' with the FAC
Better to stay strapped
Cause we'll be comin' up at your back with the black
Gat
Nigga, and you be feelin' kinda fucked up
When your homie dropped, it's simple
You can't run away from my Glock

(Chorus): 2x

Doncha runaway
From my Nine
There's no place to hide
I'm gonna get you by and by

(Verse 2):

Spiggedy One kickin' dat ass with some lay back shit
The trigga-happy nigga, I figure
Niggas won't wanna step to me
If they know I'll be bustin' caps
I roll straps niggas take naps
Cause I don't be fuckin' around
When it comes to bustin' that steel
I'm too real, niggas feeel me
When I kick this gangsta ass shit that you never heard
But fuck what you've heard
I smokes niggas like Herb
Put your ass smooth on ice

So nigga don't be 2 proud to beg
For your muthafuckin' life
Cause Nine Kelly I'ma make 'em stutter
Make 'em drop, nigga
You can't run away from my Glock

(Chorus): 2x

(Verse 3):

Comin' like the Lench Mobb swingin' on the vine
Bailin' out peace to my muthafuckin' Nine
Pullin' my cap back ready to serve they ass
Givin' a fuck about what the next nigga done up in the
past
Nigga, I like to let a nigga have a bloody body
Don't think I'm bad, no box and no karate
Just a big fat Gat for them suckas
I ain't scared to you muthafuckas
Shiiit, and nigga that's how it be
"rollin' with my muthafuckin' strap on the side of me"
So don't come at me with that shit
'Bout you gon gaffle me up
I cock your cranium like the muthafuckin' [?], nigga
So keep your hand on your pistol grip
Bullets whistlin' and shit
Feel like a fuckin' missile when they hit
And I advice you to stay on the lurk
Cause if you funk'n with my niggas
You gon put in some work, nigga

(Chorus): 2x

(Outro):

Yeah nigga
You knew you couldn't fuck wid this G
Would you wanna step to me
Fault, hoe, haha
Spiggedy One whippin' on that ass
Ant Banks in the muthafuckin' house
My nigga Omar
My nigga knocked out muthafucka drunk and shit
This nigga Jamar lay down the muthafuckin' studio
Drunk in tha muthafucka
You know what I'm sayin'
But you know one thing
Everybody in this muthafucka's strapped
You know what I'm sayin'
And nobody comin' up short
So don't try to run away from my Glock
Can't dodge 17 muthafuckin' shots
187 thousand G

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