

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

"Runnin' Out Da Crackhouse"

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My old school homie took a fall
His blood hit the muthafuckin wall
Ran to the trunk and got the AK cause the funk was on
It felt like Christmas Day
I got a present and it come with a banana clip
Santa Claus muthafucka meet the hollow tip
But let me get to the trunk so they fucked up
Now I'm 'bout to explode, niggas suckin chrome up
Kick down the door and started spraying
My nigga on the ground eyes wide open dead layin'
Busted a nigga in the back rat-a-tat-tat
His blood hit the floor first
I heard his back crack
Sounds of a muthafuckin murder, the ghetto got me
insane
To my damn brain
Never leavin the house without my Glock nine
You can't stop crime so I'ma cock mine
The other nigga had a baby mack
And he was off the crack
He shot and missed and I shot back
But we both hit the floor, what the fuck for
I caught a bullet up in my chest and I didn't know
But the bulletproof vest was on G
So I kept buckin at his ass like a donkey
And when I tried to run and get out
The pig put the Glock to my mouth
As I was...

Runnin out da crackhouse out da crackhouse
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Runnin out da muthafuckin crackhouse

Cop had his finger on the muthafuckin trigga
Screamin some shit about a barbecued nigga
I had a pocket full of 'cane and a bloody gat
I went insane when they blasted my cutty mack
He was my potna like En Vogue wish he hold on
But I don't think he'll be alive for too much long
I dropped the Glock with a puzzle look on my face

Cuz now I'm stuck with the dope and fuckin murder
case
They threw me in the car and told me they that wanted
a cut
And if I try to get away a motherfucker stuck
Excuse me officer but you can suck a nigga dick
He looked me in the eye and told his potna get the
bitch
Slobberin at the mouth, muthafuckin K-9
Put it in my face told me not to waste time
What's my name? Spice muthafuckin Ace
Yelled fuck the pig, spit a loogey in his face
He let that goddamn K-9 go
Me and that bitch had it out on the floor
It went on for five minutes or less
Teeth marks on my muthafuckin neck and chest
He took me down to the county
I'm seein' pictures of my niggas on the wall for the
bounty
I walked in with blood on my pants and
Niggas lookin at me like a black Charles Manson
And I still had dope in my mouth cuz I'm fresh out da
crackhouse
Out the crackhouse

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