

Mary & Gordy

"On the Run"

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Climbed the fence, jumped the third rail
The chase is on, they're on my tail
In hot pursuit, tracking me down
I sprayed my name on walls around town
Dressed in black with a cap and a hood
With a bag full of pads and mics being pursued
By the authorities. they'll never catch me
'Cause I'm too quick for them, they won't find me
I got an escape route planned for emergencies
And I escape with ease
Nobody knows what I look like 'cause they never
Seen me in light, it's just a figure that holds the mic
Tight with a death grip, my style perfected
It's effective. City detectives
Search for clues to identify the criminal
I attack when it's dark, I'm subliminal
Known to none, son of a gun
A fugitive on the run
Kind of like a vampire, when it's midnight
I strike 'cause the times is right
The mood correct, the thoughts connect
The rhyme reflects the character born to wreck.
The name's all over the place on walls and trains
The face you never seen still remains
A mystery, classified information and those that
Know me respect the code.
They're following the trail of clues that I left
The more I bomb the more they respect

(Sampled and scratched repeatedly)
(On the run)

Wanted by the police for causing catastrophes
Creating masterpiece after masterpiece
Put together piece by piece before I release
Clear the way for the arrival of an emcee
Ripping through barbed wire, run and I never tire
Raise the stakes higher, filled with fire
Leave the train yard. Run through alley ways
Enter a building via the fire escape
Sit down relax, write a killer verse

Leave my trademark, a ryme rehearsed
Before you know it I'm gone like the wind, a phantom
'Cause that's just the state my mind is in
You thought you had me trapped with nowhere to run to
Nowhere to turn, nowhere to hide
Search but you won't find me
Protected by the draskness, the wholeof the forece
surroundes me
I'm devious, quicker than the average man
Slicker than them so I can escape without a plan
I know your strategy, your plans for catching
The traps you gonna set, that's a formality
Follow the guidelines, guard your property
Protect your trains well or they're gonna be
Sprayed with graffiti, you ain't gonna beat me
Defeat me, 'cause you need me

(Sampled and scratched repeatedly)
(On the run)

Roads are barricaded; demos are demonstrated
Traps are penetrated, foes are terminatted
The power I generated from releasing a record
undercover
Is phenomenal and it's all rhyme related.
You're dealing with a ghost you couldn't catrch
You got me on the run 'cause I smashed the scene
Caustion, building an airtight rep you couldn't hack
Miles ahead of you, prepared to do
Whatever it takes to escape so I'm running through
Derelict areas with empty buildings
Broken windows, doors that are busted
Walls we consider as heaven for graf writers
And hell for the authorities assigned to bust
The likes of us, the unseen element
With mics we bust whenever relevant
Extra perceptive, tricking your detectives
Dressed in camouflage and still at large
Elusive, you won't find me, or track me
Or trace me, locate me or hook me or catch me

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