

## **Master P F/ Sons of Funk**

### **"Runaway Slave"**

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We can take over the world, he said  
And it's plenty gold in my country, he said  
A 1000 men make a company, he said  
But I gotta put into your butt lead, I say

When it's dark fuck the dumb, I'm on the run  
Go to the shack for somebody black that wanna come  
Original man in a swamp land habitat  
Old man said, "Don't go," but fuck that  
I gotta be free, they can't catch me  
Cause I'm too quick for 'em, see?  
Check the north star, goin' real far north  
A straight line is designed for the shortest course  
So a crooked devil wants me back now  
He let his dogs go to chase this black down  
But I ain't down with being caught, so I fought back  
They gotta drag them a bleeding dead nigga back  
But not like that, fool, I ain't going out  
Before I do I bet I take one of these crackers out  
(Freedom, freedom!) Fuck yeah, I killed him  
(Freedom, freedom!) Now should I bury him? (Fuck nah!)  
Fuck nah, he didn't do the same for my grandpa  
Grandpa died with his finger like fuck y'all  
Ran through the woods ( ? ) and I step in  
Made a haystack for a black man that's sleeping  
Next day well on my way up north  
(Surround the nigga) trip cut short  
Standing in the middle, know I'm black till the end  
Waiting, in a second now the shots will begin  
25 shotguns pointed at me, fuck y'all devils, now I'm free  
Motherfucker, you'll never catch me

Runaway slave, I'm out of here ( ? ), I'm outtie

I'm a motherfucking slave, I'm tired, I'm thirsty and I'm hungry  
Picking cotton to build a white man's country  
My mother's working hard and she's dying of starvation

Never seen my brother, he's on another plantation  
My father fought back, he wasn't going for this  
Now he's hanging from a tree in the forest (damn)  
My little sister gets raped and beaten  
Nothing but dirty water and pork for eating  
I can't take this shit no longer  
As I work harder I get stronger and stronger  
Looking at my chains and my chains are rusty red  
( ?Look at? ) the bull grip, he don't trust me  
But I'ma chill and wait till 12 o'clock  
Pick up a rock, hit the chain and it broke in half (I'm out  
of here)  
Now feel the wrath of a runaway slave  
But I'm gonna stay brave  
When I'm getting free I'm putting pale face in the grave  
Thinking about my people and how I'm gonna free  
them  
Pass my father body still hanging from a tree limb  
Running and running and on the trail there's some  
dobermans  
The smell of a sweaty black nigga, yeah, they know the  
scent  
Picking up ground and I started to run faster  
Double barrel pump fired by the slave master  
I hid in some bushes so I can catch my breath  
Trying to gather up the strength that I had left  
If I could rest for a second I'd be gone  
Oh shit, there goes the dobermans, the chase is back  
on  
Them wanna catch me, them wanna take my freedom  
Them can't catch me, them can't have my freedom  
Them took it once I want it back, gimme my freedom  
I kept on running, I thought I had 'em beaten  
Until I ran into the middle of a Ku Klux Klan meeting  
They all stopped, as they stood there staring at me  
I must have seen a 100 guns they had pointed at me  
White robes, white hoods, blue eyes  
6 dobermans chewing on my thighs  
I took a deep breath cause I knew what time it was  
Just before they pulled their triggers I yelled, "Fuck y'all  
crackers!"

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