

## Maurice Williams % The Zodiacs

### "Run"

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[Intro: Ghostface Killah]

Pss.. yo, yo, yo (yo son roll!)

Oh shit, yo, yo, run!

[Ghostface Killah]

Aiyo, I jumped from the 8th floor step, hit the ground

The pound fell, cops is coming

Runnin' through the pissy stairwells, I ain't hear nothin'

Buggin', only thing I remember was the bullshit  
summon

so I stopped at the 2nd floor, ran across, cracks is  
fallin'

My pockets is lean, clean when I vanished off

Took off, made track look easy

The walkie talkies them D-E-T's had, black, they was  
rated P.G

Run, I will knock your bug, no, quick flag the car down

Take me to.. Ghost here they come now!

Errr! Pull off quick, back up, hit the bitch, dog

Turned down Hill, light the Marley spliff

Run! I will not get bagged on the rock

Run! I seen what happened to Un, they bad with they  
cops

Run! They am' shit, plan shit, destroy evidence

Get cassed, I'm not comin' home with no fifty six

Die with the heart of Scarface and take fifty licks

Before I let these crackers throw me and shit

Bounce if you a good kid, bounce, do the bird hop

Curse, swerve to get served, these cocksuckers got  
nerve

Heard I was killin' shit, they must got word

That I told the chief on Rich Port I don't wanna merge

[Chorus: Ghostface Killah]

Run! If you sell drugs in the school zone

Run! If you gettin' chased with no shoes on

Run! Fuck that! Run! Cops got, guns!

They givin' out life like bird tons

Run! If you ain't do shit, you it

That next felony, nigga, it's like three zip

So, run! Hop fences, jump over benches!

When you see me comin' get the fuck out the entrance!  
Run! Fuck that! Run! Cops got guns! Muthafucka..

[Interlude: Jadakiss (Ghostface Killah)]  
Ah-hah! I might gotta take my shirt off (yeah, kid...)  
I like that one (uh-huh, go in, go in!)

[Jadakiss]  
Yo, uh, it's Task Force Tuesday, the NARCS is in the  
black car  
I got fine hundred, hundred packs in my backyard  
Clear twelve-twelve's, that look like stuff shells  
I'm cuttin' niggaz throats on the sails, while they puff  
L's  
Don't leave nothin' unbagged, shave everything  
I learned from the O.G.'s to save everything (to save  
everything)  
They come by one more time, they gon' hop out  
They two deep, and one is a bitch, she gettin' knocked  
out  
Then I can get rid of the pack  
but I just copped this pretty chrome thing, so I'm dippin'  
with that  
Uh, down-shiftin' on 'em like I got gears on me  
(Run!) Besides that, I got about 5 years on me  
(Run!) Scared to death, runnin' like I got bears on me  
(Run!) My Timb's start feelin' like they Nike Air's on me  
(Run!) It's hard for me to slow down, it's like I'm on the  
Throughway  
My belt's in the crib on the floor by my two-way  
Now I'm try'nna hold my hammer up, and my pants too  
If they don't kill me, they gon' give me a number I can't  
do  
Rather it be the streets, then jail where I die at  
And I'm ashmatic, so I'm lookin' for somewhere to hide  
at  
But they too close, and I got this new toast  
'Magine if I would of let off a shot or two, you know  
what I gotta do

[Chorus]

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