

Mercedes F/ Jamo, Mac

"Runaway"

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Chorus:

Runaway, run for your life he's returned...

[Carlos Coy]

I ain't worked in 2 years, guess who's back
Still, my whole albums sell like crack
Blow indo out tha window, of my Limo
Sleepin, with my heat in my pillow
I really don't give a damn, who you are
Understand that you dealin wif a shootin star
Competition, never heard of it
But I hit permanent, did I murder it?
Afermative
The urban kid, learnin quick, about earnin grib
Got more 8 ball than a pool tournament
Swearvin and burbin still cadillacin
Still pack tha mackin, still bout no rappin
Drop like Geronimo, got porono-flow
You are bit too young, but your mama know
I'm pit-fisious, never fake-tisious
In this, cause MC's so delicious...

(Chorus x2)

[Carlos Coy]

Like Mexican, get revenge
Never stop settin trends
To tha level of excellence
Still stackin dead presidents
It's evident, I'm Texas sent
Who plex get proper measurment
No refery, sellin cheese
Enemies, Memories
Yes sir'y, rest in peace
Been that way for centuries
Set chemistry, I'm blessin fiends
We the men of empty dreams
My every, master piece
Influenced by street tragedys
Got family, tried jackin me
Alotta fun that'll be...

(Chorus x2)

White postah, steak and lobster
Sautay shrimp, five fif and sauces
Craw fish, sausage, even austrage
Why test one from tha crack monters?
Crunches of the world of lobstas
My nina ross does wonders with tha crossas
Balas don't care, whatcha call us
Livin cautious, takin no loses
All my whole office, got no accompliss
Tha thought of bosses makes me nautious
Promised mom this time it's honest
Drop hit's and make lagidimate profits
Knowledge from tha street college
Reach for tha top, just watch tha copers
Imposter hate true Mobbstas
Cuz we lost trust and we all bust...

(Chorus x2)

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