

# Tru "Run Away Slaves"

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[Voice in Background]

Look at the little porch monkeys, fuckin juggaboo

[Master P talking]

My ancestor Kunta Kinte said

We come over to this bitch, smiling on a banana boat

(And they fucked our bitches and raped them)

They never told us what the fuck we came over here for

(Call us juggaboos)

And did deals with the Indians

(Wild Coyotes)

Ain't no fuckin body ever did no deals with no black folks

[Chorus] x 4

We run away slaves

(Run nigga run)

They say we free then put guns to our head

[Master P]

Now the cops try to arrest me and these bitches wanna test me

My ??? scream P don't let the master get the best of me

The game got me crazy, I'm fucked up I can't sleep

They put dope on boats and planes and did deals with the enemy

That's us, some say in God we fuckin trust

The slavery's fuckin over but the world is messed up

Black on black crime, either you poor or you blind

Life is a welfare line and the homies they doin time

Some niggas they switch for a lighter sentence or they switch

The ghetto is a bitch, niggas live to get rich

Then they slam my fuckin dreams like b-ball

Killin chickens and pigs, just to feed the white hogs

No houses, no meals, no seven acres

Put us in the projects put us on dope and playa hate us

Now lady heroin steady gettin money

Ms. Cocoa leaf and weed, damn they gettin blunted

And my homies steady dyin, mothers steady cryin

I'm walkin the straight line keepin my people off the grind

Probation and parole, niggaz in four doors  
This ain't for the radio but you run away poor folks

[Chorus] x 4

[Master P talking]

For all the muthafuckin runaways out there  
I mean all us niggas that been incarcerated by  
technology  
By life, by the judicial system, (run nigga run)  
By the white folks or even the black folks that think they  
white  
(even the haters)  
Martin Luther King was a run away slave  
Jesse Jackson a run away slave  
Malcom X, he was a run away slave  
Mohammed, run away slave  
Farrakhan, run away slave  
Muthafuckin No Limit, we run away's (me Master P)  
From the whole record industry  
Cause we ain't bout havin 15 percent (I'm a runaway  
nigga)  
We bout havin 100 (I'm about my paper)  
We bout teachin other niggas how to get theirs  
Cause we gon get ours (you got to)  
Y'all get yours, stop hatin  
Break away nigga (the media)  
The chains is still there (y'all can't stop us)  
And this mothafuckin black on black crime (yeah nigga)  
It gotta stop (yeah nigga)  
Run away slaves  
That's just what they want us to do (but we gon go to  
college)  
Nigga be all you can be if you a soldier  
(we gon be doctors, we gon be president)  
No Limit Army nigga (No Limit motha fuckin sports)  
(We gon be rap stars)  
We run away slaves nigga (Maurice Collins)  
Takin over, we bringin our mothafuckin athletes home  
(Leland Hardy, runaway slave boy)  
And we keepin it real, we keepin it treat  
(Sylvester Scott, Edward Hawkins)  
No Limit, run away slaves (lawyers, politicians)  
That's what we bout, keepin it treat, politickin nigga  
(that's what i'm talkin bout)  
Black publications (doin what we gotta do)  
No more probation and parole (no more hoes)  
Colored folks stickin together nigga  
(I got the car door open nigga get in)

