

# Tupac Shakur

## "Runnin On E"

Visit "[Runnin On E](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

**(feat. Outlawz)**

*[2Pac]*

If you a bad boy

*[Chorus: repeat 2X]*

If you a bad boy then you die

Westside outlawz when we ride, get me high

They fucked up when the rob me

Put another contract on Mobb Deep

*[Hussein Fatal]*

I focus my locus thought on my enemies

Sip off the Hennessey it's necessary to finish me

I'm in this social immortal when it comes to the phone  
book

Jersey them niggas they think I'm crazy and creepy

And as we speak they tryin to find me a therapist

Rapid fire I clap and hire till you die a liar

Strap in back to the corners droppin on to spin the tires

My man define ya 357 anaconda

This enough to bring your mama then turn around and  
hear the drama

Havoc I gotta have it steady blastin at Prodigy

Mobb 6 feet deep you try to blast me till death

And I suppose you got the dopest moves like Chucky on  
fresh

You know the verdict, who what when why he died  
murdered

Get your physical diverted and your vision deserted

*[Tupac]*

Ever since mama got fucked and papa ducked out

Look at us murderous thugs showin less love in the  
drug house

Similar to savage it's a wonder we manage

Bring chaos causin damage on our quest for cabbage

They ask my style similar to cash we flaunt it

Most wanted by the population murdered you for it

Exploit your weakness revenge flow deep without  
release

Criminal orders across the waters bringin the war to the

streets  
Why fear me, fear the shit I speak  
Once this shit drop it's heard on every fuckin street  
like the sound of police who run the street really  
And every hood let you grow  
from the hustlaz up at Harlem to the shot callers in O'  
And though, Congress, don't want us to progress our  
step  
My homie buried at an early age hustled to death  
His last breath, a lesson I posses like jewels  
Stay thugged out keep it movin'

*[Yaki Khadafi]*

Halfway thugs are bugged when we stalk the streets  
Sort of like thugs and narcotics when we walk the  
streets  
You speak the big pussy throw down and drop it  
Hit you with 6 shots lay the law down and throw the  
shells in my pocket  
Getting mine with nine coked extorting  
Block shots with 22's with my socks with the butt hangin  
out the chalk  
You never seen time I travel across the mean crime  
My rolls like a million dollar bills folded in green slime  
With my foes erased drink my henney straight no  
chasin  
Catch my body like haitian 5 minutes from the station

*[Young Noble]*

Hit the hole like Allen Iverson with confidence  
The bigger prick don't mean no evidence or proof the I  
was present  
At the scene of the crime around 10 niggas bleed  
After they made this punk fag motherfucker bleed  
All the money was bloody as shit, y'all niggas shoulda  
seen it  
Bust a cap and freak with, bow down on your knees shit  
The glock to your head nigga, don't let inside action  
Hit innocent by-standers when he blasted, shot fucken  
backwards  
Little homies puttin work for stripes  
But is it worth your life a g-rides runnin red lights  
I wish somebody would have told me then  
Since I'm an outlaw like Napoleon ain't no cell they can  
hold me in  
Caucassian crazy like Arabians  
Hold this spot like some niggas fade me in having the  
scene chase me  
When they want the product nigga I got the smoke  
Got the weed and the coke what you need what you  
want

What you working with I'm some immortal shit  
Outlawz we straight hurtin shit use artillery to murder  
with  
Put then on the box gangsta party like Pac  
Lifes hard from the ox me and my niggas on top

*[2Pac: repeat 5X]*

I know the law hate me dearly, comin for me  
We outlaws, thugged out, niggas runnin on E

*[Nuttso]*

With the leaded Pac, fuck the law  
Carry steal cause I live in the nigga side of the law  
Ridin' foes cause I can't let hoes catch me slippin  
Quick to blow and dispose if you block on hittin  
Ridin high, blazing, kryptonite got a nigga dazing  
Burpin and smurkin got on his knees before I grave em  
Ride em, look behind him, I see him, he slipped  
At a stop light in a growin night, this motherfucken trick  
Slide over so I can dip and put it in him  
Damn, I guess this motherfucker know that I sent it  
Hit the pedal now we high speeding  
With the metal trying to make these motherfuckers die  
freezing  
Up the way I seen him slow down  
Shit!! I think I'm gonna bust these hoes down  
Caught them runnin on e it kind of funny to me  
They know they was fuckin with me but they dumb to  
see

*[2Pac]*

Open up fire watchin me spy when my shells split em  
Plus all them tricks and the bitches go to hell with em  
Fuck em they phony claimin they homies but the foes  
Speakin on thug niggas daily while we nailing they  
hoes  
Explode boldly at my stage shows and formation  
Words known to spray blaze as I raise my thug nation  
Crooked thoughts cops get bought no longer caught  
Did you cry when my girl died  
Put out the hit politic niggas worldwide grabbin my dick  
I'll never learn take away the pain with sherm  
Throwin gas on my enemies watchin them burn  
Call my posse, I'm shootin up the casket take the body  
Whip the corpse like a piñata and party  
His last breath a straight lesson I posses like jewels  
Stay thugged out keep it movin

*[Chorus till fade]*

