

## Runaway

Madchild

It's not what you have done it's what you're doing now  
It's not where you have been it's where you're goin' now  
Not so everywhere I go I hold it down that's why everywhere I go  
o you know it's goin' down (it's goin' down)

Now, yeah, I am still a little monsta', still a swollen member  
rip it up at every concert  
Lost a few years and we lost a couple sponsors but now I want it  
all and I am here to fucking conquer so (I've come to take what's  
mine, naw, we've come to take what's ours)  
Look I became a serpent lyin' perfectly flat poppin' perkasetts  
'til everything went purple and black  
I was lyin' on the dirt with the shirt on my back got up and wiped  
myself off and now I'm circling back  
Here I come, now my boys are surviving spreading through the internet  
like poisonous ivy  
Or a virus, or a forest fire, call me "Cyrus" the battleaxe warrior  
I was ship wreck for a quick sec, I felt like Tom Hanks with a  
volleyball (Ha ha ha ha)  
Fist clenched so tight I got white knuckles I been killin' it since  
B-boy belt buckles  
Whole school o' some Popeye eating spinach fights roll up in an  
MC and suit and pair of British Nykes  
They drank Cristal I drank a dolla' pop I'm the type to stay &  
fight 'til someone fall or drops  
They look like the type to run away and call the cops such a shit  
half rat, half lollipop

It's not what you have done it's what you're doing now  
It's not where you have been it's where you're goin' now  
Not so everywhere I go I hold you down that's why everywhere I go  
you know it's goin' down (So tough!)

Bipolar manic depressant that's my reality gifted naughtiness  
with an addictive personality  
Mortifying, fortified, bonified champion war supply oversized  
more than gargantuan  
(Yeah... Run!)

I'mma do the hoblin'goblin about to massacre azlada 'cuz I'm here  
to rock the planet like Afrika Bambaataa  
And I've been waitin' for the right moment to strike while I'm  
holding the mic, 'cuz I'm a soldier that fights  
Committed systematic attacks the assassin from the vatican's  
back, spittin' radical facts  
Most rappers spit theatrical crap for me to move ahead I had to  
go back  
Now I explode on a track, the larger picture still eludes you,

from swollen members we are not here to confuse you  
So fuck all of the smoke 'n' mirrors it's the spiderman the silver surfer man I hope you hear us  
Cruise livor, but two diverse like a pink mohawk into new sideburns  
I refuse to me ol' broke 'n' haggard so I rebuild my face under this cloak and dagger  
When they tell my story let 'em say that I walk with giants this isn't rap this is textbook math and science  
I'm Spartacus when it come down to the art of this A martyr but these other murderers, they want no part of this  
You fucking started it, I'll fucking finish it, this is my business and; I won't leave no witnesses

It's not what you have dealin' it's what you're doing now  
It's not where you have been it's where you're goin' now  
Not so everywhere I go I hold you down that's why everywhere I go you know it's goin' down (SO!)