

On the Run

Mobb Deep

You know my weapons conventional, blow a hole, then you folding
You be the death of you, every do, last view will be arial
Put the Range on off road, the woods to bury you
Never question my M.O., or the ammo I carry, a state
Crime or federal, task force to battle you
Faggots, know what the lead'll do, put ya vest on daddy
Them slugs will burn like verenial, off top to carry you
Dirty laundry, we airing you, respect my gangsta, and shotty
You little raps don't grab me, the truth'll hurt for they addy
They drink the drink and rade the pain, to build some courage to clap
me
Give a fuck if it's tellin' you, more the merry, I'm marry to guns
Muthafucka, pull ligaments, nigga, they vary
Being need of some medical, livin' life as vegetable
Take that, think about it and don't try nothin' fancy
Make a move and I'll level you, like a bomb with atomic forces
Niggaz betta pray and kiss they crosses
Holy water to bless you, them slugs will tear your tissue
And clog the fuck outta a vassel, and got you seeing me crystal
Niggaz sweatin' in they sleep, I got them sleepin' with pistols
I'm the dope, you the fiend, fuckin' right, I'm fiction

R: Shot a nigga from frontin', I'm on the run now
Nigga try to fuck with my hustle, I'm on the run now
Used to gettin' paper, I'm touchin', I'm on the run now
Life is so good, nigga, push me, I'm on the run now
(2x)

Nigga be duckin' and slidin', cuz they know we providin'
All the shots for they night, they on us, we got it
It's on us, you can put ya money back ya pocket
Keep ya chains and ya watches, this is deeper than robbing
I want your soul muthafucka, see you deep in some shit
Now you catchin' and shifts, and now I'm ready to flip
Without a thought, now we up in the whips
We pay our own music, yeah, yo, we all on our dicks
Got these bitches nose open, they be breezin' and fiendin'
Got her shootin' at people, mad cuz they do leave them
They can't believe it, now my car change with the seasons
When the spring, summer, fall, the truck droppin' the t-rex
I be boatin' and flying, strapped in when I'm driving
Be on the side walking off, we truly be wilding
They got billions behind 'em, still can't fuck with our rhyming
And these songs overpower, where shit they frontin'

R: (2x)