

# Runaway Slave

Showbiz & A.G.

Livin in the slums with the bums, the rats and the stray cats  
Dogs with the rabies, little babies are having babies  
Juveniles act wild  
Every footstep you take, on every corner there's a crack vial  
Pushers, dealers, crackheads are buying  
Now the dealer's in jail, all the crackheads are dying  
My man got AIDS, he was hit hard  
To get laid, he paid a crackhead for a five dollar quick job  
In the ghettoes this stuff you have to find  
A beer will relax my mind but I still pack my nine  
Cause I'm aware of all evil and devilishment  
Because I'm living in a rat like settlement  
Sometimes it's hard to manage  
I grab a forty take a sip and let the mental do the damage  
Yeah I'm woozy and my eyes are red  
But it's better than a uzi and a brotherman is dead  
See nine out of ten are black on black crimes  
Four out of nine were killed before their prime  
The other five wanted vengeance  
So now five out of five are doin a jail sentence  
Ask the Giant I've been through it  
So when I reach to the top, I say the ghetto made me do it  
And I know how to strive, huh  
Born and raised in the ghetto so you know I can survive

I gotta getaway, I gotta do it now  
or find a better way, so how that sound (both lines repeat 4X)

Chapter two, of every black man's diary  
Drugs and diseases, put in our society  
Kill another brother and it's bravery  
Come on that's one step backwards into mental slavery  
Yeah you best believe that's reality  
You got black on black then there's police brutality  
Yeah it's bad but what makes it sad  
Is that I'm being harassed by a black man with a badge  
He's sellin out because he's two-faced  
But you only got one race, you only got a nigga's face  
He's sellin out because times is hard  
And old ladies are gettin robbed cause I can't find a job  
Fight to the top, and the other man'll drop  
and gettin treated like savages will stop  
You got the right plan, but goin about it the wrong way  
Divided is the long way united is the strong way  
Too many died for us to take a pause  
So let's all get ours, and stop tryin to get yours  
Walk a straight path, but it's so easy to stumble  
So weak minds crumble in the concrete jungle  
Get your chance to sell drugs, you don't pass up  
But a fast buck will wind up to be your last buck  
It's a damn shame, you're deaf dumb and blind  
Did it ever cross your mind, you're killin off your own kind  
And pretty soon even you will be a goner  
Easy access to guns, liquor stores on every corner  
Street knowledge is a must, you never learn enough  
You're physically rough, but mentally you gotta be tough  
We shall overcome with no doubt

The runaway slave is sayin peace and I'm out

I gotta getaway, I gotta do it now  
or find a better way, so how that sound (2X)

"Let's runaway, let's escape"