

# Grits, Runnin'

runnin runnin  
lookin for that love i once knew  
runnin runnin  
trying to find my way back to you

i been runnin since understandin confiscated my globe  
stuttering since expression stole the key to my soul  
struggling since victory presumed control  
battling since the truth infiltrated my mold  
seeking to find a life in invisible hold  
traveling down a path of a difficult road  
running without a clue of being left astray  
swearing im getting closer but really further away  
runnin

don't you sometimes sit back and look at yourself  
examine things in life you hate but you've become get sick of yourself  
the very images you claim lack worth  
then with uncontrolled labor pains them very images you gave birth  
this topic got me ceiling walkin  
i'm so beside myself i'm lookin at me like i'm someone else and i don't feel i'm talkin  
i'm tryin to spit it best i can atcha  
(your life you really need to rid it of) attention grabbers that keep you from runnin

runnin  
my desires lead me right to you  
the very thing that has me runnin  
back to you

in desilate times i wrestle at times  
feeling so neglected at times rejected at times  
hard to try to get out my mind hold to the soul  
believing that its gonna be fine hes in control  
letting go the walk in the know forgetting the how  
strong enough to wait for the when to weaken the now  
put aside the question of why, this is allowed (?)  
running to the back of the line  
looking for mine, looking for mine, lookin for mine...

if dead men tell no tales  
(yo) how do you account for the platinum rappers with millions of record sales  
then tell me i aint good cuz my record fails  
with a standard that's set to first-quarter sales the truth shall prevail  
if i let you dictate it life would be stale (whoo)  
but i follow my lord who's been proven with the scars and nails  
everybody busy funnin number one stunnin  
what else you get from yo mama  
nothin but heartache from all the runnin