

Grits, Runnin' (feat. V3, Ric Robbins Remix)

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