

South Park, Runaway

Chorus:
Runaway, run for your life he's returned...

I ain't worked in 2 years, guess who's back
[Carlos Coy]
Still, my whole albums sell like crack
Sleepin, with my heat in my pillow
Blow indo out tha window, of my Limo
Understand that you dealin wif a shootin star
I really don't give a damn, who you are
Competition, never heard of it
But I hit permanent, did I murder it?
The urban kid, learnin quick, about earnin grib
Afermative
Swearin and burbin still cadillacin
Got more 8 ball than a pool tournament
Still pack tha mackin, still bout no rappin
Drop like Geronimo, got porono-flow
You are bit too young, but your mama know
I'm pit-fisious, never fake-tisious
In this, cause MC's so delicious...
(Chorus x2)

Like Mexican, get revenge
[Carlos Coy]
Never stop settin trends
To tha level of excellence
Still stackin dead presidents
It's evident, I'm Texas sent
Who plex get proper measurment
No refery, sellin cheese

Yes sir'y, rest in peace
Enemies, Memories
Set chemistry, I'm blessin fiends
We the men of empty dreams
Been that way for centuries
My every, master piece
Got family, tried jackin me
Influenced by street tragedys
Alotta fun that'll be...

(Chorus x2)

White postah, steak and lobster
Craw fish, sausage, even austrage
Sautay shrimp, five fif and sauces
Why test one from tha crack monters?
Crunshes of the world of lobstas
Balas don't care, whatcha call us
My nina ross does wonders with tha crossas
Livin cautious, takin no loses
All my whole office, got no accompliss
Tha thought of bosses makes me nautious
Promised mom this time it's honest
Drop hit's and make lagidimate profits
Knowledge from tha street college
Imposter hate true Mobbstas
'cause we lost trust and we all bust...
Reach for tha top, just watch tha copers

(Chorus x2)