

# House Gang Animalz, Run Nigga

[Intro: P.C.]

Yeah, yeah, House Gang in here, House Gang here  
You know, House Gang here, House Gang here

[Chorus 2X: P.C.]

You betta, run nigga when I'm grippin' the pound  
You betta, duck nigga, start hittin' the ground  
Real niggas don't talk, we'll lay you down  
This ain't a game, we ain't playin' around, listen

[Donnie Cash]

Donnie a animal, and I don't give a shit if you mad  
Here's a gem, where's your pen nigga, get at your pad  
You got your limbs, you should sit and be glad  
Cause I could send a lot of men up in if every little kid in your pad  
You think I'm kiddin', put the shit in the bag  
Or put your lips in the mag  
And kiss the tip while the shit is on blast  
Life's a bitch but I'm feelin' the ass, I'm tryin' to feel on her ass  
Rub on her tits, put my dick in the abs  
Couple flips and I'm killin' the Ave.  
I've done had a couple whips out this bitch, but I'm feelin' the Jag'  
It had gotta be the ice in my chain, that got 'em icin' my chain  
And watchin' my watch, thinkin' 'bout icin' my frame  
I'm poppin' they top, more range snipin' they brain  
They oxygen stop, Donnie get right with his aim  
And even for the pettiest cake, I eat your food  
Put your head on the plate, squeeze the two with the lead in your face

[Chorus 2X]

[Carlton Fisk]

You thought I gripped the pump  
The way the song blast through your speaker makes your system jump  
Loose Linx we ridin' what, Homicide Housing  
Late for a nigga, iodine in the cut  
Pure animal, muzzle your mutt, it's money to touch  
House Gang bangin', now who's fuckin' with us?  
Nothing's enough, pound the eagle  
If you talk like a bird, I'mma feed you shells, bleed you  
My House Gang come in a huddle, scream defense  
And cut you, all my animals itchin' to touch you  
Little niggas fittin' to rush you, and we House Gang  
The type that do hits, rob and hustle  
And we break bread, them and the feds, Y. Million dead  
Shabaam's snitch ass, cut off his dreads  
Look we got hit, survived the nigga that hit 'em die  
Front in his momma's eyes, now she hollerin' 'why'  
This is my life, I roll with dice, banks stockers hate  
When I come trips, seize your c-lo twice  
You don't like me, but your bitch think G.C. nice  
You need no life, freeze when I see your ice

[Chorus 2X]

[P.C.]

Yo, ya'll niggas ain't blastin' slugs  
You don't live what you talk, you ain't half the thug  
Ya'll know P.C., I'll blast a thug  
Get them body bags, Deck, let's wrap him up  
And I don't think, he wanna be the first to get it  
Head shots all day, I'll reverse your fitted  
These streets, I got work put in 'em  
When I break niggas down, it take more then a nurse to fix 'em

Got a mean team, Ice Water, call us a dream team  
Still on a street corner keepin' the fiends pleased  
D.T. scheme while I'm chasin' my cheese  
But you know me, I breeze when they tell me to freeze  
From a live block, my block, it's one of them hot blocks  
Hustle all day, I ain't punchin' the time clock  
You on the wall, I ain't comin' for dolo  
Rebel I.N.S., back me up, dumpin' the fo' fo'

[Chorus 2X]