

Juice, Run 4 Ya Life

(run for your life)

ha ha

(save ya'self)

Chicago is in this motherfucker tonight

Thats my word

I suggest niggaz (run for your life)

And try'ta (save ya'self)

Fa'sho (aint no running from me)

Swear before God these niggaz don't want none

(I do)

Hit it God

(verse1)

My niggaz is high, my niggaz is living and die

We did it in Chi, see my whole city, we ride

And hoes say "He got the prettiest eyes"

Until they see them turn pitch black when death is what I visualize

And all those who attempt to go against my rise

Better be gunning with a click as demented as mine

Cause one of us 'a leave and, one of us will stay and

One of us will breathe but, one of us will lay in

I'm feeling just as nutty as fuck, living it up

I swear to God I'll leave these niggaz bloody as fuck

I got a passion for putting my foot on the gas, mashing

Blasting on whatever niggaz will be or have been

Feel me laughing, fuck what you talking about

It's like hop-sotch, I rather just be chalking you out

Bitch niggaz need to carry a purse, I rather bury ya' first

Iceberg slim, America's worst

(hook)

(run for your life)

I suggest motherfuckers try ta' (save ya'self)

It's major wealth

I dont really care or give a fuck about who know you

And if I gotta go, you go too

Now make a move nigga

(run for your life)

You motherfuckers need ta' (save ya'self)

You dun played yourself

Niggaz wanna act like they ill and higher then God

Til they come against the firing squad

Checkmate

(verse2)

I suggest women and kids take cover when my adrenaline spit

I'll leave you laying on a tenement brick

Ready to paint the curb red, niggaz bleeding

Just give me a reason, cause some punk niggaz deserve lead

Hit them with a whole clip, making your soul drip

Show his ass exactly how cold cold can get

Four-Fours'll spit, flows is so sick

Po-pos'll get hit, white roses, thats it

I think its about time niggaz get out-lined (lined)

Suits are getting fitted, the sun will not shine (shine)

Slugs through your spine (thats right)

Your life is like a new Benz and I'm about to start jacking niggaz blind

What you aint heard? This is murder by design

For any motherfucker whispering about mine (about mine)

And I'm J-U calico, I let these niggaz know

I bring drama from the door nigga

(hook)

(run for your life)

I suggest niggaz try ta' (save ya'self)
It's major wealth
I dont really care or give a fuck about who know you
And if I gotta go, you go too
Now make a move nigga
(run for your life)
Gun and a knife, you need to (save ya'self)
You dun played yourself
All these punk niggaz wanna act like they higher then God
Til they come against the firing squad
Checkmate

(verse3)

It dont matter if I'm rapping or not, I'm still packing the hot
Seventeen shot'll mack in the glock
I'll leave these niggaz backless, spineless, brainless
Nines is, stainless, crimes is, heinous
I'll do it execution style, J'll make it painless
My guns have names but bullets remain nameless
Pulling the thang flagrant, the third rail'll face them
You can go to Hell facing 'empty shell casings
Tell Jason "Hi," kiss your life goodbye
Damn shame she's widow cause your wife is fly
But now your whole soul well it belongs to Chi
What tha fuck?! Niggaz think they too strong to die
Fucking with J, I'll lift motherfuckers up up and away
Everytime a niggaz tucking a tray
It's like rock paper scissors nigga, gun and a knife
If you like fresh air, I suggest niggaz run for their life

(hook)

(run for your life)
I suggest you punk niggaz try ta' (save ya'self)
Major wealth
Niggaz wanna front, I dont care about who know you
Cause if I gotta go, you go too
Now make a move nigga
(run for your life)
Gun and a knife, you need to (save ya'self)
You dun played yourself
Every rap nigga wanna act like they higher then God
Til they come against the firing squad
Checkmate nigga
(run for your life)
I suggest niggaz try ta' (save ya'self)
I dont care about all your little street plugs
I dont care who know you
But if I gotta go, you go too
Now make a move nigga
(run for your life)
Gun and a knife, you need ta' (save ya'self)
You dun played yourself
Every rap nigga wanna act like they higher then God
Til they meet the damn firing squad
Holla back!