

Kane & Able, I Ain't Runnin

(C-Murder)

Motherf**kers always wonderin why this nigga winding up dead.
Why is this nigga dead.
It's because motherf**kers out here is stupid.
They giving to it some motherf**kin body.
They cross a nigga.
And they dont watch thier motherf**kin back.
Niggas gonna retaliate.
You cant cross a nigga without gettin it.
Cause a motherf**ker realize that.
I aint runnin.

Chorus

I gotta get em fore they get me, I aint runnin
I got my TRU niggas with me and we strapped
I gotta get em fore they get me, I aint runnin
I got my TRU niggas with me and they gunnin
I gotta get em fore they get me, I aint runnin
I got my TRU niggas with me and we riders
I gotta get em fore they get me, I aint runnin
I got my TRU niggas with me and we strapped

I got beef with some niggas on the other side
Them fools cross me, now somebody gotta die
I got the twins in the lex with the black tint
I told em bust if you see a motherf**ker flinch
I guess them busters wanna see if the tank real

They wasn't satisfied when they homie got killed
I aint banging on no motherf**king tape nigga
Test me and I'm gonna celebrate your dead day
I can't sleep when my enemy is looking for me
I'm paranoid niggas tryin to take my soul from me
But I aint runnin I'm a look em dead in the eye
I'm a real nigga and real niggas dont die

Chorus

(Kane & Abel)

Hot lead at your head at the speed of light
Cant outrun a bullet, you goin die tonight
It aint right but thats the way its gotta be
The circumstance is the murderman dance
Me and my brother made the world pitch black ready for combat
Automatic gats for weed packs stay strapped
Playa some niggas came but everybody aint able
Dick hard starin at a hundred G's on the kitchen table
They say my status turn to casualties when i squeeze
Hit em up with two two threes, bodies scatter like the breeze
Fatal injuries, i feel sorry for your mother
But i got this motherf**ker fore he got me get em

(C-Murder)

Chorus