

Twista, Run

(feat. Lo)

C'mon, c'mon, RUN

[Hook 2x's - Lo]

Vice pull up, what you gon' do - RUN

When blue and white's come, what you gon' do - RUN

If you can't get away then stash the gun

Before you get popped off, have some fun

[Lo]

9 times outta 10, you escape when you run

But if you can't get away then toss the gun

You'll be seein' that county cell

You'll be livin' in county hell

Niggaz in the bullpen'll erase yo block

Muthafuckin' Ricans done stole yo car

You wanna see this type of shit - NO

You wanna go this type of place - NO

All bullshit aside nigga jail ain't fun

Especially when you can't make yo bail and run

Sittin' in the D-A room talkin' about appeal

They ain't tryin' to hear that shit, be for real

When you hear that you'll be payin' a lot

Tryin' to cop out boy ?? hot

Ain't goin' home cause you ain't got bond

Betcha next time you'll remember to RUN

[Hook 2x's]

[Lo]

Cops see the same old niggaz on the block

Cops see the same niggaz in the same spot

It ain't they fault that you wasn't on point

26 hundred ?? in the joint

Mad at the nigga that had yo back

Is he the same nigga that had the pack

They knew every place that you hid the dough

So you the muthafucka that wasn't on post

Playin' with them hoes all outta control

Served too slow when PIG's in the hole

If you knew you had a ??

Why the fuck you act like ice and froze

What was you thinkin' when you sold that crown

You coulda been bout three blocks down

Hittin' gates and gateways and all that

Kept all the cash, the yay, and the gat

Took you a break, woulda smoked you a blunt

Came back out and shot back up

C'mon, c'mon, and RUN

[Hook 2x's]

[Twista]

Leave the gateway open so I can dip through the back

Smokin' ?? they got in a pack

Tippin' from all the hypes that's pullin' up on bikes

What the hell am I doin' out here servin' with two strikes

Niggaz don't know I'm trainin' to be a track star

(Whoop, Whoop - Errrrr!) Put yo hands on the car

You must be one of them tight big niggaz that's old

But I'm from the bigger number with the rhythm and roll

I hit blocks, dip cops

Kept the knot, dropped the glock, ended up on Wilcox

It don't even matter now cause I done throwed them rocks
Went through a house that I don't know like I was Goldie Locks
I broke a sweat
Now I'm smokin' dro in a Lac
I'm throwin' a pack
Shit, I ain't never goin' back
If I happen to go to jail, niggaz better tryin'
I make a getaway cleverly and never see time cause I'll RUN

[Hook]