

# 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]