

# Nowhere to Run (Vapor Trail)

## DMX, Ozzy Osbourne, Fuzzbubble, The Crystal Method & Ol' Dirty Bastard

Fuck that shit, you know what I'm sayin'?  
I'm a give a shout out to my niggas  
I ain't givin' a shout to no-fuckin'-body, fuck that  
Big Baby Jesus in the mother fucking house  
Know what I'm sayin'?Unh, come on  
I don't walk, I stalk, livin' foul like pork  
Shuttin' down underground streets of New York  
Haw is what them niggas call me, 'cause they all be  
Suckin' my dick and on my mother fucking balls, G  
I know the half, so I laugh wit' 'em  
Blood bath went I let the fuckin' rap hit 'em  
Full clip, but only half did 'em  
That's all it took, another crook  
Taken out over a dirty look  
I bag game with niggas I leave shot dead  
You're only taken a piss from me with hot led  
You know my style faggot, 'cause I'm always schemin'  
In jail, niggas holdin' a sink screamin'  
Police, but you got no peace  
Yo, was that you big man, and alot mo' grease  
All I gets is pounds, you ain't want none of this  
Back streets are like track meets 'cause I be runnin' this  
Ain't nowhere to run ('cause I be runnin' this)  
Ain't nowhere to hide (come on)  
Ain't nowhere to go ('cause I be runnin' this)  
Reaper saved your soul (come on)Surroned by the colors, I see crimson, black and blue (come on)  
Locking open doors again, I'm still afraid of you (straight up, mother fucker)  
Light to dark, then light again, I always thought I knew (come on)  
Young to old and young again, what's left for me to do? (straight up)  
Center of the universe, collecting me in time (come on)  
I'm falling down upon the earth, and singing truth in rhyme (come on)  
If I was a rolling stone, I'd roll until I'm through (come on)  
And if I was a garden I would bloom in black for you (Dirt Dog in effect)ahhhhh, yi yi yi yi  
(come on)  
ha ha ha ha ha ha ha  
What you mother fuckers invented  
Is the craziest nigga that ever been invented  
ha ha ha ha ha  
Most know, don't front on Ol' Dity Bastard  
ha ha ha ha

I call on Jesus  
There's no obstacles that you have to jump  
There's no walls that you have to climb  
This is real, this is elementary dear  
Elementary, Watson, Elementary  
ahhhhh  
I ain't no pictue on your fore wall, necklace wearin' beard  
You don't want this money till it's rich  
Buy my album, coded by Dirty, set you free  
Go against the grain, I got the p  
I know you don't recognize me now  
I dunked your tongue  
How many lightening bulbs do it take to light up a fuck mode?  
Brothers, people, you'd better get the fuck off of me  
We don't need it, it gets more ugly  
Fools tryin' to bust their ass  
Tryin' to get away from me when I said my real name  
I call myself in the niggas butthole  
All the same, all the same, all the sameAin't nowhere to run  
Ain't nowhere to hide  
Ain't nowhere to go  
Reaper saved your soulahhh yi yi yi yi  
What, mother fucker?  
Don't try to psychology my shit, mother fucker  
'cause you'll never psychology it, mother fucker  
Never, never, never, mother fucker, never  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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