Run For It (feat. Lil Wayne)

Juvenile

I be comin' up wit da glock toy
You can stop, boy
You ain't heard I'm off tha block, boy
Chipp-pedy chop, boyOff in ya cut is where I'm layin'
Ready fo' sprayin'
Soon as I see yo face and hand
I ain't wit dat playin'My daddy showed me how to play it in a situation
My daddy tol' me I ain't shit wit outta occupation
So, I played the game, bust yo' head if you said my name
I had some of deez niggaz scared I came
I kno' some niggaaz out tha Nolia that'll ride fo' me
I kno' some niggaz hollin' solja dat a die fo' me
T.C., L.T., Magnolia and six
Oh, you want some of dat fire dope you can score in da bricksYou disrespectin' my mind 'cuz you keep comin' short
I might hitcha wit dat iron 'cuz you need to be taught
You keep showing yo teeth 'cuz you thank it's a joke
You mus thank deez bullets ain't real and you ain't gon' git smokeNow, if ya at dat second line and dem boyz gotta gun
You betta run for it, run for it, run
And if ya too deep in some beef and dem boyz 'bout ta come
You betta run for it, run for it, runIf ya ain't gotta strap but yo' enemy got one
You betta run for it, run for it, run
And if you got into it wit a cash money brotha
You betta run for it, run for it, run
(Who me?)
I be in all black sometimes
Sometimes, I be jumpin' out trees in camouflage
Me and Juvenile got two keys we 'bout ta ride
Dem boyz playin' wit da upt, well, dey gots to die
Man, it's that deepIt's a tragedy when you can test me
Heard I run in houses, don't put it past me
Hell, look boy, you betta tell deez niggaz
Fo' I mask up and try ta kill deez niggazYou don't want my stress troubles
I be back in 2 hummers and 5 lex-bubbles
Wa, my big brother Juvy
Tol' me not to eva letta nigga screw meTol' me if I eva did he would do me
Gave me two guns and sent me round dey shootin'
And then they start runnin'
Hardest niggaz on tha block started actin' like a woman
Tha 4-foot stranger in ya area bustin'Load it up, slide it in
Cock it back, pop it out, we ridin'

I'll run in a busta spot
I'll sit on a busta porch, I'll sleep on a busta block
Apply five and then let goBang, Lil' cowards keep playin', get hurt
Motha-flirk see I dont curse but'll wet up yo shirt
Look all my enemy's see me comin'
All my enemy's peugh be runnin'Now, if ya at dat second line and dem boyz gotta gun
You betta run for it, run for it, run
And if ya too deep in some beef and dem boyz 'bout ta come
You betta run for it, run for it, runNow, if ya ain't gotta strap but yo' enemy got one
You betta run for it, run for it, run
And if you got into it wit a cash money brotha
You betta run for it, run for it, runYou thank I'm playin'-a somthin', Lil Woo dey', I ain't trippin'
Tha beef started last week and dem niggaz still be hittin'
Two children got killed and a ol' lady got hit
Look, I'm 'bout ta git tha fuck 'cuz I ain' got no time fo' dis shitNow, you could be comin' through and runnin' to a gun if you feel
That they ain't gon' do you shit 'cuz ya real
I won't wanna be witcha when it's happening either
I probably be some where ducked off takin' a nap wit my peopleI'd rather see it on T.V. Than I see it in person
And having my fucking' head hurtin' when dem 30's be burstin'
I bet if yo' beef see ya, he ain't gon' wait fo' ya dog
Our all gon' try to rearrange ja face fo' ya dogA 2nd line and round dem clubs, ain't no place fo' ya dog
Dem same niggaz you come up wit playa-hatin' ya dog
I see 'em comin' wit choppers and I know they gon' bust
Lil' Wayne hol' up, we kiting out sho' nuff'Now, if ya at dat second line and dem boyz gotta gun
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You betta run for it, run for it, run
And if you got into it wit a cash money brotha
You betta run for it, run for it, runYa betta run for it, run for it
Ya betta run for it, run for it
Ya betta run for it, run for it
Go git cha gun for it, gun for itYa betta run for it, run for it, run
Run for it, run for it, run
Run for it, run for it, run
Run for it, run for it, run
Get cha gun for it, gun for it, gun
Get cha gun for it, gun for it

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