

# Run With Me

## Classified

Back on my day shift, I got my tools and my lunch box  
I'm on my grind, full time, but I never punch clocks  
I'm more than muscle, not a dumb jock, no tough talk  
But I could wipe you cum wads up with just one sock,  
That's right.

Ok you said I never had a chance  
But I could proving that this shit is not an accident  
Traffic jammed, I've had it man, smashing through like battering rams  
Always stay connected like my data plan  
I calm your nerves like Lorazepam  
Magic man, mesmerizing like my lava lamp  
And I could snap like elastic bands  
And I can be a real prick like a cactus plant,  
Now bring it back again  
I got you flocking the Vatican  
Pack em'in, turn the music up and let me rattle em'

[Chorus]

Run Run Run  
Run for the hills and try  
Try to run with me  
Try to keep my company  
I, I run the beat  
Still you wanna front on me  
But I don't think so, no no I don't think so if ya know what's good for ya, then put your mic down  
Ya keep on swimming with the sharks then you might down  
I know you talk a lot of shit you need to pipe down  
And I mean right now  
And if you know what's good for ya better watch ya mouth  
Cause you don't know what you talkin bout.  
Ah yo, my parents always told me you can't recycle garbage  
But as an artist you proving that's far fetched  
And you the hardest... to listen to, trash man  
So say good bye to your career jazz hands  
Yea, I'm a titty and an ass man  
At the cheapest strip club getting a lap dance  
Masked man, boner in my track pants  
Disappearing in the dark night like I'm batman  
Back to my cave in the early morn  
Looking run down like those chicks off of Jersey Shore  
Dog tired, body all hurt and sore  
Please have mercy lord, pick me off the dirty floor  
And pick a pack we gone run till we collapse

Get the people on their feet and get the hater's off their ass  
[Chorus]  
Run Run Run  
Run for the hills and try  
Try to run with me  
Try to keep my company  
I, I run the beat  
Still you wanna front on me  
But I don't think so, no no I don't think so Now don't be mad at my cocky behavior  
Or the bragging and boasting it's my competitive nature  
I'm an mc  
I'm suppose to act like I'm the illest  
And I know I ain't the best but I'm comfortable where my skill is  
And that makes me the realest be honest, plus  
No ones fucking with my catalogue of concepts  
When it comes to live shows and beats, I'm the complete  
package  
Ready for some action no dig in get some traction and [Chorus]  
Run Run Run  
Run for the hills and try  
Try to run with me  
Try to keep my company  
I, I run the beat  
Still you wanna front on me  
But I don't think so, no no I don't think so

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