

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 I 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
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Still you wanna front on me
But I don't think so, no no I don't think so

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