

Running on e - 1/3

Interprété par 2 Pac.

If you a bad boy
Yo, what's up man
The police is commin' !
Oh shit !
Get out of there
Yo, get the fuck out the way
Fatal Outlawz, runnin' up out this mother fucker
I'm going past niggaz
They ain't getting me up for fifteen like this, fuck that
It's Outlaw nigga

[Chorus] 2X

If you a bad boy then you die
Westside Outlawz when we ride, get me high
They fucked up when they robbed me
Put another contract on Mobb Deep

[Fatal]

I focus my locus thought on the enemy
Sick of the Hennessey, it's necessary to finish me
I'm anti-social immortal when it come to the vocals
Jersey them niggaz down and won't approach em til it's time to smoke em
Hussein the terrorist, nigga they think I'm crazy and creepy
And as we speak they try to find me therapist
Rapid fire I clap and hire till you die a liar
Strap intact hittin' corners dropped didn't want to spin the tires
My man'll find ya
This 357 anaconda, is enough to bring your mama to turn around and hang the drama
Military comradery Outlaw till they body me
Havoc I gotta have it steady blastin at Prodigy
Mob 6 feet deep, you try to brush me to death
And suppose you got the dopest moves like Chucky on fresh
You know the verdict, who what when and why he die murdered
Get your physical diverted and your vision distorted

[Tupac]

Now ever since Mama got fucked and papa ducked out
Look at us, murderous thugs shown less love in the drug house
Similar to savage it's a wonder we manage
Bring chaos causin' damage on our quest for cabbage
They ask, my style similar to cash when flaunted
Most wanted by the population murdered you for it
Exploit your weakness, revenge flow deep without release
Criminal orders across the water bringin the war to the streets
Why fear me, fear the shit I speak
Once this shit drop it's heard on every fuckin street, like the sound of police
Who run the streets really?

Running on e - 2/3

And every hood legends grow from the hustlaz up at Harlem to shot callers in O'
And though, Congress, don't want us to progress, we stress
My homey buried at an early age, hustled to death
His last breath, a lesson I posses like jewels
Stay thugged out keep it movin'

[Kadafi]

Half way thugs don't budge when we stalk the streetz
Sort of like ? on narcotics when they walk the beat
You speak of beef pussy, draw down and drop it
Hit you with 6 shots lay the law down and throw the shells in my pocket
Gettin mines with nines cocked and extortin'
Block popped with 22's in my socks with the butt hangin out the top
You never seen time, I travel cross and dream crime
My rose like a million dollar bill folded with green lines
With my pulse racing, trick my man he str8 gon chase me
Catch my body like cases, 5 minutes from the station

[Young Noble]

Hit the hole like Allen Iverson with confidence
No finger prints that mean there was no evidence or proof that I was present
At the scene of the crime around 10 niggaz bleed
After they made this punk, fag motherfucka bleed
All the money was bloody and shit, ya'll niggaz shoulda seen it
Bust a cap and freak with, bowin' off to one knee shit
The glock to your head nigga, don't let it look like an accident
Hit innocent by-standers when he blasted, shot fuckin' backwards
Little homies puttin work for stripes, but is worth your life and G-Rides runnin' red lights
I wish somebody would have told me then
Since I'm an outlaw like Napoleon ain't a cell they can hold me in
Caucasian, crazy like arabians
Hold this spot like some niggaz 'll fade me in
Havin' a fiend's baby
When they want the product, nigga I got the smoke
Got this weed and the coke, what you need what you want
What you workin with, I'm on some 'ol immortal shit
Outlaw we straight hurtin' shit, use artillery to murder with
Put on the block, gangsta partyin' like Pac
Life's hard from the ox me and my niggaz on top

[Tupac] 5X

I know the law hate me dearly, comin' for me
We Outlawz, thugged out, niggaz runnin on E

[Nuttso]

The glock, put the lead in pop, fuck the law
Carry steel cause I live in the niggaz side of the law
Ridin' foes cause I can't let hoes catch me slippin
Quick to blow and dispose if you block on hittin

Running on e - 3/3

Ridin high, blazin, cryptonite got a nigga dazing
Jerkin and smirken at enemies before I graze em
Ride em, look behind em, I see him
He slipped, at a stop light on this lonely night
(This motherfuckin' trick)
Slide on him, so I can dip and put it in him
(Damn, I guess this motherfucka know that I sent him)
Hit the pedal now we high speed
With my metal tryin' to make these motherfuckaz die speed
Up the way I seen him slow down
(Shit!! I think I gon' bust these hoes down)
Caught em runnin' on E it's kinda funny to me
They knew they was funkin' with me but they dumb and see

[Tupac]

Open up fire watch em expire when my shells split em
Plus all them trick niggaz basically can go to hell with em
Fuck em they phony claimin they homies but they foes
Speakin on thug niggaz daily, while we nailing they hoes
Explode boldly at my stage shows and formation
Words are known to spray blaze as I raise my thug nation
A crooked thought, cops get bought, no longer caught
Out on bail raisin hail, nigga fuck what you thought
Did you cried when my girl died?
Put out the hit, politic niggaz worldwide, grabbin my dick
I'll never learn, take away the pain with sherm
Throwin' gas on my enemies watchin em burn
Kamikaze, I'm shootin' up the casket take the body
Whip the corpse like a piñata and party
His last breath, a straight lesson I possess like jewels
Stay thugged out keep it movin
Running on E
Stay thugged out keep it movin
Running on E

[Tupac talking ...]

One time, one time for the niggaz that stayed down for us
Running on E
Smiff and Wesson, ?, Buckshot, BDI
The Bootcamp Click
What happened, that was it?