

Run-D.M.C., Hit 'Em Hard

(Run)

Next.. next.. next..

Next y'all it's yes y'alless the tallest

Three the hardest from Hollis

If we didn't lock the blocks a lot of blocks'd be jobless, son

Run-D.M.C. and Jam Master Jay say, hey!

Come come and see the way we play ?? away day

In and out, sendin shouts out the mouth

If in doubt, chin em out, grill his mouth and send his snout South

I'm out - of course the force from up North

ain't up for grabs yup whattup then it's up yours!

You see we ain't open up doors - that's BUSINESS

We knocked those things off the motherfunkin HINGES

Whoever said we fell off, I have no taste for it

We couldn't fall off a skateboard, don't WAIT for it

Cruise the city hard, tell your city we're in charge

Watch it gitty-God or you'll be head and titty scarred

?? alliance by my mind and rhymes are more than shiny

So in the 90's watch your tiny heiny get grimy

Chorus: Run-D.M.C.

Hit 'em hard, catch him off his guard - what?

Hit 'em hard, catch him off his guard - what?

Hit 'em hard, hit 'em hit 'em hard - what?

Hit 'em hard, hit 'em hit 'em hard..

(D!)

(D.M.C.)

The hard hitter, I come to cross a critter splitter

Gold digger, better get a babysitter

I'm Daddy, cruisin like a Caddy braggin

Rag rag em, bruise em in a paddywagon

Pull a magnum, point it and I spat it at him

Then I stab him, grab the mics and start to blab em

Like a dragon, the breath of death is goin off

I'm comin hard, I'm one with God I'm never soft

I'm a father, to all the kids I'm gettin rid of

Livin larger, I give it to the highest bidder

So ante up, and come on out your pockets punk

The punk rocker, is gonna lock ya in a trunk

I pull a pump, and bump you off into a dump

You hear a thump, because I had to stump a rump

From Hollis Ave., I'll have you on the boulevard

I pull your card, word to God you know I'm hittin hard

Chorus

(Run)

Well as the mode explode (Run..) ?? when I'm layin one

Listen what I'm sayin (Run..) no playin are you obeyin Run

Bass is placed on the case (Run..) and it'll soon crash

sound beatdown AUGGGHHHH! *explosion* Another boom bash

See me and first thing they'll be like cursin I'm rehearsin it

You're weak and you're wack and you'll be the second and I'm first in it

Comin at you hard with God we're never feelin odd

Tell me how you figure pull the trigger nigga gettin scarred

Troop without a care my dear, you never hear a fear

Standin in the corner my daughter, you wanna - call me

You wanna call me out, you wanna call me out

You wan' you wan' you wanna wanna call me out a with the

trendy wear and your nappy hair

Never give a glare too rare you just stare

Prepare for your prayer, remember the tear
Cause Run'll beat ya, got to reach ya, ?? ??, and I'ma

Chorus 2X