

Run-D.M.C., Hit It Run

(D.M.C.)

Born to rock around the clock
You can't say I'm not
And in case you forgot
I'm the KIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIING, of ROCK!!

I'm the devastating mic controller D.M.C.
And can't nobody mess around with me
I'm the king of rock, rap, and a rhyme
I deal what I feel and it feels fine
If the girl's ?? chase then I will play
around with sound put down for the rhymes I say
Beats flow from Joe and never stop
Better get yourself together let's rock, HIT IT RUN!

{*beatboxing*}

(D.M.C.)

You, jump, watch you clock, while I rock your spot
I'm better known to the world as the King of Rock
I like to speak my piece when I'm on the mic
I'm the best, or at least, I'm the one you like
And when I serve you deserve to hear what I say
I throw a curve he got the nerve to make a triple play
Now how devastating can an MC be?
My name is Darryl, but you can call me D, HIT IT RUN!

{*beatboxing*}

(D.M.C.)

It's called, gangsta hard rock, non-stop hip-hop
And it's headed for the top by the rhymes I pop
For every race place color country county or creed
and all of the places that I emceed
B-Boy badness to the highest degree
And it can't b-a-boy unless you be D
You can't bust a cherry or crush a grape
and if you ain't got this tape you're in bad shape
Beats flow from Joe and never stop
Better get yourself together, let's ROCK!

{*beatboxing*}

(D.M.C.)

Do.. you.. really believe what's going on
I was conceived and I was born
I once was lost but now I'm found
Tell your bunch I'm boss I run this town
I leave all suckers, in the dust
Those dumb motherfuckers can't mess with us
Beats flow from Joe and never stop
Better get yourself together, let's rock, HIT IT RUN!

{*beatboxing*}

(D.M.C.)

I.. was.. straight from the start performin art
Climbin up the chart while others fall apart
The three outlaws in the music trade
We won't rob but our job is to get paid
Cause Run has fun if Jay will play
As I add one more rhyme to say
Now how devastating can an MC be?
My name is Darryl, but you can call me D, HIT IT RUN!

{*beatboxing*}

(D.M.C.)

I was born

son of Byford, brother of AL

Bad as my mamma and Run's my pal

It's McDaniels, not McDonald's

These rhymes are Darryl's, the burgers are RONALD'S

I ran down, my family tree

My mother, my father, my brother and D

Run-D.M.C. and JAM MASTER JAY