

Run-D.M.C., In The House

(Run)

Back, back, back with the boom, so give a nigga room
Came with the fame with my name came a tune
The King of Rock, there is none higher
God ?? with Madonna not melodic like Mariah,
Carey, when Larry put me in his Caddy I made my album
I rock the funky beat like Marky Mark be rockin Calvin,
Klein's, no friend of mine, I told you Pryor,
Richard, switch it all around now you admire
"My Adidas" was a hit in eighty-six it made me dollars
Stompin straight through Compton niggaz there was screamin, "HOLLIS!"
Back to the top, you're bout to get dropped
Go for what you know or ride the bo' and get stopped
My man Darryl Mack, dressed in all black
I pass the mic to D (and D.M.C.'ll pass it back)
Rappers won't be dissin after this rap song
Cause they sing like Rodney King, "Can't we all just get along?"

Chorus

(D.M.C.)

From a harder core, I'm kickin the raw
I wreck it on tour, I'm breakin your jaw
This is what Run-D.M.C.'ll be about y'all
I make the party people want to scream and shout y'all
I'm just a b-boy, so watch me destroy
You best believe in you're receivin D.M.C. boy
I used to explode, I never let go
I let the tec go back because I said so
Yeah I'm a hoodlum, but I'm a good one
So punks gunnin for my run I wish they would come
So back up, Mr. Softy cause you're not hard
You're never comin off because I got God
Just ?? ?? and get a beat down
Never weak kid, I come up with more street sounds
Rhymes galore and soarin 'cross the floor an'
some more is pourin, knockin down your door an'

Chorus

(Run)

C'mon and jump to the rhythm I give em is what I give em
when I get em I just hit em and split em
and when I split em lit em up like a bulb in the dark
I made you blink you figure out, cause I know you're the mark
I gotta lotta what I gotta, that'll be what I got
So step to me or D.M.C and it'll be in your heart
Now ease up back off the bo-zack, you know that you bite
You think you're doin me or D? Nigga please.. (what?)

Chorus