

Run-D.M.C., Is It Live

Intro:

(Run & D.M.C)

The microphone master DMC
Causes 1, 2, 3, 4 casualties
You'll be praisin D down on your knees
Cos I'm poppin, and droppin, stoppin all MC's

Verse One:

(Run)

Connect, eject, and collect respect
Get down to the sound cos I come correct
So when I write don't bite and I might check
And if I find your behind I'll break your neck
Mr. World Rhymin' Rapper ready to have fun
You'll reason with the rekkid cos it's made by Run
It's def, you was left in a total stun
So bust a move while I prove who's number one
Got quality and skill both beyond belief
Do I steal? Be for real, I'm not a thief
Dictator and hater of those that beef
That's right I can fight and I'm the chief

Verse Two:

(DMC)

People in the place don't put D down
I'm the microphone master the best around
There's not too many of my type
And all rap titles I will swipe
You'll see me talkin to a girl
A sweet young thing with jheri curls
I never ever wore a braid
Got the peasiest hair and still get paid

(Run)

Well I'm dropping MC's with just one punch
Cos it's the baddest of the bunch so call me Capt. Crunch
Slayin MC's, make em walk the plank
And what's next, start the decks while I count I count my bank

(DMC)

And I'm the wizard