

Run-D.M.C., Rock Box

Run DMC, live for you, fresh
To all you sucker MCs perpetrating a fraud
Your rhymes are cold wack, keep the crowd cold bored
You're the kind of guy that girls ignore
I'm driving a Caddy, you're fixing a Ford
My name is Joseph Simmons but my middle name is Lord
And when I'm rockin on the mic you should all applaud
Because we're wheelin, dealin, we got a funny feelin
We rock from the floor up to the ceiling
We're groovin, you're movin, it has been proven
We calm the savage beast because our music is soothin'
We create it, relate it, and often demonstrate it
We dis the sucker MC, make the others suckers hate it
We're rising, suprising, and often hypnotizing
We always tell the truth, and we never slip no lies in
No curls no braids peasy head and still get paid
Jam-Master cuts the records up and down the cross fade
Because the rhymes I say, sharp as a nail
Witty as can be, and not for sale
Always funky fresh could never be stale
Took a test to become an MC and didn't fail
I couldn't wait to demonstrate
All the super def rhymes that I create
I'm a wizard of the word, thats what you heard
And anything else is quite absurd
I'm a master of the mic, thats what I say
And if I didn't say that, just say it anyway
Bust into the party, cover the place
See the first thing that comes, is the music in your face
Girls on the wall, some on the floor
With the DJ named Jay with the cuts galore
So listen to this, because it can't be missed
And you can't leave til you're dismissed
You can do anything that you want to
But you can't leave until we're through
So relax your body and your mind
And listen to us say this rhyme, Hey
You might think that you have waited
Long enough till the rhyme was stated
But if it were a test it would be graded
With a grade that's not debated
Nothing to deep, and nothing dense
And all our rhymes make a lot of sense
So move your butt to the cut
Run amok, you're not in a rut
Each and everybody out there we got the notion
And we want to see y'all in motion
Just shake, wiggle, jump up and down
Move your body to the funky sound
Side to side, back and forth
We're the two MCs and we gonna go off
Stand in place, walk or run
Tap your feet, you'll be on the one
Just snap your fingers and clap your hands
Our DJs better than all these bands...huh
[This verse only appears in the Vocal Dub version of Rock Box]
It's the movement of your body when you're inside a party
Tryin to do a dance just like everybody
You keep the pep in your step
Inside of your heart is where its kept
It's the movement of your feet when you hear def beats
Silence so sweet, harmony is so neat
It's the movement of the head when a rhyme is said
That I rock the livin' dead, I get you out your bed

It's the movement of you arms, to a beat that's charred
We're checkin and respectin cause it's never hard
It's the movement of your jock when he rocks the block
Ill sucker def beats all around the block
It's the movement of the 'table when it starts to spin
Round and round, and back again
Huh...!
We got all the lines, and all the rhymes
We don't drive dimes, and we don't do crimes
We bake a little cake with Duncan Hines
And never wear those pants they're callin'Calvin Klein
Cause Calvin Klein's no friend of mine
Don't want nobody's name on my behind
It's Lee on my leg, sneakers on my feet
D by my side, and Jay with the beat
...Jay...Run...
We don't...Jay...
Bun...Two...Tee...Run...
Hollis Crew...
But...
Cortina...
Ha...
My man Jam-Master...And his place to be...
Jay...The big beat blaster...
Waited...
Straight off the ground...All the way live...
Remember, you don't stop...beat...
Run rocks it well...With the clientelle...
Krush Groove...
Young ladies in place...with base...with the high space...
So let 'em...
Homeboy...
Now we're talkin autographs...
Homegirl...
Autographs...
Fly Girl...In place...
Homeboy...
High Street...
Fun...
Sing...