

RUN-DMC, Raising Hell

[Run-D.M.C.]

Kings from Queens from Queens come Kings
We're raisin hell like a class when the lunchbell rings
The king will be praised, and hell will be raised
S-s-s-suckers try to faze him but D won't be fazed
So what's your name? D.M.C.! The King is me!
Your High-ness, or His Majesty!
Now you can debate, c-c-c-concentrate
But you can't imitate D.M.C. the Great!

Dissin all devils, causin havoc in HELL
At a very high level base and treble shall YELL
Heard in the heavens are the sounds supreme
So clear to the ear it is sometimes seen
So loud like a cloud with thunder and LIGHTNING
So proud to the crowd it is somewhat FRIGHTENING
No calm in the storm like a beast unleashed
There's no stoppin cause the rockin cannot cease; BREAK!

[Run]

You see it's harder than hard, not one bit soft
Courageous and contagious so you better break North
Not a cold, on a roll, did you hear me cough?
Just listen while I'm dissin cause you're pissin me off
Cold bedding is spreading all across your face
You can't take when I break and if that's the case
I'll go on, and on, and kick the bass
So back up off the cup while I take my taste

[D.M.C.]

It's highly appraised when the hell is raised
So demanding and commanding that you all stand dazed
The unbelieving receiving prophecy so true
I cut the head off the Devil and I throw it at you
My mighty mic control, already brought his soul
The rock king is so bold when he rocks and roll
A black hat is my crown, symbolizin the sound
Signifyin, we won't play around; BUST IT!

[Run]

Rappin and climbin beat-makin every day
No synthesizer sound, so silence when I say
I am great, get it straight, cause that's my fate
My name is Run I'm number one, that's how I rate
He's in the place with the bass, and style and grace
His name is J he's here to play, and win this race
He's off the wall, on the ball, his name is D
Kind of tall yes y'all, he's down with me

[D.M.C.]

From the mountain valley to the deep blue sea
The word is heard as told by D
I don't sing I bring, much delight
Like a star shinin bright in the darkest night
If you are cold, I'll bring you heat
Like I brought the whole world my funky beat
Mysterious and serious I ain't no joke
Fire from the depths of hell AND YOU CAN SMELL THE SMOKE!

[Run]

Kickin and tickin while you're havin a ball
Like chicken finger lickin I'll be vickin you all
So do the bird, have you heard, did they give you a call
Just me and D.M.C., cold shakin the walls

[D.M.C.]

There's no fearin when hearin sound of this kind
Across the land every man is goin out of his mind
On the face of the earth spreadin like disease
Contaminating infiltrating like a horde of bees

[Run-D.M.C.]

Lord of lyrics, duke of discussion
Ruler of rock, your king at cold-crushin
Puller of people - controller of crowds
Lingering lyrics all lasting and loud

[Run]

Left y'all, ah to the left y'all
because I rock upon the mike real def y'all

[D.M.C.]

And to the right y'all, ah to the right y'all
because I rock upon the mike all night y'all

[Run]

You see, I..

[D.M.C.]

.. want respect, if I'm correct
They're all like a ball that I have checked
And the shots they take have no effect
The pope try to dope but he broke his neck
Cause I rock harder, and I get farther
You wanna battle D hey please don't bother
To waste your time, messin with my rhyme
The only kick you get out of is in the behind!
ttin' behind