

Run-D.M.C., Lord Of

(D.M.C.)

Getter of girls, master of men
(“King of Rock”) and I am him
Lord of lyrics, duke of discussion
Ruler of rap and king at cold crushin

(Run)

And I'm DJ Run, commander-in-chief
Dictator, and hater of those that beee

(D.M.C.)

Puller of people (controller of crowd)
Lingering lyrics (long) lastin' and LOUD

(Run)

Droppin MCs, with just one punch
'cause it's the baddest of the {?} so call me Captain Crunch
Slayin MCs', make 'em walk the plank
(What's next?) Swappin' decks then I count my bank
Sophisticated sounds, not soft or sour
Servin you suckers sellin' dreams in the shower
Rockin this party, hour after hour
If a girlie try to diss me (Oh my God!) I won't allow her!

(D.M.C.)

Wizard of words, ruler of rap
Not soft, not a sucker, could never be a sap
You might get jacked, 'cause you talk crap
When I bust my rap, they all step back
(The) microphone (master) D.M.C.
'cause it's one, two, three, four casualties
You'll be praisin D, down on your knees
'Cause I'm poppin and joppin, stoppin' all MCs'

{*guitar solo*}

(Run)

W-w-wel, w-w-we-well
I'm rhymin and climbin beat-makin every day
The synthesizer sound, so silence when I say
that 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 Jay, 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 and he's down with me

(D.M.C.)

I'm talked about because I turn it out
You cannot count this large amount
of rhymes I got that rock this spot
'cause I am def and you are NOT
If I was fake, I would not break
If the titles at stake, then I would take
?Paving? the title, will be taken
I'm for real, I'm not faking
Suckers are shivering and, dead shaking
I think ya scared if I'm not mistaken
I gain respect and if I'm correct
They'll awe like a ball that I have check
If the shots they take have no effect
The punk tried to dunk, 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 wit my rhyme
The only kick you get out of it is in the behind

{*guitar solo*}

(Run-D.M.C.)

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