

# Run-D.M.C., Papa Crazy

(Run)

Now papa don't give a damn, or say, "Thank you, ma'am"  
Eatin filet mignon, lobster tails and crab  
He eats the finest FOOD, he ain't the kindest DUDE  
and then to put it to you straight he's CRAZY LAZY AND RUDE  
His temper's boiling hot, whether you like him or not  
Not to mention bout his mansion and his big ol' yacht  
He never gave me a dime or even spent, some time  
and that's why I had to cold write this rhyme about..

Chorus: Jam Master scratch "papa was", Run-D.M.C. "papa crazy", "c

(Run)

Now papa livin like a rich man, up on the hill  
Yeah my daddy got a Caddy funky fresh Seville  
He got diamonds AND FURS, for his AND HERS  
and a cat, in the hat that just, chills and purrs  
Now he eats and grubs, and rocks beats at clubs  
while mama makin nothin while she sweeps, and rubs  
You wanna know about his dough, how he got paid  
well the last, THAT ASKED, got sprayed, AND LAID, because..

Chorus

{interlude}

(Run)

Papa hang with CRAZY people CRAZY times of the night  
Runnin round with CRAZY women but but that's alright, because..

Chorus

(D.M.C.)

Yo Run my papa was CRAZY, crazy as can be  
and my mama said that he left ME when I was three  
But my mama never told me he was out of his mind  
Drinkin wine, all the time, never earnin a dime  
He didn't care where he slept, or where his clothes were kept  
He was so in debt somebody broke his neck  
and on the day that papa died, they wrote on his grave  
that "Papa died a bum, but he died brave," because..

Chorus

{ad libs to last 25 seconds, music eventually ends}