

Run-D.M.C., The School Of Old

(feat. Kid Rock)

(Run) Now the things I do make me a star
And you can be too if you know who you are

(Kid) Like a Brougham on the corner, big boy in a car
Be the Kid in Kid Rock, with the baw-wit-da-baw
Be hard as law, what you saw is law

(Run) Once again my friend, it's DJ Run on tour
(Kid) Like DJ Run's his name
(Run) Like Kid Rock is his
(Kid) He's D.M.C. it's like that and that's the way it is

(Run) Beats get you open my voice is just like a (HURRA)
cane come invadin your statement and made a (TERROR)
Flows doin shows they knows I go (OVER)

(Kid) Hoes even chose to pose for this Rover

(Run) Eyes come to see the three in live footage
Jay Run and D.M.C., that's what the hood is

(Kid) Never been a time like this that's so vital

(Run) "I'm the King of Rock".. cause that's my title

(Kid) Then take a count, one two three
"Jam Master Jay, Run-D.M.C."

(Run) ... You see, I..
(Kid) want respect
(Run) And if I'm correct
(Kid) Well then you're all like a call that I had checked
(Run) And the shots that they take have no effect
(Kid) Some punk tried to dunk but he broke his neck
Cause I rock harder, and I roll farther
You wanna battle Kid Rock, bitch don't bother

(Run) You waste your time, messin with my rhymes
(Kid) The only kick you'll get out of is in your behind

(Kid) Fire, blaze, my name is worldwide
When we yes yes y'all we rock it all night
(Run) To other MC's doin rock'n'roll
It's Run-D.M.C., Kid Rock patrol
DJ Run 'til I'm done, D.M.C.'s the soul
Got MTV on remote control
Platinum platinum can't mess with gold
We never let go of the mics we hold
Our joints get played your select's the mode
D.M.C.'s spittin flame while your jams is cold
Over thirty-million records worldwide we sold
Darryl Mack, JMJ, and my name is Joe
The other MC's know about the show
Hook the turntables up to the telephone pole
Rock a rhyme nine nine 'til it's time to go
Cough up a long, DJ Run, got a rhyme to flow
I come from a school that they call the old
D.M.C. stands for Devestating Mic Control
I come from a school that they call the old
We never let go of the mics we hold
I come from a school that they call the old
Over thirty million records worldwide we sold

I come from a school that they call the old
It's Run-D.M.C., Kid Rock patrol

I come from a school that they call the old..
Dum diddy dum diddy diddy dumb dumb

(Kid) You see, I.. want respect

(Run) and if I'm correct

(Kid) Well then you wall like a ball that I had checked

(Run) And the shots that they take have no effect

(Kid) Some punk tried to dunk but he broke his neck

Cause I rock harder, and I grow farther

You wanna battle Kid Rock, bitch don't bother

(Run) Don't waste your time, messin with my rhymes

(Kid) The only kick you'll get out of it IS IN YOUR BEHIND