

**Run D.M.C. F/ Stephan Jenkins****"Right On"**

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Yeah, ha  
Ladies and gentlemen (Ha, Yeah)  
You got money and then bitches  
Power..

Ya had it, ya lost it  
Ya leased it, ya flossed it  
Business fell through now ya comin up off it  
He bought it, he rolled it  
He passed it, you smoked it  
Now ya fucked up off some weed mixed wit coke shit  
Ya love her, ya hate her  
Ya fucked her, ya raped her  
Twenty-five to life cuz ya can't control ya anger  
Its heavy, its deep  
Its solid, its weak  
Things people say about ya records in the streets  
(Check it)  
Be careful what ya wish for  
Ya fuck around and get it  
I did it got in it  
Spit it and didnt waste a minute  
So where my niggas at?  
What part of the game is that?  
I paid my dues now nobody tryin to pay me back  
And if they did i would probably have as much as shaq  
My life is the movie so listen to the soundtrack  
This what its all about  
You better stall me out  
And feel the aim of the name you niggas callin out

[Chorus]  
If you feelin how im feelin  
And you ready and willin  
to come to the table  
I put it together who doin it better  
Come bounce with me (Come on)  
You can smoke a whole ounce with me (Right on!)  
Take em out!  
If you movin how im movin  
And you chosen and proven

So lose the illusion  
The top guns cue the confusion  
Come bounce with me (Come on!)  
You can smoke a whole ounce with me (Right on!)  
Take em out!

I'm tired, I'm hungry  
You're lazy, disgusting  
You're lay around my house and ya never do nothing  
I seen it, believed it  
Planned it, conceived it  
Missed me with the bullshit bitch I dont need it  
I cheated, you cheated  
We cheated, so beat it  
Eat it like a dick bitch you too conceited  
I broke it, replaced it  
I slammed it, I chased it  
Hands in the air if ya love gettin wasted baby!  
You never seen us before  
You betta come and get it  
You with it im with it  
I'm busy baby you fuckin with it  
Is it your place or mind  
Dont wanna waste your time  
And you can get it how you want it it'll blow ya mind  
Its over time  
Takin pride in the bump and grind  
A hit from behind to leave you with a broken spine  
This what its all about  
You better stall me out  
Its just the game of the name you bitches callin out

[Chorus]

Pop it, drink it  
Float it, sink it  
Plan to stop me then you better rethink it  
Drive it, use it  
Pimp it, abuse it  
Shit motherfuckers do to hip-hop music  
I live it, I die it  
I'm laughin, I'm cryin  
Pop two of these bitch, lets start flying  
I hear it, I taste it  
I touched it, I faced it  
Breakin down the bullshit back to the basics  
I had to kick in the door  
Thats how I had to get it  
I shitted with lyrics  
And getting better for fuckin credit  
Gettin gangsta with it

The best that ever did it  
Hit it and quit it my nigga  
You shouldnt babysit it  
We need more emcees and less wannabes  
Three hundred and sixty degrees of reality  
Thats what its all about  
Kill em and haul em out  
Now feel the aim of the name you haters callin out

[Chorus]

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