

EPMD f/ KRS-One**"Run it"**

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Hardcore Everybody on the floor, everybody on the floor
PMD, Erick Sermon You what it is, listen to my man Run
your jewelry Hands up Yes, Peace to Just Ice Be scared
Bronx [Erick Sermon] Yo, the real dynamic duo, and i
quote G boys, I bring it back to a droopy rope, dope I
sport like I if I spit the commandments So inspired, now
who the hell your man wit? And he's gangsta right? He
belong in a dimwit type You picked the wrong night
I'ma Las Vegas fight Don King in the ring Does my thing
from father spring, thats all year I can feel in a wannbe
rapper turned actor He wanna act tough it hit him with
the clapper Def-con actor, see I ain't playing kid He
screamed and I'ma just saying he did EPMD I'm scared
for us Cause someone might bite the dust We don't
rush shower The power I got is snappin necks So I
suggest ya show respect We own that [Chorus 2x] Now
put your hand in the air Keep 'em there Run your
jewels, run it Run your jewels, run it Run your jewels,
motherfucker You heard what we said man, we aint
playin Dont wait till it starts sprayin We set it of while
the DJ playin Run your juwels, run it Run your jewels,
motherfucker [Parrish Smith] Cats walking past your
crib, walk in your house Go in your mouth, talkin you
out But EMS we spying we carryin you out With the slow
IV fee Woken the fuck up, back eye with the nose bleed
My dudes be like dude chill I be like fuck chill Cats
complainin bout the game, pass the pill EPMD is too
real, y'all know The only reason why you eatin, cause
we payed the bill How many times I got to tell you the
shit shut down 'til Erick and Parrish return and hold the
B-Boys down Step through the door, hot body and lick
off the ground Uhu, I see niggaz listening now Faces is
wrecked like wild There goes EMP with the fisherman
hat Four back, get hit with the gun pow Respect the
gods, excuse me, I beg your pa Can't hear you, you got
to grade up, cause the beats too hard [Chorus] [KRS-
One] I bring the heat quick I do it, kill Ramone in Beat
Street I get the club rockin on some seasick shit I aint
gotta tell you I'm hood man, you can see I'm it My
rhyme hits, I don't preach 'bout cash cause most of yall
know cash like E-Zpass You came in talkin bout you gon

beat me Then you left out talkin bout "just give me two
more CDs" You're young so you need to be gangsters
While real G's wanna sit home and read the paper
Courtside view with the LA Lakers But its always some
youngin you got to send to his maker And i don't need
the ratchet to reach your ass I'm old school I off you
with a peace of glass Run your jewels, you know who it
be, KRS-EPMD [Chorus]

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