

# Dmc "Goodbye"

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**(feat. Lil Mizzo)**

*[Chorus: female singer + (DMC)]*

Goodbye (And I would never ever say)  
Goodbye (Yo yo yo yeah, uhh, yeah.. and I would never  
ever say)  
Goodbye (Woo - and I would never ever say)  
Bye bye (I gotta, I gotta)

*[DMC]*

Yo yo, who know the game like me, who seen it change  
like me  
I'm the MC'n O.G. from the N.Y.C.  
And I ain't never leave the streets, the ghetto made me  
conscious  
And I've been doin it since you rappin cats was still in  
diapers  
But it seems to me these cats are gettin too big for  
their britches  
And they're barkin up the wrong tree, callin my women  
bitches  
I remember - when we used to rhyme in the park  
But things have changed, now they bustin shots after  
dark  
Now that's a shame - these youngsters see me in the  
streets  
Ask me O.G. how you do it make it seem like nothin to it  
Well I never lost a dream, the hustle's still inside of me  
And never even departed me, this rap shit didn't father  
me  
I gave birth to a lot of MC's on this earth  
But they're too blind to recognize the truth and it hurts  
What would you do if I said goodbye and watched the  
game crumble  
But believe me, they tease me, this rap shit needs me

*[Chorus minus some ad libs]*

*[DMC]*

I see you, Lil Mizzo  
Tell you somethin, check it

*[Lil Mizzo]*

Aiyyo I never leave the game, how could I  
When there's so much to accomplish than bein broke  
and stuck in the projects  
Come through in a green M-3, niggaz dickridin  
Like "Damn, how he do a song with DMC?"  
Don't worry about it, just know I'm in the game now  
He was such a cute kid, why he sellin cocaine now  
But strugglin's past tense, I'm rappin now, bought  
myself a house  
with a swimming pool, backyard and a glass fence  
There's no time for celebration, mind elevation  
If you ain't searchin for money what the hell are you  
chasin?  
Go against ICU I'll put this barrel to your back  
You know who this is, Lil Mizzo and Darryl Mack  
I been a man since I got in the hood, flow so much  
niggaz get jealous  
Like I can't stand when he drop his hood  
How could you not respect Run-D.M.C.  
For bein the first rappers to get they handprints in  
Hollywood  
They deserve the respect of a legend, and I'm tryin  
hard  
I can be the best rapper in less than a second  
I'm takin over the industry, everybody knows us  
I'm only 17 but my mind is all grown up, so whassup

*[Chorus - same as before]*

*[DMC]*

I would never leave the game my people love me too  
much  
Because rap is my baby and I watched it grow up  
Man I'm still here breathin, my eyes seein  
That these rapper cats deceivin, so don't believe 'em  
They got the nerve to rap about cars and iced out  
jewels  
Man you rented it from Jacob you ain't foolin me or  
schoolin D  
On how to MC, I be the pick of the litter  
I've been in the game many years but I'll still spit a  
winner  
Champ my people from the streets in Queens know I'm  
a hitter  
Knockin balls out the park, gettin physically fitter  
Don't duck too slow and don't jump too fast  
I roll with young soldiers who put a foot in your ass  
They be the new sensation, the next generation  
Hollis Queens, Dirty Jersey, California situation  
If I kiss the game goodbye, before I leave

I would go and fix some fake MC's, I'm signin out DMC  
Goodbye

*[Chorus - same as before]*

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