

Drop 'n Harmony

"Run For Cover"

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[Gunshots and explosions]
(Scratching: Run DMC sample: "Run")
Run for cover.

Here I go again, ready to flow again.
Better hold my mic, don't blow again.
Warned by alarms when the mic gets warm.
Crowd'll get critical, can't keep calm.
Jet for the exit, why hang around?
Words that I found make the mic melt down.
If you stay, better cooperate, cuz I amputate,
and whoever don't break, I'm-a suffocate.
Leave 'em with asthma, you better pass the
mic to the massacre master who has the
power to build and destroy at the same time,
so track the wack at the right, and exact could shine.
(?)
Meant to beat overheat, but I won't stop,
so evacuate the spot when the mic's hot.
Switch it from one hand to another,
and that's a hint, my brother, run for cover.
Cuz I'm armed, my brain contains a bomb,
as if I escaped from Vietnam.
Some people label me lethal, lyrics I made then put
beats to.
Format, collapse, your lungs twist your tongues,
you can't bump your gums off of none of the drums.
Words that I made'll create an iller scene,
Eric B. is the fly human being on the guillotine.
Hook 'em up to a respirator, cuz it's the Mista
Suffocator.
What I write is like shovin' a mic down your windpipe.
Don't let him bit rhymes Rakim write.
No mic-to-mouth resuscitation is necessary;
no obituary, and if they're left, they're buried.
As it strikes on the same mic twice and then,
cut it on, and I'm-a strike again.
I meditate off the breaks, till the place shakes,
then I make rain, hail, snow and earthquakes.
Speak the truth, tear the roof off the mother.
The stage is stompin' grounds -- run for cover.

(scratching)

Evacuate the building, danger, cuz I came to explain
the
strategy that'll be tragic automatically,
havin' me to cause another catastrophe.
All you gotta do is give Rakim the
microphone and the crowd'll yell "Timber."
Buildings collapsin', rappers gettin' trapped in,
areas closed off, no one gets back in.
So set up roadblocks, barricade the doors,
fade, put a detour sign on the stage.
Hold my microphone as evidence, the weapon I use
and been usin' ever since
the days in the park when, rap was an art then.
Plus I was dominant, determined and dark-skinned.
Makin' it hard to walk the streets at night
for those who talk the weak beats on the mic.
Whoever's livin' large better wear camouflage.
Prepare to be bumrushed when I yell charge.
Surround by sound of the beat-down another brother,
this is stompin' grounds, run for cover.
Wheels or foot, better not stay put.
Whole place shook till the mic's unhooked.
Then you've got seven minutes to vacate the premises.
Lyrics'll echo soon as the break finishes.
Don't act wild, single file to the door.
No need for an encore, just clear the floor.
Cuz my mic's about to self destruct,
the stage'll blow up when my rhymes erupt.
So make sure the place is cleared out and abandoned,
cuz minutes from now it won't be standin'.
Then send out and A.P.B.: All Poets Beware of a brother
like me.
Now how many rhymes could your man manufacture?
How many bitin' MCs can I capture?
Trap rappers who try to run off at the mouth;
take over their route, play 'em out like a Cub Scout.
So leave troopin' for MCs at war,
and if it's a battle let the crowd keep score.
Cuz me and the drummer make drama, and that's
word to mother...run for cover.

(scratching)
[instrumental]

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