

Run-d.m.c. "Bob Your Head"

Visit "[Bob Your Head](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Bob your head
Bob your head

As we bop on to the break of dawn
The non-stop hip hop bop takes you on down to the last,
stop
Ruff, ruff an' rugged we comin'
So won't ya bob your head?
Ruff, ruff an' rugged we comin'
B-b-ba bob your head
Ruff, ruff an' rugged we comin'

A freak I find the kind to wine and dine
I freak a blind date, and your fate is to wait in line
At the party tryin' to get a hottie
Cool T and Roddy, DMC and Scottie

Big Kev and Marty, Hurricane and Arty
Phil, Doug, and Naughty damn, a big party
So I grab the mic, I like, recite, the hype
And type, and write, with my

Freak it 'fore the niggly night is done
For Ricky-Run to get dumb and then some
So while you're here, it's clear to every person
Ah that you need to bob get involved

And weave with ease and please the steez with G's
Now, just to be at ease
'Cause this is it, legit, a hit, I throw a fit
Not slackin' or lackin' a bit, nah that ain't it

So just a bob ya head, like I said, the fresh it
So just a bob ya head
Ruff, ruff an' rugged we comin'

Bob your head
Ruff, ruff an' rugged we comin'
Ruff, ruff an' rugged we comin'

I make your heads bob, I got you slobbin' the knob
So do a good job, why don't ya let me know how ya

livin' Hobbes?
Whassup wit ya girl? Ya know I like the way your
earrings jang
And your booty swing, ah while my beat go

Boom boom why don't you let me take you to my room
Take off our shoes relax sit on bed and watch the
Looney Tunes
But no, you want me take you out and wine and dine
you
But I ain't got no time to chase behind and never find
you

So be this dope a lethal dose of poisonous potion
Stick to the sound that's up and down now sit ya that's
the motion
Buckwild Inna style for ya honey child
The organization of bobbin and pacin' will make you
bob a while

Grab a cutie, Duke her Bootee, bust a [unverified] box
That's my duty, girl please do me, don't try to cock
block
Give nuff respect, I love the sex, again I said
Here it comes from Run
(Yo Jay)
Yo D, hoe bob ya head

Ruff, ruff an' rugged we comin'
Ah just a bob ya head
Bob ya head
Ruff, ruff an' rugged we comin'
Ah just a bob ya head

Well I believe you weave and bob the job is done
By Run so come get some for fun
Keep the force I'm Nicky, number one
And I'll scratch my vocord for f-f-fun

And nevertheless I must confess that it's a bless-un
That people are ride and must abide to this direction
I triple it up to let you know that I'm a swift one
Those who oppose get broken nose that's how I live son

I move the head that's what I said, this is my mission
I'm dickin' 'em down and all around, to make the head
bob
So bend your neck, give 'nuff respect to me, dance
Hobbes
For this is it, the brand new shit, I'd like to mention

So hurry up because the cut is my invention
The jazz, pizazz, with class, at last
Kickin' your ass, for the past three and a half minutes
You been in it to win it do you definitely need to bob
your head

And I say, I'd like to give a shout out to the Hollis Crew,
in there
My homeboy DMC, he's in there
To my homeboy Jam Master Jay
And the brothers at JMJ, you know they in there

To my man Eric Blam, in there
To my man Grand Wizard Cut Professor DJ Dig,
definitely in there
My name is Run Love and I'm out of here with The Afros
And the 40 Ounce Crew

Visit [Run-d.m.c.](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.