

Run-d.m.c. "Future Sport"

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[Lil' Cease]

Let the Mony out (yo, yo)

Let the Mony out (yo, yo)

Monkey noises

[Redman]

Yo, yo, this Funk Doc

Straight up, nigga, lay down

No time to play now (uh ha)

Brace be around your hip from the waist down

Keep it calm and don't react

Cognac be the Zodiac

Lo, we back, cock, so these cats won't relax

You see the face through the open mask, body

Open gash, hoes throw me cash

We gon blow, front row, do tash

I'm a what you call a dog *Dog barking*

Fucking girls that do hair in mini-malls

Lunatic when Doc spit, four patted walls (uh ha)

Sick therapy got you back in the raw (uh ha)

Cocky mass, I put the axe in the door

Massacre, seminars off Branson jars

I'll strip your hoe, strip your Benz

Even strip that black line on your Master Card

Card, card, card

[Joe Hooker- Chorus]

You're 'fraid to say what you mean

You're just too scared to say what you feel

You're afraid of us

You're afraid of us

[Mr. Bristal]

BK niggas, hold it down correct (uh ha)

Been a long time coming, niggas better start running

Do more than top-gunning

Dumming like a fifty-dollar sum

And y'all cowards don't mean nothing (uh huh)

Kept it real with this Rap shit while you try to go Pop

I got the Maz' flow down on the schemes and plots (uh

ha)

If I want, nigga, I could come and take your block
So call them, the first one to call the cops
Like a lesbi, strictly platinum status nigga, let's see
I don't wanna test, B, niggas don't impress me
Who got you gassed like Ghetty, funny like Eddie? (uh
huh)
Bris' flow deadly, cuttin' niggas like a machete
Done, I die tech when it's indirect (c'mon)
The home team woulda never let a nigga disrespect
(c'mon)
We carry every object, enough ammo to take 'em (uh
huh)
Any ghetto project, so what nigga wanna test?
(aaaahhh!)
Wha

[Chorus]

[Lil' Cease]

Yo, yo, ha ha, yo
It's the phenomenonal Cease, kill more than cancer
Serious, real thug, no dancer (what)
More cheese than cameras, cock them hammers (uh)
My fo' fo' leave niggas bent like Montana
I'm killer than these cats could imagine when I'm
rapping (oww)
I make it happen when I'm relaxing
Who want action? I'ma give you whatcha bargain for
It's not friction, it's like fiction
Puttin' these cats outta commission
Flows that's devastatin', I'm dissin', so listen
If it's hot, then get the fuck out the kitchen
We All-City, we all-pretty
Niggas rather die just to floss wit' me (ha)
Keep it real, fuck how niggas feel (feel)
Cuz this direct shit gonna get niggas killed
Niggas sayin' Cease can't write, Cease can't rob (yo)
Little do they know, I'm ahead of my time
Future rhymes, what

[Chorus to end]

[Lil' Cease]

Yo, c'mon
Yo, yo, say what
Ha ha, yo
You afraid
You afraid
Motherfuckers
Yeah, yo
Uh huh, uh huh, huh

Future sport motherfuckers
Buck buck buck buck
Huh, ahhhh!
Uh huh, c'mon
Uh huh, huh
Ha ha, ha

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