

Run-d.m.c.**"Here We Go 1990/Beats to the Rhyme"**

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[Run-D.M.C.]

C'mon, say yeaaaaaaaaah ("yeeeeaaaah")

Lemme hear you say yeaaaaaaaaah, it goes a-one, two,
three and

[*beat switches to Billy Squire's "The Big Beat" a/k/a
"Here We Go"]

Here we go, here we go

Here we go, here we go, here-we-here-we-here we go

These are the dollars and the drug's gonna flow

Mo' money-money-money-money-money mo'

Taxin' your dollars, takin' all their dough

Mo' money-money-money-money-money mo'

Numbers runnin' money, funny money go

Mo' money-money-money-money-money mo'

Stop by the cop, 5-0, HERE WO GO!

Mo' money-money-money-money-money mo'

[*beat switches to "Beats To The Rhyme"*]

Hello everybody, look a-how do you do

The matter wit the ?fatter? is the matter with with you

We never been soft, til' the ??? comin' true

Until the sucka-sucka-sucka yo, this is for you!

[Jam Master Jay cuts]

Beats To The Rhyme, Beats To The Rhyme, Beats-
Beats-Beats-Beats

[Run]

Beats To The Rhyme of the rhyme I just made

Party at the jam and tonight the lights fade

Trooping for the loot so we all get paid

So let's go..

("That...was...good...huh?")

[D.M.C.]

Yo! D that's me, the King, the MC

Rhyme get mine on the t-o-p

Can another MC ever [fuck] with ME?! ("HELL NO!")

[Run-D.M.C.]

It's like the A the B to the C
It's easier than ("1, 2, 3")
("He's Jam Master Jay", "I'm D.M.C.")
So Hit It, Run! [*Run beatboxes*]
("That...was...good...huh?")
It's time for we to cease (So what?)
So rhymer's speak your peace
Why? Cause you can't touch ("Jam Master Jay")
Cause he's number ("1, 2, 3, 4, HIT IT!")
Dance to the rhythm, the rhyme, the cold flow
Chance to give 'em is done I told yo
For these routines like 1983..
It's just a little reminder, so those suckas is kinder
A little message from...("Ru-Ru-Run-Run-Run-D.M.C.")

[Run]

Cuts for days will amaze and maze
But will make you sad to tan all the dance a-ways
Got the mic, the man, the master plan
'Bout to ram the jam, ("Know I am?") GOD..
Spins he wins, clocking endless ends
To his friends he lends, lotta joy he sends
Jay lose today, this is what I say
(*UGH* IN YOUR MOUTH ALL DAY!!)

[Run-DMC (Jam Master Jay)]

Just pump your fist like this, everybody
Just pump your fist like this (yeah, yeah)
Just pump your fist like this (one mo' time)
Pump your fist like this (UGH!)

[D.M.C.]

My beats were played and laid rhymes made
Jay DJ'ed and I got paid
Made something out of nuttin, (Yo D, that's true)
Yes my brother I would do it for you
I roam in the zone of the microphone
And I'm on the throne but I'm not alone
Got bones of steel and not of stone
I'm known to be prone and make your momma...moan
(OHHHHHHH!!)

[Run]

Time for the rhyme so let the stars shine
Shame for the fame and the name combined
Run for the fun but you can gimme your ring
Show, I gotta go, so now a word from the King

[D.M.C.]

Hardcore!! Rhymes galore!! Giving you more!
And like I said BEFOOOOOOOORE..
"Beats To The Rhyme" the name of this jam
D, that's me and that's who I am
Rocking on the mic cause you know I can
You gotta understand I don't give a...DAMN!!

[Run]

Jay hit a play today I must say
Hooray to the way that is A-OK
As we wax the tracks all the DJ's play
With... ("*UGH* IN YOUR MOUTH...")
A lil'... ("*UGH* IN YOUR MOUTH...")
A BIG... ("*UGH* IN YOUR MOUTH ALL DAY!!")

[*crowd cheers*]

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