

## Run-d.m.c. "The Beginning"

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[method man]

Pack the number one champion sound, uh, is they ready?

[run]

How y'all feel out there?

[dmc]

Ah yeah, alright, alright...

[method man]

Mr. meth, run-dmc, jam-master jay, run!

[cuts from "here we go" and "together forever"]

1,2,3 in the place to be, as it is plain to see

He is dj run,

And we are the krush groovin, the body movin'

Party people your dreams have now been fulfilled

Get out of your seats and lets get ill

That's right y'all...

[run]

You're gettin' dollars, when dealing with rev. run

Look what i did done

And i come from hollis, flipped it and scripted it and there it go

Wanna floss, pull em off, you know i headlinin'

Sell out tours, platinum plaque, wall to wall,

Name ringin' out, from door to door

Still be the king, run-dmc,

Now y'all brothers wanna rhyme with me

Where's my house i've got the key

Brothers can't see me, not

All ya'll cats tryin to be me

Might as well go on, hits to me

Had a e, now drivin' a beem

My girl ridin' around in gucci

Rhyme so raw, i'm told like sushi

Gave some time to rhyme to susan lucci

Hoes coming out, saying "who's she?"

Dead by dawn, rhymin' for you d

[dmc]

Cracks in the cradle, cokes in the spoon  
Little boy flew higher than the moon  
Willie wanted weapons, wilma wanted a wool  
I come to school and lay down the rule  
Johnny with the gun to break out of the crime  
Shorty with the 40 was caught in the dark  
Corner, black is a goner, didn't really want to go  
Now mamma is a warner

[method man]

Now i walked on ice, and never fell  
I spent my time in a plush hotel  
Judge a phenomena, deadly but calm world in my palm  
Dead by dawn got the right to bear arms, bring me  
along  
Another sound boy dying, hot iron  
Stuff flyin, out the hardware appliance  
Baby, momma crying'  
Sobbin' and grievin', you was at odds,  
With them kids, till they made it even  
Let down your guard, yes you did  
Now you barely breathin'

To win a whim, open season on a duck  
We don't give a what  
Yo, best, best to give it up

Joe and d, lets run these mcs, they phony  
From humphrey, they mad bogey  
Saddle up your horse, there's the sunset mosey  
Jam-master jay deserves a trophy for this track right,  
Futuristic g past tight  
If that's your girlfriend, she wasn't last night, punk  
Little boy style's is mad chump, ain't no wins here  
Sport is extreme, know what i mean  
Gettin royalties, down with the king...!

[run]

None of y'all really made money  
Like dj run and came the run  
And played the garden like jordan  
You never done it so my brother think about it, come on  
It's dj run and you the son  
It's this style called run on

[method man]

Alright, now run on

[run]

Never leave me open, so dopin' that i be scorin

Cook is sleepin' or they snoring  
So boring that i be touring  
Lauren told ya that ya lost one  
You can't afford this type of life  
That it will cost run

[method man]  
Now speed it up, uh

[run]  
Run gonna make you wanna cry,  
Make you wanna die,  
Make you wanna lie, hold up  
Got to come thru the rhyme  
That run thru the mic, got a bounce to the ounce sure  
'nuff,  
Not a player, hustler, hater or a buster only in augusta  
georgia  
With a rap like a gun, that keeps a brother runnin  
But it don't matter cause it will cost ya  
Cause you're like a teacher, but i don't reach ya  
Soundin like a preacher what?  
Nobodys cuts faster than the jam-master  
Why? 'cause he has to cut  
My deal as a dj, every time we play, put it on replay  
what?  
Run rockin' up the heasy, gettin all greasy, down south  
with the bud  
Run running like a rhino, spittin on vinyl  
This is my final gun  
Run breakin' that spinal, this is my title  
Y'all get phucked with run!

Run-dmc signing off...

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