

Run-d.m.c.

"To The Maker"

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One little, two little, three little indians!
("check this out")
One little, two little, three little indians!
("ahh yeah!")

[Jam Master Jay]
Httin hard, now check the hard hit
("Jam Master.. Jay") about to flip
Slide for a minute but I won't slip son
God had my back since ("day.. one")
Back to the track in fact the track's fat
Peace to my brothers and my sisters in black
Disrespect and don't know how to act
You better come correct or I'ma have to bust your hat
One little, two little indians and me
Jam Master Jay and Run-D.M.C.
We been down since (UHH) eighty-("three")
And ninety-three ain't nuttin but another year to me
Cause I flip the scripts, grab hips, give tips
and bust lips, ?? goes the whole length
So get it, get with it, that did it
And if you is a critic get the didick, cause it's

One little, two little, three little indians!
Word up..
One little, two little, three little indians!
(uh-huh, uh-huh)
One little, two little, three little indians!
("check this out")
One little, two little, three little indians!
("ahh yeah!")

[D.M.C.]
I write rhymes I got rhythm I continue to flow
Recitin lines full of wisdom make decisions with Joe
Tonight I'm gettin busy won't you give me my dough
Night time strictly busy for the kids at the show
That's my hobby kemosabe I be tearin up streets
and the posse gots to have me in the Cherokee Jeeps
I'm attackin like Apache boy don't have a cow
Just give me matches for the flames because it's time

to pow-wow
All the suckers run for cover all the others discover
One two little three little indian brothers!

One little, two little, three little indians!
("check this out")
One little, two little, three little indians!
("one, one, one, huh-hah!")

Here we go (7X)

[Run]
Begin it, bust it
DJ, Run and, D.M.C.'n
JM, J'n how ya livin in ninety-three
cause we be three little indians, sleepin in a teepee an'
keepin up a funky fat philosophy cause we be
re-arrangin, changin, isn't it, different
Told ya bout retirement, definitely infinite
flavor, gave up, +Hype+ to Public Enemy
I like the mic I rock upon the pad and pen a friend to
me
Hit ya with the truth I get to hit ya with the booth
cause your troops deserve a king, proverb, hmmm!
Listen, listen to the beat inside your soul
Knowledge, wisdom is more precious, than gold
The indians, comin, DJ, Run and
claimin back the land that the man, stole from him
It's bout, that time, for mine, come ?? and
Jay Joe and King who are we? Little indians

One little, two little, three little indians!
("check this out")
One little, two little, three little indians!
("one, one, one, huh-hah!")

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("check this out")
One little, two little, three little indians!
("ahh yeah!")

"aight, auhh, check this out.."

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