

Run-d.m.c. "What's It All About?"

Visit "[What's It All About?](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

I would like to throw 'Rock Box' in the start of this one
Run D, Run D M C"
Here wego again

What's it all about?
What's it all about?
What's it all about?
What's it all about?

Livin' in the city, the crack the mack and all that
Easy does it, is it was it
The black or white that Friday night
In those racist places, let's get it right

Ah to the maximum, and keep askin' 'um
When the city gonna fix where the blacks are from
And every day around the way another one got
Bucked in his head, from a gunshot

No chance in advance for the ambulance
'Cause he was just another victim of the circumstance
A brother died, the mother cried, it was a pity
But that's how it goes down when you're livin' in the city

What's it all about?
What's it all about?
What's it all about?
What's it all about?

Just a hard rock, call him a hard rock
In the metropolis there's no stoppin' this
Can't agree with society poppin' this
Disagree with the plea when they coppin' it

Some men pretend the end will come soon
They gather what they can and them boom
You played yourself, you made your wealth
The deal was dealt, now your health is in question

Three Card Molly, hoodlums, who are we?
Pollution, prostitution, 'In God We'
Need a solution, revolution, substitution

For the thing's that we're abusing

Pity the city, for the people livin' out on the streets
Yo we homeless, the homeless need to eat
There's no progress for the rest
God bless for less

What's it all about?
What's it all about?
What's it all about?

What's it all about?

What it is? What's it all about? Whassup G? What it be?
How you livin' homeless probably
Mandela's free and they're rollin' with D
In history you cannot see 'em like they cannot see me

The Berlin Wall, it all had to fall, they said no but
"Yo", "Yes y'all", the people that spoke were never
provoked
And now it's tumblin' down, freedom of speech for
each
Now how that sound?

Try to stop me from sayin' what I want to say
My funky rhyme I never quit until the break of day
Now here we go as I flow and show and kick
Information, teach and blessing reach inside the nation

And be a seer 'cause I'm reason with run
And now that the point is out
Let the jam slam my man and tell me
What's it all about?

What's it all about?
What's it all about?
What's it all about?

I flex my muscle, what I must do
Is bum rush you, fuck you I'll crush you
The Ku Klux Klan is fucked up
And every good man'll understand

Beginnin' and winnin', from the first fuckin' vocal
I spoke to you, I ain't no joke to you
I do what I want to do
If you don't like what me and my crew is doin' then fuck
you

What I do and what I done with Jay and Run

None could ever become, to sum it up bum
Get off my dick and out my kingdom
Yo yo D tell 'em where you're from

Straight from Hollis, Queens
I'm still eatin' collard greens and I'm doin' the same
things
I ain't never goin' out suckers, punk motherfuckers
What's it all about?

What's it all about?
What's it all about?
What's it all about?

...

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.