

Ghetto Boys

"I Run This"

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[The Sire Juke Box & Prince Johnny C] Just put a mic in my hand, I'm comin up with a jam Conduct a b-boy orchestra, the hip-hop band So before you start (?) Johnny C (?) cause I run this Hit it [The Sire Juke Box (& The Prince Johnny C)] The Grand Dragon of Rhyme here to blow your mind Cause I'm a rhythm (fanatic) and I'm one of a kind Superiority rules cause the king's supreme I'm cold chillin cause I'm def on the hip-hop scene My jurisdiction is mine and sucker boys will chill I'm the latest and the greatest, you know the deal Juke Box, homeboy, the head of the list Terminatin all suckers cause I run this Hit it [Prince Johnny C (& The Sire Juke Box)] It's bein run by me, the Prince of all MC's Wearin gold cause I'm bold with the rappin disease Terrorize sucker rappers with these rhymes I wrote Superior damage unleashed by the case I told I'm feelin lyrics to display the funky rhymes I say Opponents better be around when I claim my day Although my rhyme's complete would you forgive my conceit And only practice (?) a true man's beat Yo, before I start breakin let me stake my place Holder of a high position, lord of all this bass Rippin suckers like paper cause they're just that soft Since I'm killin all rejectin competition (step off) Supreme rapper with the talent, musical ballad (?) Microphone occupier, the head of the list You might not be a sucker but I run this Hit it [The Sire Juke Box (& Prince Johnny C)] I put fear in your heart with the words I say Drop suckers by three each and every day This ain't my callin by law they say I don't take no shorts, they got to pay If you swing at me, sucker, don't you miss You might not be a sucker but I run this Hit it Ready Red, break it down (Tear the roof off) [The Sire Juke Box (& Prince Johnny C)] See we're known from 5th Ward in this world today In the ghetto of course, but I know my way I started at the bottom, on the way to the top Don't allow no cops standin on my block To all you police who try to diss You just might be the law but I run this Hit it [Prince Johnny C (& The Sire Juke Box)] The instrument the turntables used for his benefit You wanna be like Red, that's why your DJ bit The cut's created by the master of disaster and me I'm

I-i-v-e, def as could be (?) tellin folks that I can't rhyme
You could see my competition, it'll shock you blind
Johnny C the Prince of Rap, lord of all that's writt'
Accompanied by no sucker cause I run this Hit it [The
Sire Juke Box (& Prince Johnny C)] Say yo, baby doll,
hear what you say That you work real hard each and
every day And all I do is sit around And make you slave
like a dumb-ass clown You buy my clothes, supply the
food But you're the girl and I'm the dude You take care
of me and that is it You might be my girl but I run this
Hit it

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