

## **Run D.M.C. F/ Mase, Puff Daddy, Salt % Pepa, Onyx, "Instruments of the Trade"**

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[Verse 1]

Now, the english might be broken but  
My words fixin' to tell you something  
The word is love realize the strength of word power  
All thats left in your last and final hour  
The word is do not disturb  
I am with my partner the word  
We got some biz to take care of handle that  
And so the word is what you are scared of  
If you are a sucker emcee  
That's my word, word is bond  
And all those other corny hip hop phrases  
You playin' games with your words  
Okay some try to math paces  
I match names and match faces  
So remember that when you ready put it on whack  
I slap it on and cut the word homeboy we rollin' like that  
And as a matter of fact

I'm having fun plus the son of my father  
Hair like wool skin like bronze or copper  
Word fly like bird, plane or helicopter  
Also known as a chopper fradulent word operatives  
Word author show stopper make it sound proper  
Put 'em together words flow like flowin' water  
The word sit back and watch or look foolish  
Drool and slobber over your word  
Intoxicate your state like vodka  
On the rocks with scotch  
Cos our word is top notch  
We're just slaves to this word call time check your  
watch  
It's the shackle

[Verse 2]

Somebody told me I needed to I need to slow that mess  
I paid for (word)  
I told whoever needed the crews jewels a mouth full  
You'll feel terribly alone  
Fear of chrome plates instates emotionlessness  
Are you supposed to be a test?

Drama for crime lords  
Never bored I snore  
Scored oxygen levels  
With fortified apparatus for pure hip hop  
Watch me sniff through these whack little kids  
Cos the be on us like young chickens hittin' skid  
Peace to what I did with every rhyme I wrote  
Got lock down status on this  
Wheels thats what appeals to young squeals  
No skills friendly but can't see the real  
No need to debate the fake  
You rhyme all your weight  
For my work to take  
I shake skills over heads like projections  
I go through nuclear weapons  
And sooner or later I'm the choice for interjection  
The worst places I have slept in  
I keep secrets like a best friend  
Hardcore like a western  
Most of all freshman  
We high mights and rhyme tight  
Schwins make it a ways  
Lovely haze for the winds  
I am your man for your gravitational spins  
A downward spiral to the end  
Yo peep the block  
We're just slaves to this word call time check your  
watch

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