

Run D.M.C. F/ Mase, Puff Daddy, Salt % Pepa, Onyx, "Latitude"

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What side you on?
You want alive? it's right here
Don't Look any further
While ya vision is clear
A lotta fog in the mist
Tryin to throw you a curve
All these rappin' thugs
Gettin' on my last damn nerve
You need to say "a piece a' cake"
Day in and day out
That tired-ass flavor gets played out (no doubt)
You say that tag-along warning
To a rhyme for the rest
When we rock all the people
Say "YES SIR"
We fresher than all of these
Miggy figgy niggys on the mike
And scratch, you know
The [scratch] words to match
You still playin' catch up
Fall far behind the line
Try to cut but you wastin' ya time
Please come on, dude
We the Five Deez
Superior rhyme steez
Don't have our own style
We got styles plural
You still caught up in yesterday
Steppin' infection
Gettin' swept away
Futuristic black holdin' mics
Like soldiers hold weapons
On the attack and reppin'
Cincinnati's finest, no question (five)
And you say queen city
(Side to side)
Throw ya hands up in the sky
Wave 'em round from side to side
We about to get fly (whoa)

[Scratching]

(Side to side)[repeated]

[???] of a sucka who's locomotive
I'm movin' it like the ocean
Devotion within my rhyme
Sayin' gift that's time
Committin' crimes like a felon
.357 lyrics to bust you up like melons
They ending when I'm dealin'
At five hundred decibels
I'm hailin' Five Deez
Tellin' cities and countries before me
(Say what?) I'm above these
These other cats bore me
Cold and plastic
I turn the crowd into elastic
Stretchin' 'em to the left
Then get pulled to the right
(Like a periscope)
Seein' 'em with normal eye sight
I rock all night
So you can roll through the day (come on)
Feelin' the rhythm
To hear my rhymes in delay
I give 'em what is needed
While you just flaunt what they want
Who gonna get junk, chum? (Who?)
Crunk clubbers
Bounce to my jam like rubber (yeah)
We doin' it for lovers
While you second with the haters
On the cross fader
(Side to Side)
And you say Queen City (city, city, city)

(Side to side)[repeated]

[Scratching/samples]

Hey
You can call me on ya mobile phone
Or grab a pen, a sheet of paper
Write a letter at ya home
You can download my music
Off a internet site
Or you can be mix tapin' it
We'll still be creatin' it
You can have a compact disc
Or vinyl gratin' it
(Vibration) but we still
Won't keep the fire waitin'
A watcher or a reader

A loner or a leader
You could be the one
To make the party cold
Or make it heat up
(Make the beat speed up)
(Press slow to know motion)
From the highest mountain
To the bottom of the ocean
(You want it?) Final attack
yeah, attack or adapt
Cause and effect
It's because we wreck
There's no flaws to detect
So don't pause the deck
Local or international
To galactic respect
You could fold from the pressure
But could you take the weight?
(And a rhythmic break)
And you say Queen City (city, city, city)

(Side to side)[repeated]

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