

# It's Like That

## Run-D.M.C.

Yeah, un huh, watch this y'all, uhh  
Watch this y'all, un huh jigga  
Watch this y'all, un huh, uhh  
Roc-a-fella ya'll, uhhhh, come on yea  
It's kid Capri and Jay-z, it's kid Capri and Jay-z  
'Cause I'm like that yo! 'cause I'm like that yo  
As a young and dumb man, gun in the waist  
Sold crack to those who couldn't take the pain  
And had to numb it with baste  
Couldn't drink the henny straight  
I needed somethin' to chase  
I needed something to chase  
Nowadays I throw shots back, leavin' nothin' to waste  
Life is like a treadmill, niggas runnin' in place  
Gettin' nowhere fast, a whole year done past  
I vowed to never stop winin', 'til the earth stop spinnin'  
Rock hot Lenin, cop hot cars and hot women  
If it's not him then you got it confused, y'all not remembering  
My motto is simply I will not lose, abide by the block rules  
I buy my glock used, with bodies on it, let me know anybody want it?  
I'm raised, ill rational way misunderstood  
If you ain't live like I live then run with the hood  
I done what I could to come up with this paper 'til this day still  
Run with the hood, guess it's part of my nature, if hell awaits ya?  
Nigga I'm coming with the razors, still flashin' ya shit  
Try to pass me in a six, tight classy on the wrist  
Every bit of 30 karats, this is not a game  
This isn't why I came, make these words find a spot on your brain  
And burn, then I recycle my life  
I shall return  
How tight is your flow?  
'Cause I'm like that yo  
How right is your dough?  
'Cause I'm like that yo  
How white is your blow?  
'Cause I'm like that yo  
Only writers you know  
'Cause I'm like that  
How tight is your flow?

'Cause I'm like that yo  
How right is your dough?  
'Cause I'm like that yo  
How white is your blow?  
'Cause I'm like that yo  
Only writers you know  
Watch this yo  
I'm a hop, skip, a jump from rippin' the pump  
Spittin' a couple of curse words and hittin' you chump  
Shit, I get digits in lumps  
I'm a motherfucking problem is this what you want  
Overachiever, I love chicks that puff chiva  
And reefer paper, I hate the one's that blow up ya beeper

'Cause I go in ya deeper, I only bone divas  
Impregnate the world when I come through your speakers  
Fuck hot my records got the fever  
Niggas kick dirt, get ya whole block swiped up  
I creep up when the beef heats up, caught him with his feet up  
And shoes off, 'bout to snooze off  
Hatin' 'cause you can't turn the booze off  
You dudes is too soft when I fuck with you all  
I might bark your ex and spit at the locks  
But other than that I ain't even fucking with cats  
Just me tied B.I. thug it like that, me, dame and biggs  
What's fuckin' with that?  
Y'all can never diss jigga, get nothing for that  
Other then a couple slugs in ya back  
Rappers y'all runnin' around like I won't gun ya down  
Last nigga that fronted, two spun him around  
Lord, except this offer here's somethin' for your crown  
I admit no malice, I just met his challenge, in one  
How tight is your flow?  
'Cause I'm like that yo  
How right is your dough?  
Just I'm like that yo  
How white is your blow?  
'Cause I'm like that yo  
Only writers you know  
Just like that  
How tight is your flow?  
'Cause I'm like that yo  
How right is your dough?  
Just like that yo  
How white is your blow?

'Cause I'm like that yo  
Only writers you know  
Just like that  
How tight is your flow?  
How right is your dough?  
How white is your blow?  
Only writers you know  
How tight is your flow?  
How right is your dough?  
How white is your blow?  
Only writers you know  
Girls and guns  
All I want  
Stock exchange  
Rocks and thangs  
Girls and guns  
All I want  
Stock exchange  
Rocks and thangs

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