

Simmons Incorporated

Run-D.M.C. Feat. Method Man

Yo, my nigga, Jamel Simmons, what the deal, nigga?
Gold D, Dig Dast, what's goin' down? What's goin' down?
What's goin' on? What's goin' on?
What's the deal, pa, where you headed, son?
Yo, I'm 'bout to go to the studio and lay smash hit
Wit my Uncle Run, boy
Word? Ain't he a Reverend now, collectin' plates
At churches and shit like that?
He's spittin' flames right now, baby
He at the top of his game, right now
I'm tellin', I'ma show you, watch
You know what I mean? He's a born again, hooligan, uh huh
I'm red rum, Reverend Run, brother, son earthquakin'
Industry shakin', you kiddin' me? We money makin'
Your money fake, son, I'll call you clay 'cuz you get's Play-Doh
Jamel and Joey Simmons holdin' millions on the lay low
Platinum hailos, hero heads high from hydro
Hit the dime on the combo, she try to diss my rhyme flow
She ain't know we only glamorous like Phat Farm fashion
Simmons name synonymous wit this cash
It's our passion, what?
Yo basically I'm here to rename rap, it ain't rap no more
Call it Simmons Incorporated, since seventy-four
Lotta money in this fam, think about it
Me wit Run-D.M.C., and him over at Def Jam
Well, damn, how the hell do you think we livin'?
How you think it feel to be a Simmons?
Imagine Christmas and Thanksgivin'
People wanna know why I ain't on my brother's label
If I did this whole rap game be unstable
Went over to Arista wit Mr. Davis, for the change of neighbors
It's only fair that we share those naked papers
You can tell a cat serious about rap and it ain't luck
If twenty years after his first single, his name's stuck
From seventy-four to ninety-nine, did novice's king
Wit a million MC's waitin' in line
Keep a barrel on this album if my man's and them rise
Now speed it up, uh
Run really make ya wanna drop, drop

[Incomprehensible][Incomprehensible]Now hold up
Run really make ya wanna drop, drop
[Incomprehensible][Incomprehensible]Now hold up, now hold up, now hold up
Now I walked on ice and never fell
I spent my time in a plush hotel
John John Phenomenon, deadly but calm
Word to my born, dead by dawn
Got the right to bear arm, ring the alarm
Another sound boy dyin', hot irons
Slugs flyin' out the hardware appliance
Baby mamma cryin', sobbin' and grievin'
You was at odds wit them kids till they made it even
Let down ya guard, yes, you did, now you barely breathin'

Too unaware, open season on a duck
We don't give a what, yo, best best to give it up
Sho indeed, let's Run D's MC's, they phony
Some hump free, they mad bogey
Saddle up ya horse, if the sunset mosey
Jam Master Jay deserve a trophy for this track, right?
Futuristic G past type, if that's yo girlfriend
She wasn't last night punk, little boy
Stylin' mad chump, ain't no wins here
This sport's extreme, know what I mean?
Gettin' royalties, 'Down With The King'
Crack, crack, cracks in the cradle
Cracks, in the cradle
Cracks in the cradle, cokes in the spoon
Little boy blue, higher than the moon
Will he, will he want a weapons, will he want the wound?
I come to school and lay down the rules
Two, two, two, channel empty guzzle, brake gallons of drop
Shorty wit the forty, once sport in the dark
Co-co-corner, black as a goner
Didn't really wanna call my momma in Savannah
I spit dynamite ignite, turn off lights
Recite spit poetry type, get my squad physically hype
Get a hundred blast from funkmaster, crushin' ya life
Time to go now, show these fake rappers the way to go down
'Down With The King', like Smokey down wit Motown
Who wanna come and see? Come and test me
Take about a million MC's to wet me
For Run-D.M.C. I let shells fly, freein' the five
Wit the red eye, niggas talkin' too much
Tape 'em up, leave 'em hog tied

You thinkin' about it way too hard, how to get down wit the Gods

Kenny Cash, the Bronx cat, but it'll ride wit gats

Peep chicks huggin' the sacks, your's scratchin' the back

I'mma shark in a shack, y'all cats is feedin' the fish

Now hate and feed wit clips, nigga, that leave you ripped

And I'm leavin' 'em dry, shit's crushed wit bleedin' lips

Bet I leave these chips and a C.L.K.

After I hang plaques in the spot wit Run, D and Jay

Run really make ya wanna drop, drop

[Incomprehensible][Incomprehensible]Now hold up

Run really make ya wanna drop, drop

[Incomprehensible][Incomprehensible]Now hold up

Run really make ya wanna drop, drop

[Incomprehensible][Incomprehensible]Now hold up

Run really make ya wanna drop, drop

[Incomprehensible][Incomprehensible]Now hold up, hold up

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>