Sucker M.c.'s

Run Dmc

Two years ago, a friend of mine
Asked me to say some MC rhymes
So I said this rhyme I'm about to say
The rhyme was Def a then it went this way
Took a test to become an MC
And Orange Krush became amazed at me
So Larry put me inside his Cadillac
The chauffeur drove off and we never came back
Dave cut the record down to the bone
And now they got me rockin' on the microphone
And then we talkin' autograph, and here's the laugh
Champagne caviar, and bubble bath
But see ah, ah, that's the life, ah, that I lead
And you Sucker MC's is who I please
So take that and move back, catch a heart attack
Because there's nothin' in the world, that Run'll ever lack
I cold chill at a party in a b-boy stance
And rock on the mic and make the girls wanna dance
Fly like a dove, that come from up above
I'm rockin' on the mic and you can call me Run-Love
I got a big long Caddy not like a Seville
And written right on the side it reads 'Dressed to Kill'
So if you see me cruisin' girls, just a move or step aside
There ain't enough room to fit you all in my ride
It's on a, ah, first come, first serve basis
Coolin' out girl, take you to the Def places
One of a kind and for your people's delight
And for you, Sucker MC, you just ain't right
Because you're bitin' all your life, you're cheatin' on your wife
You're walkin' round town like a hoodlum with a knife
You're hangin' on the ave, chillin' with the crew
And everybody know what you've been through
Ah, with the one two three, three to two one
My man Larry Larr, my name's DJ Run
We do it in the place with the highs and the bass
I'm rockin' to the rhythm, won't you watch it on my face
Go Uptown and come down to the ground
You Sucker MC, you bad face clown
You five dollar boy, and I'm a million dollar man

You say a Sucker MC, and you're my fan
You try to bite lines, but rhymes are mine
You's a Sucker MC in a pair of Calvin Kleins
Comin' from the wackiest, part of town
Tryin' to rap up but you can't get down
You don't even know your English, your verb or noun
You're just a Sucker MC, you sad face clown
So D.M.C. and if you're ready the people rockin' steady
You're drivin' big cars, get your gas from Getti
I'm D.M.C., in the place to be
I go to St. John's University
And since kindergarten, I acquired the knowledge
And after 12th grade, I went straight to college
I'm light skinned, I live in Queens
And I love eatin' chicken and collard greens
I dress to kill, I love the style
I'm an MC you know who's versatile
Say, I got good credit in your regards
Got my name not numbers on my credit cards
I go Uptown, I come back home
Fool me, myself and my microphone
All my rhymes are sweet delight
So here's another one for y'all to bite
When I rhyme, I never quit
And if I got a new rhyme, I'll just say it
'Cause it takes a lot to entertain
And Sucker MC's can be a pain
You can't rock a party with the hip in hop
You gotta let 'em know, you'll never stop
The rhymes have to make
(A lot of sense)
You got to know when to start
(When the beats commence)

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