Ooh, Whatcha Gonna Do

Run Dmc

Never let a punk get away with murder
Gun shots, gun shots, all you heard-a
What's up? What's up? What's the word up?
Press your luck or buck another sucker just ducked
Ooh, whatcha gonna do
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A vain from my brain means, I'm causin' 'em pain
Comin' rough with the stuff that's just a part of the game
The rhymes have been hard since the start of the jam
So Imma pull my jammy out and Imma murder the man
Bust a rap like a cap, put a hole in your soul
Take the trigger then you figured that I'm losin' control
I go loco with the vocals, yo goes the chokehold
And I broke those pros with the dope flows
I slow rolls, no I don't smoke those
Leave the blunts for the punks in front rows
I said mine, headline or deadline
You see red line, here comes your bedtime
I lay it down, lay it low
Now I'm off and runnin' on some new rhyme flow
I flex break necks, bust Tecs mic checks son
Fill you full of lead and now get ready for the next one
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Now mic check and respect, come correct and I can protect
You never knew, DJ Run'll wreck hard
God, may be dope you never knew me nope
Where you been your hand is sendin' down, can you really cope?
Forever makin' and breakin' it and cold wreckin' it
As for my title it's vital, you're never takin' it
I throw a stand across the stage and you'll get bucked down

Like Kris-One said, I fly a head you better Duck Down
I sold good and then plenty like [Incomprehensible] Charlie said
Like Mike I glove it you love it and now it's for my bread
It's goin' down on the mound watch a nigga pitch
Bang your thang and hang your damn necks, now you gettin' it
I see them go, and come, 'cause what they pumpin' weak
And now I'm flippin' the script and they can hardly speak
I bust a nut then run amuck all on a sucker cool
Now whatcha gonna do? Whatcha gonna do?
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