

Come On Everybody

Fred Everything

Mic checka
Yes y'all, and I am
The grand, imperial wizard DMC
And you're listenin' to the sounds
As we take you on down
To the last stop
Come on everybody, let's all get down
Come on everybody, let's all get down
Come on everybody, let's all get down
Come on everybody, let's all get down
Coolin', relaxin' and we're coolin'
(Coolin')
Rulin' while we're schoolin' talk to the teacher who ya foolin'?
While in, trainin', your brain and foe are entranced
I talk to tiny tots and just like, ?Watson elementary"
Back in eighty-two and three I made the word, "Def"
Gave life to the mic now you know liggity-left
Riggity-right, right, all that, swinger
You was crappin' in your pampers
Now don't tamper with the [Incomprehensible]
Baddest of the bad, I think of thickness here I come
I get dumb, diddy, dumb, diddy diddy, dumb dumb
And here we go, here we go, here we, here we here we go
A lot of niggaz bitin' off my old style flow
But up off the subject, you know I shut 'em down an'
I think I seen 'em sinkin', matter fact I seen 'em drownin'
Yo who kicks the flavor? DJ Run'll keep you guessin'
Here's a little tip, it's the tribe for your question
Two-seven and I'm representin', comin' from Hollis
Queens is what I mean, Ma Dukes is cookin' Collards
Feelin' like [Incomprehensible] and matched up sticks
Down with the King and we swing it on the mix
Of a funky funky, B-boy sound
(New new)
So come on everybody, "Let's all get down"
Come on everybody, "Let's all get down"
Come on everybody, "Let's all get down"
Come on everybody, "Let's all get down"
Come on everybody, "Let's all get down"

Break backs, make tracks, take acts and wax a nigga
That lacks take gats tap at the trigga
DMC you see, I got a little bigga
Jam Master Jay a with the zigga-zigga
Produce, bamboost, let loose the sound
No groups or troops could boo me down
I slam and jam, command the land
Don't give a damn they ban, my band will stand
I come to you all knew, my crew is true
Do what I do, I do since eighty-two
I got the rhyme, get mine, I got to climb
I won't retire, get higher, I won't resign
I'm here to stay okay, won't fade away
I'm movin' past, the past I last all day
So here we go, I flow, you know the sound
So check the show and yo, let's all get down
Come on everybody, "Let's all get down"
Come on everybody, "Let's all get down"
Come on everybody, "Let's all get down"
Come on everybody, "Let's all get down"
Yes, yes y'all, a we don't stop
Yes, yes y'all, a we don't stop
Yes, yes y'all, a we don't stop
Yes, yes y'all, a we don't stop
Yes, yes y'all, a we don't stop
Yes, yes y'all, a we don't stop
Yes, yes y'all, a we don't stop
Yes, yes y'all, a we don't stop
So come on and flip for me, grip and slip into a hipper tone
Not on the dull your skull 'cause run'll rip a dope
Snare on the tear, rare you never heard this
This service served you well and I can tell you're gettin' nervous
Run, here it come, get some
It's on the diddy-dumb
See a silly soft sucker
Down there [Incomprehensible] of run
Rowdy then you're Audi gotta go don't want to be us
Torn then you're gone, word bond, none can see us
Hop-along on your way, skip-along little Skippy
'Fore I fly that box, me bust you all upper-lippy
Come on everybody, "Let's all get down"
Come on everybody, "Let's all get down"
Come on everybody, "Let's all get down"
Come on everybody, "Let's all get down"
Come on everybody, "Let's all get down"

Come on everybody, "Let's all get down"
Come on everybody, "Let's all get down"
Come on everybody, "Let's all get down"
Tribe called, "Quest", and you don't stop
The midnight Marauders, yeah you don't stop
Phife Diggidy, yeah you don't stop
Ali Shaheed, c'mon you don't stop
[Incomprehensible], yeah you don't stop
Check it on out because you don't stop
To my niggaz out on Linden, you don't stop
The hard heads in effect, you don't stop
And to my niggaz in Hollis, you don't stop
All the kids up on farmers, you don't stop
And to my peoples uptown, you don't stop
And all my peoples up in Brooklyn, you don't stop
And all my peoples in the Bronx, you don't stop
Zulu in effect, you don't stop
And to my people out west, you don't stop
A Run-DMC, gettin' mad props
Check it on out, thanks to run
And thanks to D and J.M.J.
We on the way, up to the top
Never ever stop, gettin' mad props, check it out
Then I'm out like shout
Oh ah
There it is baby

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