

Simmons Incorporated (Feat. Run DMC)

Method Man

[Intro: Dig Dast (Jamel Simmons) {Gold D}]
Yo my nigga Jamel Simmons what the deal nigga?
(Gold D, Dig Dast what's goin down, what's goin down)
{Aight, 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?(He's spittin flames right now baby
He at the top of his game, right now
I'm tellin, I'm show you, watch
Youknowwhatimean? He's a born again, hooligan)
Uh-huh[Jamel Simmons]
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 'cause you get's Play-Doh
Jamel and Joey Simmons holdin millions on the lay lowPlatinum 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 sinamous wit this cash
It's our passion... what!?[Run]
Yo basically I'm here to rename rap, it ain't rap no more
Call it Simmons Incorporated, since '74
Lotta money in this fam, think about it
Me wit Run-D.M.C., and him over at Def JamWell damn, how the hell you think we livin?
How you think it feel to be a Simmons
Imagine Christmas and Thanksgiving
People want to know why I ain't on my brother's labelIf 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 luckIf 20 years after his first single, his name's stuck
From '74 to '99, did novice to king, wit a million
MC's waitin in line
Keep a barrel on this album if my man's and them rise[Method Man]
Now speed it up, uh[Chorus: x 2]
Run really make ya want to drop, drop
Now want to make ya go live, live
Now want to make ya go live, live
Now hold up[Method Man]
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 aw's wit them kids till they made it even
 Let down ya guard, yes you did, now you barely breathin
 To 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 royalty, +Down With the King+!!![D.M.C.]
 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 wanted 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 want to call my momma in Savannah [Mike Ransom]
 I spit dynamite ignite turn off lights
 Recite, spit poetry type, get my squad physically hype
 Get a hundred blast from Funkmaster, crush ya life
 Blast time to go now, show these fake rappers the way to go down
 Down With The Kings, like Smokey down wit Motown Who want to 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, free in the five
 Wit the red eye, niggas talkin to much
 Tape 'em up, leave 'em hog tied [Kenny Cash]
 You thinkin about it way to hard, how to get down wit the Gods
 Kenny Cash, the Bronx cat, but it'll ride wit gats
 Peep chicks huggin the sacks, yours scratchin the back
 I'mma shark in a shack, why'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 bleadin lips
 Bet I, leave these chips, and a C.L.K.
 After I hang plaques in the spot wit Run, D and Jay [Chorus: x 4]

Songwriters

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 Simmons, Joseph Ward / Mizell, Jason William / Allen, Randy Published by

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