Is It Live

Run-D.M.C.

The microphone master DMC
Causes 1, 2, 3, 4 casualties
You'll be praisin D down on your knees
Causes I'm poppin, and droppin, stoppin all MC's
Connect, eject, and collect respect
Get down to the sound cause I come correct
So when I write don't bite and I might check
And if I find your behind I'll break your neck
It's the royal rhymin' rapper, ready to have fun
You'll reason with the record 'cause it's made by Run
It's def, you was left in a total stun
So bust a move while I prove who's number one
Got quality and skill both beyond belief
Do a steal? Be for real, I'm not a thief
Dictator and hater of those that beef
That's right I can fight and I'm the chief
People in the place don't put D down
I'm the microphone master the best around
There's not too many of my type
And all rap titles I will swipe
You'll see me talkin to a girl
A sweet young thing with geri curls
I never ever wore a braid
Got the peasiest hair and still get paid
Well I'm dropping MC's with just one punch
Cause it's the baddest of the bunch, call me Capt. Crunch
Slayin MC's, make em walk the plank
And what's next, start to flex while I count I count my bank
And I'm the wizard of words, the ruler of rap
Not soft, not a sucka, could never be a sap
You might get jacked cause you talk crap
When I bust my rap they all step back
I'm paid on stage, Run's on my left
On his right, on the mic, I recite I'm def
Because every performer is only a goner
Keep all sissy soft suckas off my corner
Is It Live
(Cause Darryl Mac would do things like that)
Sophisticated sound not soft or sour

It's servin you suckas, sellin dreams in the shower
It's rockin this party hour after hour
If a girlie tried to dis this (What's up with that?)
I won't allow her
Cool chief rapper, I see a girl I tap her
Then I take her on the floor, she don't dance, I slap her
The girl starts to cry and the crowd asks me why
If Run says "dance" you do or die

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