## 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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