Raising Hell

69 Beavershot

Kings from Queens from Queens come Kings
We're raisin' hell like a class when the lunch bell rings
The king will be praised and hell will be raised
S-s-s-suckers try to faze him but D won't be fazed
So what's your name? DMC, the king is me
Your Highness or His Majesty
Now you can debate, c-c-c-concentrate
But you can't imitate DMC The Great
Dissin' all devils causin' havoc in hell
At a very high level, bass and treble shall yell
Hangin' in the heavens on the sound supreme
So clear to the ear it is sometimes seen
So loud like a cloud with thunder and lightning
So proud to the crowd it is somewhat frightenin'
No calm in the storm like a beast unleashed
There's no stoppin' 'cause the rockin' cannot cease, break!
You see it's harder than hard, not one bit soft
Courageous and contagious, so you better break north
Not a cold, on a roll, did you hear me cough?
Just listen while I'm dissin 'cause you're pissin' me off
Cold bedding is spreading all across your face
You can't take when I break and if that's the case
I'll go on and on and kick the bass
So back off of the cup while I take my taste
It's highly appraised when the hell is raised
So demanding and commanding that you'll all stand dazed
The unbelieving receiving prophecies so true
I cut the head off the devil and I throw it at you
My mighty mic control already brought his soul
The Rock King is so bold when he rocks and roll
A black hat is my crown, symbolizin' the sound
Signifyin', we won't play around, bust it!
Rhymin' and climbin', beat makin' every day
No synthesizer sound, so silence when I say
I am great, get it straight 'cause that's my fate
My name is Run, I'm number one, that's how I rate
He's in the place with the bass and style and grace
His name is Jay, he's here to play and win this race
He's off the wall, on the ball, his name is D

Kinda tall, yes sir, he's down with me
From the mountain valley to the deep blue sea
The word is heard as told by D
I don't sing I bring much to light
Like a star shining bright in the darkest night
If you are cold I'll bring you heat
Like I brought the whole world my funky beat
Mysterious is serious, I ain't no joke
Fire from the depths of hell and you can smell the smoke
Kickin' and tickin' while you're having a ball
Like chicken finger-lickin' I'll be vickin' you all
Don't do the bird, have you heard? Did they give you a call?
Just me and DMC cold shakin' the wall
There's no fearin' one hearin' sound of this kind
Across the land, every man is going out of his mind
On the face of the earth, spreadin' like disease
Contaminating, infiltrating like a horde of bees
Lord of Lyrics, Duke of Discussions
Ruler of Rap and King of Cold Crushin'
Puller of People, Controller of Crowds
Lingering lyrics, long-lasting and loud
Left y'all, a to the left y'all
Because I rock upon the mic real def y'all
And to the right y'all, a to the right y'all
Because I rock upon the mic all night y'all
You see, I want respect if I'm correct
They're all like a ball that I have checked
And the shots they take have no effect
The punk tried to dunk but he broke his neck
'Cause I rock harder, and I get farther
You want to battle D, hey please don't bother
To waste your time, messing with my rhyme
The only kick you'll get out of it is in your behind

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