Rock Box

Marty Friedman

Run D M C
Rock
For you
Fresh
For all you sucker MC's perpetratin' a fraud
Your rhymes are cold wack and keep the crowd cold lost
You're the kind of guy that girl ignored
I'm drivin' Caddy, you fixin' a Ford
My name is Joseph Simmons but my middle name's Lord
And when I'm rockin' on the mic, you should all applaud
Because we're wheelin', dealin', we got a funny feelin'
We rock from the floor up to the ceilin'
We groove it, you move it, it has been proven
We calmed the seven seas because our music is soothin'
We create it, relate it and often demonstrate it
We'll diss a sucker MC make the other suckers hate it
We're rising, surprising and often hypnotizing
We always tell the truth and then we never slip no lies in
No curls, no braids peasy-head and still get paid
Jam Master cut the record up and down and cross-fade
Because the rhymes I say, sharp as a nail
Witty as can be and not for sale
Always funky fresh, could never be stale
Took a test to become an MC and didn't fail
I couldn't wait to demonstrate all the super def rhymes that I create
I'm a wizard of a word, that's what you heard
And anything else is quite absurd
I'm the master of a mic, that's what I say
And if I didn't say that, you'd say it anyway
Bust into the party, come in the place
See the first things come, the music in your face
Tears down the walls, some of the floor
With the DJ named Jay with the cuts galore
So listen to this because it can't be missed
And you can't leave 'til you're dismissed
You can do anything that you want to
But you can't leave until we're through
So relax your body and your mind
And listen to us say this rhyme, hey

You might think that you have waited
Long enough 'til the rhyme was stated
But if it were a test it would be graded
With a grade that's not debated
Nothing too deep and nothing dense
And all our rhymes make a lot of sense

So move your butt, to the cut, run amuk, you're not in a rut
Each and everybody out there, we got the notion
We want to see y'all all in motion
Just shake, wiggle jump up and down
Move your body to the funky sound, side to side, back and forth
We're the two MC's and we're gonna go off
Stand in place, walk or run, tap your feet, you'll be on the one
Just snap your fingers and clap your hands
Our DJ's better than all these bands
We got all the lines and all the rhymes
We don't drop dimes and we don't do crimes
We bake a little cake with Duncan Hines
And never wear the vest they call the Calvin Kleins
'Cause Calvin Klein's no friend of mine
Don't want nobody's name on my behind
Lee on my legs, sneakers on my feet
D by my side and Jay with the beat
Jay Jay Jay Jay Jay Jay
We don't, we don't, we don't stop
Don't, don't, don't, don't stop
Jay, one two three
Hollis Crew Crew Crew
For, for, for, for the love now
Cool T now
Hah, [Incomprehensible]
My, my man Jam Master
Is in his place to be
Jay Jay Jay Jay
The big beat blaster
[Incomprehensible]All the way live
Remember you don't stop
Kickin' it, and you don't stop
Rock, d-dot, d-dot, rock the spot
Stick 'em and you don't stop, hah
Stick 'em, run rocks it well, well, well
A-with the clientele
Krush Groove, young ladies in the place
We, we we're, we we're we're, we we're we're

Bass, we we're in the hottest space
Hah [Incomprehensible]
Homeboys, now we're talkin' autographs
Autographs and autographs
Fly girls in the place, in the place
Homeboys, Hollis Crew

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