

# Raising Hell

## Run Dmc

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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