Get Open

Run Dmc

We get open, we get open, we get open, we get open
We get open, we get open, we get open, we get open
I seen you hopin' an' scopin' , I'm copin' as I get you wide open
Dyin' an' lyin' while you're cryin' an' mopin'
Flippin' an' rippin', money grippin' be gropin'
The baddest apparatus got the fad as I'm open
I never slip or fell, I raised [Incomprehensible] kid up well
I bash you in your bell, you got static in Hell
An' when you seen the fire, you got jealous, you jeal'
So sucker, just retire, you admire my skill
I'm never the type of guy to close the door in your face
I got you wide open, Run is runnin' a race
Takin' what's mine an' what's left is a waste
Leavin' them behind an' all suckers on the chase
Got a dope track, comin' real dope an'
I get legit, we get, I get
We get open, we get open, we get open, we get open
We get open, we get open, we get open, we get open
We get open, we get open, we get open, we get open
We get open, we get open, we get

Jam Master blastin' through the plaster cause I has ta
Hard rocks like to rock it, you can't stop it
Poll in ten years, I'ma walk away a prophet
You don't stop, I stop styles in the attic
Kick the fat flavor that you can't be mad at
[Incomprehensible] what's the matter, more mix in Granny's batter
Run-D.M.C.'s fatter, so kill the chit-chatter
Zigga, zigga, Jay, jigga, jigga, pump, pump
Gettin' bigger Babe Pah, figure nigga freak the funk
3 in the head, ten yards to go
Blow up the spot for those that forgot

Stay stable as a navel, try an' rhyme rough an' able
With the Baldhead Kidz word up, blow up the label
Boom, boom, boom, broke-in, got ya jok-in
Me, Run an' D we're gettin' open
We get open, we get open, we get open, we get open
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We get
Open the door, let me in so my rhyme, can now begin
Forget the hit an' all the shit that you used to get with
Because it's not legit, I rewrote the script, I flip the ship
I bust a lip, it's time to rip the mic I grip
Darryl McDan, use abuse I bruise the crews, I refuse to lose
My composure, I will bulldoze ya
A froze enclosure, where no one knows ya
Who dat, who flew that head? Well, it's said
D put the head to bed an' you're dead
Moms is cryin', MCs is dyin'
I'm knockin' down jaws with paws like a lion
I wrote the dope quotes, now the punks is scopin'
I knuckle up an' punch an' bust his fronts open
We get open, we get open, we get open, we get open
We get open, we get open, we get open, we get open
We get
Word up, I'd like to thank G O D, Man above
Run-D.M.C. in the house representin' no question
Onyx in the house, word up, Cha Skills on the wheels, word up
Word up, JMJ [Incomprehensible] in the house
Randy D, get with me, we, we get, we, we get, we
We get open, we get open, we get open, we get open
We get open, we get open, we get open, we get open
We get open, we get open, we get open, we get open
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