

# Ahhh

## Chris Davis

Uh-huh, yeah, what? Yo, yo  
Aiyyo I seen Run with the chrome spinnin'  
    Watchin' the Knicks in the back of the 6  
    Pulled up on the side like, "Who's winnin'?"  
    Nigga said, "Me since eighty-three, get it right"  
    Politely flashed his Roley, then dipped to the light  
Next night seen him on stage with some platinum shells  
    With baguettes on the side that spelled, "Raising Hell"  
    I said, "Run the crowd yell like you paid 'em well"  
        Then he said to ask Bertha Dell, who the hell?  
        Oh well, I thought I was done bein' impressed  
        Until my man called me up and told me listen to Flex  
I ain't know what to do, it was like Run was sunnin' everybody  
    But then again the shit was true  
    MC's must want him gone, hoppin' on chrome  
    Sayin' they the kings, please, you kept the seat warm  
    Ain't nobody better than this twenty year veteran  
    Even as a Reverend, hotter than you ever been  
        It don't really matter who the hell you are  
        The fakest of all cats or the biggest of stars  
    Tryin' to doubt these three, you breakin' the law  
They the kings, leavin' y'all in awe, that's real paw  
    Like ahhh, Dunn done did it again  
        Ahhh, pad done hit the pen  
        Ahhh, man they droppin' gems  
    Ahhh, the kid's 'bout stackin' the ends  
    Yo, Rev. Run, run the block, swerve the Dat'  
        Flow is hot, don't need no gun to cock  
I'm sick of Vidal, your brother tried to get me to fall  
    I'm kickin' it raw, even in the thick of it all  
    Run laps around wack cats, I hate DAT's  
    Since way back, made great tracks, I lace raps  
    Yo face that, before you catch aluminum bats  
From numerous cats with Run-D.M.C. on they hats  
    You ain't gettin' no show 'til your album out  
The label don't wanna spend money yo what's that about?  
    No clout, had to settle for a fake amount  
    While my catalog bigger than your bank account  
    No doubt, I'm the greatest all time fo' sho'

Rev. Run comin' through and leavin' niggaz in awe  
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Yo Run remember that night at the light in the back of the 6?  
Yeah, I was mad the Knicks lost, I got a new whip  
Yeah, I see, the Bentley Arnage, with the four doors  
What is that, for more horse?  
Nah son, for more tours  
I see you've been peepin me for quite some time  
Yo my bad  
Ain't a thing, nigga I noticed you rhyme  
Yo what a nigga gotta do to be more like you?  
A nigga like me ain't got a clue  
First things first I DJ, Run all the rappers  
Actors, they want status  
But they can't have this  
Since "Krush Groove" you been makin' them papes  
A lot of rap movies been made since but most of them fake  
Thanks for the compliment kid, now jump BACK in your car  
It's the Reverand leavin' niggaz in awe, that's real paw  
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