# Hit It Run

## Run Dmc

Born to rock around the clock
You can't say I'm not
And in case you forgot
I'm the king of rock!
I'm the devestating mic controller DMC
And can't nobody mess around with me
I'm the king of rock, rap, and a rhyme
I deal what I feel and it feels fine
If the girl's play the chase then I will play
Around with sound put down for the rhymes I say
Beats flow from Joe and never stop
Better get yourself together let's rock, hit it Run
Run, Run, Run, Run, Run, Run
Run, Run
You, jump, watch your clock, while I rock your spot
I'm better known to the world as the king of rock
I like to speak my piece when I'm on the mic
I'm the best, or at least, I'm the one you like
And when I serve you deserve to hear what I say
I throw a curve he got the nerve to make a triple play
Now how devestating can an MC be?
My name is Darryl, but you can call me D, hit it Run
Run, Run, Run, Run, Run, Run
It's called, gangsta hard rock, non-stop hip-hop
And it's headed for the top by the rhymes I pop
For every race place color country county or creed
And all of the places that I MCed
B-Boy badness to the highest degree
And it can't be a boy unless you be D
You can't bust a cherry or crush a grape
And if you ain't got this tape you're in bad shape
Beats flow from Joe and never stop
Better get yourself together, let's rock
Run, Run, Run, Run, Run, Run
Run, Run, Run
Do you really believe what's going on?
I was conceived and I was born
I once was lost but now I'm found
Tell your bunch I'm boss I run this town

I leave all suckers in the dust
Those dumb motherfuckers can't mess with us
Beats flow from Joe and never stop
Better get yourself together, let's rock, hit it run
Run, Run, Run, Run
I was straight from the start performin' art
Climbin' up the chart while others fall apart
The three outlaws in the music trade
We won't rob but our job is to get paid
'Cause Run has fun if Jay will play
As I add one more rhyme to say
Now how devestating can an MC be?
My name is Darryl, but you can call me d, hit it Run
Run, Run, Run, Run
I was born
Son of Byford, brother of Al
Bad as my mamma and run's my pal
It's McDaniels, not McDonald's
These rhymes are Darryl's, the burgers are Ronald's
I ran down my family tree
My mother, my father, my brother and D
Run, DMC. and jam master Jay

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/