

# 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 devastating 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 devastating 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 devastating 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

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