Wreck Shop

Run Dmc

We wreck shop, you know we wreck shop
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I kick a wicked rhyme, what more can I tell ya
You're quick to pick and find a hardcore record seller
I paved the way for days, I'm a new wave yeller
For decades gettin' paid, comin' straight from the cellar
The paper was my trade so I stayed in a lab
Now the record's gettin' played on the tape that you have
I'm like a heavyweight with a great left jab
Keep it truck diesel for the sake of the ave'
Never bring no witness 'cause I freak this with uniqueness
For the rap fan, black man talk decent
Prop me, jock me, rock but don't stop me
If a man's got belief then a man's got beef
Sometimes I get sore from the war of a tour
To wreck it downpour, to get the crowd to roar
The records get dropped and my lyrics get popped
Let me off next stop cause I'm flex to wreck shop now
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You know, we know, we know, we wreck shop
Bust it, I wreck shop, now pull your leg I beg your pardon
And rock a wicked rhyme like eighty-seven at the Garden
The hardest of the hard and I be harder for the hardened
Not hottest but the smartest broken artists by the carton
Livin' while I'm givin' [Incomprehensible]
Not hear to bust your bubble send your trouble down the drain
Hurry on the double cool and subtle that's our game
My crew came out the huddle and I know you'll feel the pain
We wreck shop, and I can see they always give in
Life is like a mic and that's exactly how I'm livin'
Ladies love the lover and the lover love the women

My name is DJ Run but you can call me Joseph Simmons and
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Cop, you can't stop or drop, you shop wrecker
The mic checker, I take my pilgrimage to Mecca
Jay with the records still a dose of double-decker
Me and Run'll come and have some fun, and we'll wreck a
Shop on down, to the last stop, ha
We're givin' rhythm to the Wisdoms on the block, ha
And ain't no business be a witness to the shot, ha
[Incomprehensible]Stomp the competition, opposition seeks to
Confuse abuse and use all that I speak to
I bust a sucker, a nucca that I speak through
They keep pursuin' never doin' D.M.C. you
Get ready set up, I'm 'bout to go head up
You better shut up, you're gonna be a dead up
Bucked and stuck your butt broke and chopped
The East Coast boast the most, we wreck shop now
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