Groove To The Sound

Run Dmc

Groove to the sounds of Jam Master Jay
The high potent, super charged spiritual lyrical miracle of a man
Damn, you can't understand the fulfillment of the prophecy
The epitome, the legacy of every MC
Understand, to be the man, you got to beat the man
Got somethin to say, let the music play
Groove to the sound of Jam Master Jay
It's the real, real deal
Don't you feel stupid? Reel to reel and we looped it
Takes it around, we threw the sound
Threw down, now scoop this
Here we go, like back in the days
The true heroes, MC's, DJ's
The Hollis Crew, we rocked the spot
Female groupies, they jock a lot
Ugly hoes jockin', don't give 'em no rap
Sack [Incomprehensible] or not 'cause my posse's strapped
Don't deny us, the flyest guys in town
Punks, try us, you get beat down
The 40 Ounce Crew and Afros is in charge
We N.F.L. that's Niggaz Fuckin' Large
And we drive big cars
Our entourage, is rollin' hard
We don't play uh, uh no way
Groove to the sound of Jam Master Jay
Ah, let's go now
Ya don't stop
You keep on and
Rock the house
So slam for the jam, fast, if ya can
Damn, I never ran 'cause man, I am
Gonna keep the beat complete
Compete defeat and serve suckers a seat
And now you're lazy crazy, a daisy don't faze me
Here's my nine now raise me
Another vic to stick and lick so quick
You got your ass kicked now get off my dick
Pull up to the bumper baby and kiss my motherfuckin' ass
As we come together forever, whenever

The clever get better so get yourself together
And listen to the rhymes I'm about to say
And groove to the sound of Jam Master Jay
Ah, let's go now
Ya don't stop
You keep on and
Rock the house
Now I kick a lyric live, rip rockin' rhymes
A line on time, a fine design
All the girls look my way
All on mines and they always say
D.M.C., you look so cute
In your Carhart suits and Adidas boots
I'm not souped, I just troop
Loop the loop for my crew
I hold the fort, fly rhymes I sport
I fought then brought you the knowledge you sought
So listen good and listen well 'cause I raise hell with the stories I tell
Which I say and play, day by day
When I groove to the sounds of Jam Master Jay
So, let's go now
Ya don't stop
You keep on and
Rock the house
And aiyyo, I just wanna shout out to my home, bro from Tokyo
And check this out, if you're a critic, you can get the diddick
Just because I pop a lot of shittit
All the way to L.A. and to my homeboys, Ladi Dadi
I just wanna know, why you rock it so hard
And to the Hollis Crew, the 40 Ounce Crew
And the Afros too, just wanna let you know
This is what we love to do

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