

Three Little Indians

Run-D.M.C.

One little, two little, three little indians!

("check this out")

One little, two little, three little indians!

("ahh yeah!")

[Jam Master Jay]Httin hard, now check the hard hit

("Jam Master.. Jay") about to flip

Slide for a minute but I won't slip son

God had my back since ("day.. one")

Back to the track in fact the track's fat

Peace to my brothers and my sisters in black

Disrespect and don't know how to act

You better come correct or I'ma have to bust your hat

One little, two little indians and me

Jam Master Jay and Run-D.M.C.

We been down since (UHH) eighty-("three")

And ninety-three ain't nuttin but another year to me

Cause I flip the scripts, grab hips, give tips

and bust lips, ?? goes the whole length

So get it, get with it, that did it

And if you is a critic get the didick, cause it's

One little, two little, three little indians!

Word up..

One little, two little, three little indians!

(uh-huh, uh-huh)

One little, two little, three little indians!

("check this out")

One little, two little, three little indians!

("ahh yeah!")

[D.M.C.]I write rhymes I got rhythm I continue to flow

Recitin lines full of wisdom make decisions with Joe

Tonight I'm gettin busy won't you give me my dough

Night time strictly busy for the kids at the show

That's my hobby kemosabe I be tearin up streets

and the posse gots to have me in the Cherokee Jeeps

I'm attackin like Apache boy don't have a cow

Just give me matches for the flames because it's time to pow-wow

All the suckers run for cover all the others discover

One two little three little indian brothers!

One little, two little, three little indians!
("check this out")
One little, two little, three little indians!
("one, one, one, huh-hah!")
Here we go (7X)
[Run]Begin it, bust it
DJ, Run and, D.M.C.'n
JM, J'n how ya livin in ninety-three
cause we be three little indians, sleepin in a teepee an'
keepin up a funky fat philosophy cause we be
re-arrangin, changin, isn't it, different
Told ya bout retirement, definitely infinite
flavor, gave up, +Hype+ to Public Enemy
I like the mic I rock upon the pad and pen a friend to me
Hit ya with the truth I get to hit ya with the booth
cause your troops deserve a king, proverb, hmmm!
Listen, listen to the beat inside your soul
Knowledge, wisdom is more precious, than gold
The indians, comin, DJ, Run and
claimin back the land that the man, stole from him
It's bout, that time, for mine, come ?? and
Jay Joe and King who are we? Little indians
One little, two little, three little indians!
("check this out")
One little, two little, three little indians!
("one, one, one, huh-hah!")
One little, two little, three little indians!
("check this out")
One little, two little, three little indians!
("ahh yeah!")
"aight, auhh, check this out.."

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>