Ragtime

Chops

I woke up this morning, got ready to roll
Put on my green bomber it was freezing cold
Applied longjohns with Adidas not matching
I called up Jam Master, 'cause I knew he was scratching
Jay to the telly music, loud as hell
He said, "Hold up Run," ding dong, "It's the bell"
Jay to the door as he leaves the cut
For his eyes a surprise, "D.M.C. whassup?"
I need a little help Jay, I got a little problem
A guy like yourself, maybe you can help me solve 'em
I only want to know why this happens all the time
What? Everywhere I go, I start to rap and rhyme
I rock them in the day, yeah, you rock 'em every night
I rock 'em when I left so def I knew something was wrong
I rhyme when I am sleeping, I rhyme when I'm awake
When I was nine I said a rhyme by putting candles on my cake
I just came from the bank, you said a rhyme? A rhyme so funny

A song about the line so long they all gave me their money
That's why I came to you, you're my friend, yes that is true)
Said maybe Jay knows what to say, he'll tell me what to do
Yo you go get Joe and all the rhymes you made
And we'll go to the bank and we can all get paid
Cruisin' down the block in the sixty-six Olds
Girls are on the jock like the ride was a Rolls
Feelin' kinda great, got change for the toll
Suckers gotta wait, that's your fate, poor soul
Heard you on the records and I heard you on the tapes
Stop, switch the conversation over to grapes
Because you're not bustin' none, so stop fussin' son
You're not down with Rush, they call us Russ and Run
Since that's the company, you won't be chumpin' me
Here's the man, ask that fan, Run big brother D

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