How'd Ya Do It Dee

Run Dmc

Yeah, one two one two
And I say
As we let the music play
This is dedicated to Ruddy Ray
From all the homeboys around the way
So def it won't get an F
Jay receives an A for his essay
Spins til you're dizzy
Born to get busy
Is he the Jam Master?
Isn't he, or is he?
And my name is D.M.C
The K-I-N-G
The car that I drive is called a Caddy
The drink that I drink is called O.E
And I wear my glasses so I can see
My homeboy right next to me
His name is DJ Run
Shoots a gift like a gun
Slays suckers one by one
Rather chill than kill
Cause the killing's no fun
So together forever
Crew be tougher than leather
We gonna slay the bad ones
Until there are none
Run-D.M.C.'s award nominee
The K I N G's of all M i c's
Like Hercules, with rhymes like these
Never crackin not lackin and I still pull G's
Well I ah, impress the bad, suggest the rad
Who be less when they 'fess, against the test
And I insist that this, with a flick of the wrist
Will be kid not dissed at the top of the list
So go a-head, and stand, check out the man
With a clan, never ran, and in demand
So just a
Bust a rhyme
It's a must cause I'm

Funky fresh, in the flesh and you know the time
Why don't ya, bust it son
Cause I'm number one
Just do it, pursue it
Hit it Run
Yo I'm flowin and showin rocks knots and shockin the mind
I'm only chillin and killin, so won't you check out the rhyme
Meetin greatin and seatin, suckers all in a row
Crashin mashin and bashin, my name is Run, call me Joe
Fat as ever and clever, and never second to none
Wearin leather and better, What's your name? DJ Run
But in the summer's a bummer, cause I leave em at home
Just Adidas and me, and J and D on the phone
Diggin eyein the crown, sellin skills by the pound
Makin breakin and takin all of the suckers around
Puttin fear in the heart, at the top of the chart
Stunning gunning and funning, cause Run's running this art
DJ's facing the rage, never losing a show
Cause when the set is a match, then they're ready to go
Swervin curvin deservin, the grass grow everyday
Cause makin money ain't funny, ain't that right JMJ?
Full in effect, set comin correct
Yet gainin respect, still breakin a neck
I'm coolin and chillin, not foolin with illin
On the mission it's thrillin, and I'll make a killin
My higher desire, go high and then fly ya
Makes me the messiah, I'll neve rretire
I'm spankin and bankin, high rankin and skankin
Improvising, suprising, I'm rising and flaking
My boys on the side, the front and the back
A Cadillac and a stack, for the King Darryl Mack
Not workin for free, pocket full with a G
And they always ask me, D.M.C., "How'd ya do it Dee?"
On the go with Joe, makin pay with Jay
All day, why? Cause I'm livin that way
One wonders, what? How it gets done
I hear questions, from who? From everyone
I'm cool I broke the rule
Breakin all but laws, when I break fool
Cause I'm the man that was born to rule
Every girl in the world, and make them drool
It's easy to be, it's easy to D
It's easy to G, it's easy to me
Wanna know how I do it, got a goal, I pursue it
Got the soul, to get to it, you was told, so you knew it

The answers, from questions, I'm tellin to thee
Cause they always ask me, D.M.C., "How'd ya do it Dee?"

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