Ahhh

Chris Davis; Run-D.M.C.

Uh-huh, yeah, what? Yo, yo
Aiyyo I seen Run with the chrome spinnin'
Watchin' the Knicks in the back of the 6
Pulled up on the side like, "Who's winnin'?"
Nigga said, "Me since eighty-three, get it right"
Politely flashed his Roley, then dipped to the light
Next night seen him on stage with some platinum shells
With baguettes on the side that spelled, "Raising Hell"
I said, "Run the crowd yell like you paid 'em well"
Then he said to ask Bertha Dell, who the hell?
Oh well, I thought I was done bein' impressed
Until my man called me up and told me listen to Flex
I ain't know what to do, it was like Run was sunnin' everybody
But then again the shit was true
MC's must want him gone, hoppin' on chrome
Sayin' they the kings, please, you kept the seat warm
Ain't nobody better than this twenty year veteran
Even as a Reverend, hotter than you ever been
It don't really matter who the hell you are
The fakest of all cats or the biggest of stars
Tryin' to doubt these three, you breakin' the law
They the kings, leavin' y'all in awe, that's real paw
Like ahhh, Dunn done did it again
Ahhh, pad done hit the pen
Ahhh, man they droppin' gems
Ahhh, the kid's 'bout stackin' the ends
Yo, Rev. Run, run the block, swerve the Dat'
Flow is hot, don't need no gun to cock
I'm sick of Vidal, your brother tried to get me to fall
I'm kickin' it raw, even in the thick of it all
Run laps around wack cats, I hate DAT's
Since way back, made great tracks, I lace raps
Yo face that, before you catch aluminum bats
From numerous cats with Run-D.M.C. on they hats
You ain't gettin' no show 'til your album out
The label don't wanna spend money yo what's that about?
No clout, had to settle for a fake amount
While my catalog bigger than your bank account
No doubt, I'm the greatest all time fo' sho'

Rev. Run comin' through and leavin' niggaz in awe
Like ahhh, Dunn done did it again
Ahhh, pad done hit the pen
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Yo Run remember that night at the light in the back of the 6?
Yeah, I was mad the Knicks lost, I got a new whip
Yeah, I see, the Bentley Arnage, with the four doors
What is that, for more horse?
Nah son, for more tours
I see you've been peepin me for quite some time
Yo my bad
Ain't a thing, nigga I noticed you rhyme
Yo what a nigga gotta do to be more like you?
A nigga like me ain't got a clue
First things first I DJ, Run all the rappers
Actors, they want status
But they can't have this
Since "Krush Groove" you been makin' them papes
A lot of rap movies been made since but most of them fake
Thanks for the compliment kid, now jump BACK in your car
It's the Reverand leavin niggaz in awe, that's real paw
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