

# Down With The King

## Run-D.M.C.

Down with the king for years, about ten of 'em  
Recruiting suckers, Mac and Mike, and makin' men of 'em  
Tears and fears for my peers, they rippin'  
You think that it is, it is, if not it isn't  
Race for the border my daughter 'cause beats you're bangin' out  
Jeeps rockin' beats in the streets when there's time for hangin' out  
Gather, or rather form a circle around a loud  
'Cause brothers or others could never ever rock a crowd  
Is it because he's runnin' off with the mouth  
Or was he really clearly tryin' to play a nigga out  
Nope, shut him down, the king with a crown  
'Cause all you wanna be is dicky down  
Get down with the king  
Get down with the king  
Get down with the king  
Get down with the king  
Get down with the king  
Get down with the king  
Get down with the king  
Get down with the king, king  
Two years ago, a friend of mine  
Asked me to say some MC rhymes  
So I said this rhyme I'm about to say  
The rhyme was mecca, and it went this way  
Wrecka lecka mecca mic check on the windmill skills  
Mac distracts, wearing Godfather hats  
It's okay to parlay to fortée better  
Tell 'em my nigga made a sweater tougher than leather  
Swing another Rodney King thing in our right  
But just like the white one I get no respect  
Money stay awake, 'cause them other niggas are fake  
From Hollis to the Becon, now your dumb ass is leakin'  
C.L. and Run DMC so rush it  
Big time way before Hammer got to touch it  
Remember the faces in all types of places  
Look Ma, no shoelaces and I'm  
Get down with the king  
Get down with the king  
Get down with the king

Get down with the king  
Get down with the king  
Get down with the king  
Get down with the king  
Get down with the king, king  
I'm takin' the tours, I'm wreckin' the land  
I keep it hardcore because it's dope man  
These are the roughest toughest words I ever wrote down  
Not mean for a hoe like a slow jam, check it  
Sucka emcees could never swing with D  
Because of all the things that I bring with me  
Only G O D could be a king to me  
And if the G O D be in me, then the king I be  
The microphone is granted when it's handed to me  
I was planted on this planet and I plan to emcee  
The emcee fiends only seem to agree  
That I rock all the world and the society  
I rages on the stages with a tune of verse  
I get praises from these pages to the universe  
My voice is raw, my lyrics is law  
I keep it hardcore like you never saw  
Get down with the king  
Get down with the king  
Get down with the king  
Get down with the king  
Get down with the king  
Get down with the king  
Get down with the king  
Get down with the king, king  
I'm the man you see, in the place to be  
I went to John Jay University  
And since kindergarten I acquired the knowledge  
And after twelve grade I went straight to college  
Down with the kings on the mic, a full swinger  
The P to the R, not an R n' B singer  
The R to the U N D MC'n  
The fly human beings, tonight I hold the key and  
Flowin' with the funk track, here to soul brother black  
Pick up the bass, better yet leave a space  
So let me put my big black on in to the early mornin'  
Had skins doanin'  
Mecca, yo, you want the mecca?  
I'll make a funky beat so we can blow, check it out  
Pete Rock's the beat knock, put you in a headlock  
And now all the outty out flock is down with the king

Get down with the king  
Get down with the king  
Get down with the king  
Get down with the king

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