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
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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 meeca, 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 fortee 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
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Get down with the king
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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
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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
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