Open the doors, let the people in Turn up the mics, let me speak to them Victorious when the evening ends It all starts when the beat begins

You're now fuckin with the show stopper A-l-i the Brother, since "'89's the number" Fuck "another summer," I'm the world's most accurate Take the roughest cats and get em passionate Shake awake the walking dead Lazarus With off-the-head narratives, it'm embarrassing I mean, I'm the albino but y'all pale in comparison I'm not arrogant, oh shit, well yeah, I'm arrogant Grab the microphone out your arm so fast I tear a limb Roman fashion, give yo soul a spasm If you don't know find someone that knows and ask him I'm right in front of ya, tight muthafuckin mic muzzler Who might struggle ya, my shit's wild like that There's 8 million ways to stretch words around beats And 6 million rappers be sharin the same three But me takin the time to be creative with mine Touch your soul till I see it in your face when I rhyme And in the two or three seconds it may take to rewind I hold a rapper to the flames until I make him resign Want nobody hold your place in this rhyme, you find a space to recline You're dead, got to stay breakin your spine

Every father, mother, son and daughter send em to me
Do not approach the ock without bendin your knees
I might be on the stage but my head's in the streets
We settle the beef (when the beats commence) --> Run-DMC