

Run It

EPMD

Hardcore

Everybody on the floor, everybody on the floor

PMD, Erick Sermon

You what it is, listen to my man

Run your jewelry

Hands up

Yes, Peace to Just Ice

Be scared

Bronx

Yo, the real dynamic duo, and I quote

G boys, I bring it back to a dooky rope, dope

I sport like I if I spit the commandments

So inspired, now who the hell your man wit?

And he's gangsta right?

He belong in a dimwit type

You picked the wrong night

I'mma Las Vegas fight Don King in the ring

Does my thing from father spring, that's all year

I can feel in a wannabe rapper turned actor

He wanna act tough it hit him with the clapper

Def-con actor, see I ain't playing kid

He screamed and I'mma just saying he did

EPMD I'm scared for us

Cause someone might bite the dust

Before rush hour

The power I got is snappin necks

So I suggest ya show respect

We own that

Now put your hand in the air

Keep 'em there

Run your jewels, run it

Run your jewels, run it

Run your jewels, motherfucker

You heard what we said man, we ain't playin

Don't wait till it starts sprayin

We set it off while the DJ playin

Run your jewels, run it

Run your jewels, motherfucker

Cats walking past your crib, walk in your house

Go in your mouth, talkin you out

But EMS we spying we carryin you out

With the slow IV fee

Woken the fuck up, back eye with the nose bleed

My dudes be like dude chill

I be like fuck chill

Cats complainin bout the game, pass the pill

EPMD is too real, y'all know

The only reason why you eatin, cause we payed the bill

How many times I got to tell you the shit shut down

'til Erick and Parrish return and hold the B-Boys down

Step through the door, hot body and lick off the ground

Uhu, I see niggas listening now

Faces is wrecked like wild

There goes EMP with the fisherman hat
Four back, get hit with the gun pow
Respect the gods, excuse me, I beg your pa
Can't hear you, you got to grade up, cause the beats too hard

Now put your hand in the air
Keep 'em there
Run your jewels, run it
Run your jewels, run it
Run your jewels, motherfucker

I bring the heat quick
I do it, kill Ramone in Beat Street
I get the club rockin on some seasick shit
I ain't gotta tell you I'm hood man, you can see I'm it
My rhyme hits, I don't preach 'bout cash
Cause most of yall know cash like E-Zpass
You came in talkin bout you gon beat me
Then you left out talkin bout "just give me two more CDs"
You're young so you need to be gangsters
While real G's wanna sit home and read the paper
Courtside view with the LA Lakers
But its always some youngin you got to send to his maker
And I don't need the ratchet to reach your ass
I'm old school I off you with a piece of glass
Run your jewels, you know who it be, KRS-EPMD

Now put your hand in the air
Keep 'em there
Run your jewels, run it
Run your jewels, run it
Run your jewels, motherfucker