

Come On Everybody

Run DMC

Mic checka..
Yes y'all, and I am..
the grand, imperial wizard.. D.M.C..
And you're listening to the sounds..
as we take you onnnnnnn down..
to the lasssssssssssst STOP!

Come on everybody, let's all get down

K-k-k-coolin (coolín) relaxín and we're coolín
Rulin while we're schoolín ?? the teacher who ya foolín?
While in, trainín, your brain and foe are entranced
I talk to tiny tots and just like Watson, "Elementary"

Back in eighty-two and three I made the word 'DEF'
Gave life to the mic now you know liggity-left
riggity-right (RIGHT, all that, swinger)
You was crappín in your Pampers now don't tamper with the ??

Baddest of the bad, I think of thickness here I come
I get dumb (diddy) dumb (diddy diddy) dumb dumb
(and here we go) Here we go! HERE WE HERE WE HERE WE GO
A lot (of niggaz) bitín (off my) old style flow
But up off the subject, you know I shut em down an'
I think I seen em sinkín matter fact I seen em drownín
(Yo who kicks the flavor?) DJ Run'll keep you guessín
Here's a little tip, it's the Tribe for your Quest'n
Two-seven and I'm representín, comín from HOLLIS
Queens is what I mean, Ma Dukes is cookín COLLARDS
Feelin like ??, and matched up sticks
Down With the King, and we swing it on the mix
of a funky funky (new new) b-boy sound
So come on everybody let's all get down

Break backs, make tracks, take acts and wax a nigga
that lacks take gats tap at the trigga
D.M.C. you see I got a little bigga
Jam Master Jay a with the zigga-zigga
Produce, bamboost, let loose the sound
No groups or troops could boo me down
I slam and jam, command the land
Don't give a damn they ban, my band will stand
I come to you all knew my crew is true
Do what I do, I do since eighty-two
I got the rhyme, get mine, I got to climb
I won't retire, get higher, I won't resign
I'm here to stay okay won't fade away
I'm movín past the past I last all day
So here we go, I flow, you know the sound
So check the show, and yo, let's all get down

.. yes yes y'all, a we don't stop

So come on and flip for me, grip and slip into a hipper tone
Not on the dull your skull, cause Run'll rip a dope
snare on the tear, rare you never heard this
This service served you well and I can tell you're gettin nervous

Run, here it come, get some, it's on the diddy-dumb
See a silly soft sucker down there ?? ?? of Run
Rowdy then you're audi gotta go don't want to be us
Torn then you're gone, WORD BOND, none can see us
Hop-along on your way, skip-along little Skippy
'fore I fly that box, me bust you all upper-lippy

Tribe Called Quest, and you don't stop
The Midnight Marauders, yeah you don't stop
Phife Diggidy, yeah you don't stop
Ali Shaheed, c'mon you don't stop
??, yeah you don't stop
Check it on out, because you don't stop
To my niggaz out on Linden, you don't stop
The hardheads in effect, you don't stop
And to my niggaz in Hollis, you don't stop
All the kids up on Farmers, you don't stop
And to my peoples uptown, you don't stop
And all my peoples up in Brooklyn, you don't stop
And all my peoples in the Bronx, you don't stop
Zulu in effect, you don't stop
And to my people out West, you don't stop
A Run-D.M.C., gettin mad props
Check it on out, thanks to Run
and thanks to D, and JMJ
We on the way, up to the top
Never ever stop, gettin mad props, check it out

"Then I'm out like shout, ooh-ahh, ooh-ahh
OOH-AHH, OOH-AHH! There it is Baby Pah.." ->