

## Sucker M.C.'s

## Run DMC

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 Def a-then it went this way  
Took a test to become an MC  
And Orange Krush became amazed at me  
So Larry put me inside, his Cad-illac  
The chauffeur drove off and we never came back  
Dave cut the record down to the bone  
And now they got me rockin on the microphone  
And then we talkin autograph, and here's the laugh  
Champagne caviar, and bubble bath  
But see ahh, ah that's the life, ah that I lead  
And you sucker MC's is who I please  
So take that and move back catch a heart attack  
Because there's nothin in the world, that Run'll ever lack  
I cold chill at a party in a b-boy stance  
And rock on the mic and make the girls wanna dance  
Fly like a Dove, that come from up above  
I'm rockin on the mic and you can call me Run-Love

I got a big long Caddy not like a Seville  
And written right on the side it reads 'Dressed to Kill'  
So if you see me cruisin girls just a-move or step aside  
There ain't enough room to fit you all in my ride  
it's on a, ah first come, first serve basis  
Coolin out girl, take you to the def places  
One of a kind and for your people's delight  
And for you sucker MC, you just ain't right  
Because you're bitin all your life, you're cheatin on your wife  
You're walkin round town like a hoodlum with a knife  
You're hangin on the ave, chillin with the crew  
And everybody know what you've been through

Ah with the one two three, three to two one  
My man Larry Larr, my name DJ Run  
We do it in the place with the highs and the bass  
I'm rockin to the rhythm won't you watch it on my face  
Go Uptown and come down to the ground  
You sucker MC's, you bad face clown  
You five dollar boy and I'm a million dollar man  
Youse a sucker MC, and you're my fan  
You try to bite lines, but rhymes are mine  
Youse a sucker MC in a pair of Calvin Klein  
Comin from the wackest, part of town  
Tryin to rap up but you can't get down  
You don't even know your english, your verb or noun  
You're just a sucker MC you sad face clown  
So D.M.C. and if you're ready  
The people rockin steady  
You're drivin big cars get your gas from Getti

I'm D.M.C. in the place to be  
I go to St. John's University  
And since kinde-garten I acquired the knowledge  
And after 12th grade I went straight to college  
I'm light skinned, I live in Queens

And I love eatin chicken and collard greens  
I dress to kill, I love the style  
I'm an MC you know who's versatile  
Say I got good credit in your regards  
Got my name not numbers on my credit cards  
I go Uptown, I come back home  
with who me myself and my microphone  
All my rhymes are sweet delight  
So here's another one for y'all to bite  
When I rhyme, I never quit  
And if I got a new rhyme I'll just say it  
Cause it takes a lot, to entertain  
And sucker MC's can be a pain  
You can't rock a party with the hip in hop  
You gotta let em know you'll never stop  
The rhymes have to make (a lot of sense)  
You got to know where to start (when the beats commence..)