

# What's It All About?

Run DMC

I would like to throw "Rock Box" in the start of this one..

"What's it all about?"

Livin in the city - the crack the mack and all that  
Easy does it, is it was it  
the black or white that Friday night  
in those racist places - let's get it right  
Ah to the maximum, and keep askin 'um  
when the city gonna fix where the BLACKS are from  
And every day around the way another one got  
bucked in his head - from a gunshot  
No chance in advance for the ambulance  
Cause he was just another victim of the circumstance  
A brother died, the mother cried, it was a pity  
But that's how it goes down when you're livin in the city

Just a hard rock, call him a hard rock  
in the metropolis there's no stoppin this  
Can't agree with society poppin this  
Disagree with the plea when they coppin it  
Some men pretend the end will come soon  
They gather what they can and them BOOM  
You played yourself, you made your wealth;  
the deal was dealt - now your health is in question  
Three Card Molly, hoodlums - who are we?  
Pollution, prostitution, In God We -  
- need a solution, revolution, substitution  
for the thing's that we're abusing  
Pity the city, for the people livin out on the streets  
Yo we homeless, the homeless need to eat  
There's no progress for the rest  
God bless for less

What it is?  
What's it all about?  
Whassup G?  
What it be?  
How you livin HOMELESS PROBABLY  
Mandela's free  
and they're rollin with D  
In history you cannot see em like they cannot see me  
The Berlin Wall  
It all had to fall  
They said no but..  
"Yo!" "Yes y'all!"  
The people that spoke were never provoked  
and now it's tumblin down  
Freedom of speech for each  
Now how that sound?  
Try to stop me from sayin what I want to say  
My funky rhyme I never quit until the break of day  
NOW HERE WE GO as I flow and show and kick  
Infor-mation, teach and ? reach inside the nation  
and be a.. SEER CAUSE I'M REASON WITH RUN  
And now that the point is out  
Let the jam slam my man and tell me

what's it all about?

I flex my muscle, what I must do  
is bumrush you, FUCK YOU I'll crush you  
The Ku Klux Klan is fucked up  
And every good man'll understand  
Beginnin and winnin, from the first fuckin vocal  
I spoke to you, I ain't no joke to you  
I do what I want to do  
If you don't like what me and my crew is doin then FUCK YOU  
What I do and what I done with Jay and Run  
None could ever become, to sum it up bum..  
get off my DICK and out my KINGDOM  
(Yo yo D tell em where you're from)  
Straight from Hollis, Queens  
I'm still eatin collard greens and I'm doin the same things  
I ain't never goin out suckers..  
punk motherfuckers!  
What's it all about?