

RUN-DMC, Rock Box (B-Boy Mix)

(Run)

(Run..) D.. (D) M.. (M) C.. (C)

Rock.. (rock.. rock..)

For you! (for you.. for you..)

Fresh (fresh.. fresh..)

(Run)

For all you sucker MC's perpetratin a FRAUD

Your rhymes are cold wack and keep the crowd cold lost

You're the kind of guy that girl ignored

I'm drivin Caddy, you fixin a FORD

My name is Joseph Simmons but my middle name's Ward

and when I'm rockin on the mic, you should all applaud

Because we're (wheelin, dealin, we got a funny feelin)

We rock from the FLOOR up the ceilin

We groove it (you move it) it has been PROVEN

We calmed the seven seas because our music is SOOTHIN

We create it (relate it) and often demonstrate it

We'll diss a sucker MC make the other suckers hate it

We're rising (suprising) and often hypnotizing

We always tell the truth and then we never slip no lies in

No curls (no BRAIDS) peasy-head and still get paid

Jam Master cut the record up and down and cross-fade

(Run)

Because the rhymes I say, sharp as a nail

Witty as can be and not for sale

Always funky fresh, could NEVER be stale

(D.M.C.)

Took a test to become an MC and didn't fail

I couldn't wait to demonstrate

all the super def rhymes that I create

I'm a wizard of a WORD, that's what you heard

And anything else is quite absurd

I'm the master of a MIC, that's what I say

And if I didn't say that, you'd say it anyWAY

(Run)

Bust into the party, come in the place

See the first things come, the MUSIC in your face

Tears down the walls, some of the floor

with the DJ named Jay with the cuts galore

(D.M.C.)

So listen to this because it can't be missed

and you can't leave 'til you're dismissed

You can do anything that you want to

but you can't leave until we're through

So relax your BODY and your mind

and listen to us say this rhyme - HEY

You might think that you have WAITED

long enough 'til the rhyme was STATED

But if it were a test it would be GRADED

with a grade that's not DEBATED

Nothing too deep and nothing dense

and all our rhymes make a lot of SENSE

(Run-D.M.C.)

So move your butt, to the cut

Run amuk, you're not in a rut

Each and everybody out there, we got the notion

(D.M.C.)
We want to see y'all all in motion

(Run-D.M.C.)
Just SHAKE, WIGGLE jump up and down
Move your body to the funky sound

(D.M.C.)
Side to side, back and forth

(Run-D.M.C.)
We're the two MC's, and we're gonna go OFF
Stand in place, walk or RUN
Tap your feet, you'll be on the one

(D.M.C.)
Just snap your fingers and clap your hands

(Run-D.M.C.)
Our DJ's better than all these bands
HUH!!

{*Jam-Master Jay scratches*}

(D.M.C.)
It's the movement of your body when you're inside a party
Tryin to do a DANCE just like everyBODY
You keep the pep, in your step

(Run-D.M.C.)
Inside of your heart is where it's kept
It's the movement of your FEET when you hear a def beat
Sounding so sweet, harmony is so NEAT

(D.M.C.)
It's the movement of the head when a rhyme is said
That I rock the living DEAD, I get you out your bed
It's the movement of you arms, to a beat that's CHARRED
We're checkin and respectin cause it's never hard
It's the movement of your jock when he rocks the block
He'll jock the def beat, all around the BLOCK
It's the movement of the 'table when it starts to spin

(Run-D.M.C.)
Round and round, and back again
Huh!

Ha-huh...
Ha..
Huh...
Ha...
HA...
YAH!..

(Run) We got all the lines
(DMC) and all the rhymes
(Run) We don't drop dimes
(DMC) and we don't do crimes
(Run) We bake a little cake with Duncan Hines
(DMC) and never wear the vest they call the Calvin Kleins
(Run) 'Cause Calvin Klein's no friend of mine
Don't want nobody's name on my behind
Lee on my legs, sneakers on my feet
D by my side and Jay with the beat

{*instrumental for 19 seconds*}

(Run-D.M.C.) - (ad libbing as guitar builds up to fade)

Part...two.. tee..

The...Hollis Crew.. crew.. crew..

For.. for.. for.. for the love now..

Cool T now..

Hah, L...Ha, L...

My, my man Jam Master..

is in his place to be.. (JAY! Jay..)

Re, remember you don't stop..

Kickin it, and you don't stop..

Rrrrrrrrock, d-dot, d-dot, rock the spot..

Stick em.. and you don't stop, hah...

Stick 'em...Run.. rocks it well, we-welle-well..

a-with the clientele..

Krush Groove..

Young ladies in the place..

We, we we're, we we're we're, we we're we're (bass)

We we're in the hottest space..

?...another...another...STAR..

Rock...don't stop...

Hah.. ??

Homeboys..

Now we're talkin autographs..

Autographs.. and autographs..

Fly girls.. in the place, in the place..

Homeboys..

Hollis Crew.. {*music fades*}