

# Run-D.M.C., The School Of Old

(feat. Kid Rock)

(Run) Now the things I do make me a star  
And you can be too if you know who you are

(Kid) Like a Brougham on the corner, big boy in a car  
Be the Kid in Kid Rock, with the baw-wit-da-baw  
Be hard as law, what you saw is law

(Run) Once again my friend, it's DJ Run on tour  
(Kid) Like DJ Run's his name  
(Run) Like Kid Rock is his  
(Kid) He's D.M.C. it's like that and that's the way it is

(Run) Beats get you open my voice is just like a (HURRA)  
cane come invadin your statement and made a (TERROR)  
Flows doin shows they knows I go (OVER)

(Kid) Hoes even chose to pose for this Rover

(Run) Eyes come to see the three in live footage  
Jay Run and D.M.C., that's what the hood is

(Kid) Never been a time like this that's so vital

(Run) "I'm the King of Rock".. cause that's my title

(Kid) Then take a count, one two three  
&quot;Jam Master Jay, Run-D.M.C.&quot;

(Run) ... You see, I..

(Kid) want respect

(Run) And if I'm correct

(Kid) Well then you're all like a call that I had checked

(Run) And the shots that they take have no effect

(Kid) Some punk tried to dunk but he broke his neck

Cause I rock harder, and I roll farther

You wanna battle Kid Rock, bitch don't bother

(Run) You waste your time, messin with my rhymes

(Kid) The only kick you'll get out of is in your behind

(Kid) Fire, blaze, my name is worldwide

When we yes yes y'all we rock it all night

(Run) To other MC's doin rock'n'roll

It's Run-D.M.C., Kid Rock patrol

DJ Run 'til I'm done, D.M.C.'s the soul

Got MTV on remote control

Platinum platinum can't mess with gold

We never let go of the mics we hold

Our joints get played your select's the mode

D.M.C.'s spittin flame while your jams is cold

Over thirty-million records worldwide we sold

Darryl Mack, JMJ, and my name is Joe

The other MC's know about the show

Hook the turntables up to the telephone pole

Rock a rhyme nine nine 'til it's time to go

Cough up a long, DJ Run, got a rhyme to flow

I come from a school that they call the old

D.M.C. stands for Devestating Mic Control

I come from a school that they call the old

We never let go of the mics we hold

I come from a school that they call the old

Over thirty million records worldwide we sold

I come from a school that they call the old  
It's Run-D.M.C., Kid Rock patrol

I come from a school that they call the old..  
Dum diddy dum diddy diddy dumb dumb

(Kid) You see, I.. want respect

(Run) and if I'm correct

(Kid) Well then you wall like a ball that I had checked

(Run) And the shots that they take have no effect

(Kid) Some punk tried to dunk but he broke his neck

Cause I rock harder, and I grow farther

You wanna battle Kid Rock, bitch don't bother

(Run) Don't waste your time, messin with my rhymes

(Kid) The only kick you'll get out of it IS IN YOUR BEHIND