

RUN-DMC, 3 In The Head

"Do or die!" (2X)

(Run)

Come on stand up, still-a, a nigga that's gettin iller
If you're weak and/or you're sleepin
(then what?) you get the cap I peel up
And til-I, I kill a sucker duck dope dealer
Sold to my brother but the ghetto stands stiller
Still-a, standin, commandin and demandin
from the get-go got the ghetto get a medal cause it's standin
I'm makin a buck, they takin a buck, the tax that attacks the world
A system built to diss em (who?) the boys (who) and the girls
They starvin, we're starvin, keepin a nine to five an'
try to hold us down, keep us out but we be risin
Risin, risin, risin like the cream
Stiggidy stiggidy stiggidy still, stiggidy standin for the team

Chorus One: Run-D.M.C. (repeat 2X)

We put three in the head
and the little one said roll over, roll over
"Do or die!"

(D.M.C.)

I run amuk upon the sucker duck punks that I'm steppin on
The one you're bettin on you're lucky like a leprechaun
I turn my weapon on my record ?? ??
Mic checkin and I'm wreckin and I'm checkin on
So check it check it out, I'm gonna rock the house
Without a doubt I'ma shout about to turn it out
So take a step BACK, I gotta wreck TRACK
I got a rep for breakin necks, I get respect black
(Damn damn!) Darryl Mack, you're all of that
They pray they can save the crazy rat
They attack to mack to move him off the map
could never tell I fell, to hell and back
It's beautiful -- the mic makes hits
to the dirty, stinkin, son of a.... (auuuuuuhh)
I'm mad and glad and sad and highly upset
So don't do nothin that you might regret
Cause I'll stomp that ass, like a little insect (c'mon)
clean off my kicks (c'mon) clean off my kicks (c'mon)
clean off my kicks and then STEP!
(stiggidy-stick, step!)

Chorus One

Chorus Two: Run-D.M.C.

So they all rolled over and one fell out
We put two in the head
and the little one said, roll over, roll over!
"Do or die!"
We put two in the head
and the little one said..

(Run)

Now c'mon step to me do me pursue me you never knew me
You'll be sleepin and you slept on the step
And now your crew be sweatin me like you're sweatin the sweat
Another groupie dissin D, now you're back on the set
I'm makin em takin em breakin em all
Diss em one by one

You make the mistake of thinkin I'm soft
Thinkin Run ain't the one
From eighty-three and they be seein me and D and they front
?? the suckers from the ruckus that's about to become
Reel it back, come REWIND it's about that time
Feelin wack, ate the swine it's about that swine
in your body couldn't keep up at the end of the set
Bet ya beat ya that I teach ya and you're stuck until death
(That's what I'm sayin)

Chorus One

Chorus Three: Run-D.M.C.

We put two in the head
and the little one said
We put one in the head
and the little one said, roll over, roll over!
"Do or die!"

{*Jam Master Jay cuts*}
"Do or die!"
"Do or die!"
"Do.. or die!"
"Do or die!" "Do.."
"Do or die!"
"Do or die!"
"Do or die!"
"Do or die!" ..