

# RUN-DMC, How'd Ya Do It Dee

(D.M.C.)

Yeah, one two one two  
And I say  
as we let the music play  
This is dedicated to Ruddy Ray  
from all the homeboys around the way  
So def it won't get an F  
Jay receives an A for his essay  
Spins til you're dizzy  
Born to get busy  
Is he the Jam Master?  
Isn't he, or is he?  
And my name is D.M.C.  
The K-I-N-G  
The car that I drive is called a Caddy  
The drink that I drink is called O.E.  
And I wear my glasses so I can see  
My homeboy right next to me  
His name is DJ Run  
Shoots a gift like a gun  
Slays suckers one by one  
Rather chill than kill  
cause the killing's no fun  
So together forever  
Crew be tougher than leather  
We gonna slay the bad ones  
until there are none

(Run-D.M.C.)

Run-D.M.C.'s award nominee  
The K-I-N-G's of all M-I-C's  
Like Hercules, with rhymes like these  
Never crackin not lackin and I still pull G's

(Run)

Well I ah, impress the bad, suggest the rad  
Who be less when they 'fess, against the test

(D.M.C.)

And I insist that this, with a flick of the wrist  
will be kid not dissed at the top of the list

(Run-D.M.C.)

So go a-head, and stand, check out the man  
With a clan, never ran, and in demand

(D) So just a

(R) Bust a rhyme

(D) It's a must cause I'm

(R) Funky fresh, in the flesh AND YOU KNOW THE TIME

(D) Why don't ya, bust it son

(R) Cause I'm number one

(D) Just do it, pursue it

(D) Hit it Run!

(Run)

Yo I'm flowin and showin rocks knots and shockin the mind  
I'm only chillin and killin, so won't you check out the rhyme  
Meetin greatin and seatin, suckers all in a row  
Crashin mashin and bashin, my name is Run, call me Joe  
Fat as ever and clever, and never second to none  
Wearin leather and better (What's your name?) DJ Run  
But in the summer's a bummer, cause I leave em at home  
Just Adidas and me, and ? and D on the phone

Diggin eyein the crown, sellin skills by the pound  
Makin breakin and takin all of the suckers around  
Puttin fear in the heart, at the top of the chart  
Stunning gunning and funning, cause Run's running this art  
DJ's facing the rage, never losing a show  
Cause when the set is a match, then they're ready to go  
Swervin curvin deservin, the grass grow everyday  
Cause makin money ain't funny, ain't that right JMJ?

(Run-D.M.C.)

Full in effect, set comin correct  
Yet gainin respect, still breakin a neck

(D.M.C.)

I'm coolin and chillin, not foolin with illin  
On the mission it's thrillin, and I'll make a killin  
My higher desire, go high and then fly ya  
Makes me the messiah, I'll neve rretire  
I'm spankin and bankin, high rankin and skankin  
Improvising, suprising, I'm rising and flaking  
My boys on the side, the front and the back  
A Cadillac and a stack, for the King Darryl Mack  
Not workin for free, pocket full with a G  
And they always ask me, D.M.C., "How'd ya do it Dee?"  
On the go with Joe, makin pay with Jay  
All day, WHY? Cause I'm livin that way  
One wonders, WHAT? How it gets done  
I hear questions, FROM WHO? From everyone  
I'm cool.. I broke the rule  
Breakin all but laws, when I break fool  
Cause I'm the man.. that was born to rule  
every girl in the world, and make them drool  
It's easy to be, it's easy to D  
It's easy to G, it's easy to me  
Wanna know how I do it, got a goal, I pursue it  
Got the soul, to get to it, you was told, so you knew it  
The answers, from questions, I'm tellin to thee  
Cause they always ask me, D.M.C., "How'd ya do it Dee?"