

# I Run This

**Geto Boys**

[The Sire Juke Box & Prince Johnny C:]  
Just put a mic in my hand, I'm comin up with a jam  
Conduct a b-boy orchestra, the hip-hop band  
So before you start [? ]  
Johnny C [? ] cause I run this  
Hit it

[The Sire Juke Box (& The Prince Johnny C):]  
The Grand Dragon of Rhyme here to blow your mind  
Cause I'm a rhythm (fanatic) and I'm one of a kind  
Superiority rules cause the king's supreme  
I'm cold chillin cause I'm def on the hip-hop scene  
My jurisdiction is mine and sucker boys will chill  
I'm the latest and the greatest, you know the deal  
Juke Box, homeboy, the head of the list  
Terminatin all suckers cause I run this  
Hit it

[Prince Johnny C (& The Sire Juke Box):]  
It's bein run by me, the Prince of all MC's  
Wearin gold cause I'm bold with the rappin disease  
Terrorize sucker rappers with these rhymes I wrote  
Superior damage unleashed by the case I told  
I'm feelin lyrics to display the funky rhymes I say  
Opponents better be around when I claim my day  
Although my rhyme's complete would you forgive my conceit  
And only practice [? ] a true man's beat  
Yo, before I start breakin let me stake my place  
Holder of a high position, lord of all this bass  
Rippin suckers like paper cause they're just that soft  
Since I'm killin all rejectin competition (step off)  
Supreme rapper with the talent, musical ballad  
[? ]  
Microphone occupier, the head of the list  
You might not be a sucker but I run this  
Hit it

[The Sire Juke Box (& Prince Johnny C):]  
I put fear in your heart with the words I say  
Drop suckers by three each and every day  
This ain't my callin by law they say  
I don't take no shorts, they got to pay  
If you swing at me, sucker, don't you miss  
You might not be a sucker but I run this  
Hit it

Ready Red, break it down  
(Tear the roof off)

[The Sire Juke Box (& Prince Johnny C):]  
See we're known from 5th Ward in this world today  
In the ghetto of course, but I know my way  
I started at the bottom, on the way to the top  
Don't allow no cops standin on my block  
To all you police who try to diss  
You just might be the law but I run this  
Hit it

[Prince Johnny C (& The Sire Juke Box):]  
The instrument the turntables used for his benefit  
You wanna be like Red, that's why your DJ bit  
The cut's created by the master of disaster and me  
I'm l-I-v-e, def as could be  
[? ] tellin folks that I can't rhyme  
You could see my competition, it'll shock you blind  
Johnny C the Prince of Rap, lord of all that's writt'  
Accompanied by no sucker cause I run this  
Hit it

[The Sire Juke Box (& Prince Johnny C):]  
Say yo, baby doll, hear what you say  
That you work real hard each and every day  
And all I do is sit around  
And make you slave like a dumb-ass clown  
You buy my clothes, supply the food  
But you're the girl and I'm the dude  
You take care of me and that is it  
You might be my girl but I run this  
Hit it