

Beastie Boys, 3 The Hard Way

Fresh dressed 'cause I shop at Models
Deep in Brooklyn I ride the elevated trains
Used to ride the D to beat the morning bell
At Edward R. Morrow out on Ave L
We be grillin' cheese and flippin' flapjacks
With the diamond stylus we cutting wax
We're the super elastic bubble plastic
Got ethereal material that's straight up classic
You try to vex reject but you should respect
Or we'll have JC send you out a FedEx * 1
So don't start to flex up in the discotheque
Or we'll make you extinct tyrannosaurus rex

We're gonna rock this motherfucker like three the hard way

Your rhyme technique, it is antique
To all my heads Qu'est-ce-que tu fabriques?
Que cosa fai? Come sta e?
Ho fatto molte telefonate
Oops gotcha clutch like Piazza
Sneak between the sheets so hide like matzoh
Holler back challah bread... next
We are the crew who put the crew in Cruex
I can see that Def Jam doesn't recognize me
I'm Mike D the one who put the satin in your panties
Time to count MC's in this place to be
Not five, not four, not two, just three

We're gonna rock this motherfucker like three the hard way

Round-house kick the mic out your hand
Drunken mantis, my name brand
So if you're slick with the tricks and the slight of hand
I'm hip top the shit that you're trying to scam
Gnip Gnop I got shit to pop
I'm an exceptional professional that just don't stop
So pack up your bag and your mic and don't wait
E.T. phone home now get the fuck out my face
You know we shake'em bake'em then we take'em
Treat MCs like leaves go out and rake'em
If you sell our CDs on Canal before we make'em
Then we will have no alternative but to serve you
on a platter like Steak'Em

We're gonna rock this motherfucker like three the hard way