

Beastie Boys, B Boy bouillabaisse

Get on the mic Mike let's be real and don't cloud the issue
The rhymes are rope an M.C. you must listen to
People say that they been missin' me and missin' you
Get on the mic and let's show them like we used to
You say fuck that I say fuck this
The king Ad-Whammy has never been limp Dick Butkus
One half science and the other half soul
His name's Mike D. not Fat Morton Jelly Roll
M.C. Busy Le Disco fooled around in Fresno
Got over on your girl cause you know she never says no
Well Mike D. is a special individual
Pulling out knots pulling in residuals
Go to the movies get the Rolos the cholos riding slow and low
Mike on the mic and bust with the solo
Mike my stromy don't be so selfish
Get on the mic cause you know you eat shellfish
It's 4:00 a.m. I've got the Dr. Hfuhruhurr Ale
I've got nothing to lose so I'm pissin' on the third rail
Groggy eyed and fried I'm headed for the station
D-Train ride Coney Island vacation
Dedicated to the boofers in the back of the 1 train
They'll be kicking out windows high on cocaine
Jump the turnstyle I lost my last token
Riding between the cars pissing smoking
Also finger popping
Two bums fucking I seen them rocking
Head for the last car fluorescent light blackout
Policeman told my homeboy put that crack out
You know you light up when the lights go down
Read the New York Post Fulton St. downtown
Same faces every day but you don't know their names
Party people going placed on the D-Train
French trench coat wing tip going to work
Pulling a train like Captain Kirk
Pick pocket gangsters paying their debts
Caught a bullet in the lung from Bernie Goetz
Overworked and underpaid staring at the floor
Prostitutes spandex caught in the ding dong doors
Stuck between the stations it seems like an eternity
Sweating like sardines in a flophouse fraternity
\$50.00 fine for disturbing the peace
The neck tortoise the Lees creased
Hot cup of coffee and the donuts are Dunkin
Friday night and Jamaica Queens funkin
Elevated platform never gonna conform
Riding over the diner where I always get my toast warm
Bust into the conductor's booth and busted out rhymes
Over the loud speaker about the hard times
Sat across from a man readin El Diario
Riding the train down from El Barrio
Went from the station straight to Orange Julius
Bought a hot dog from my man George Drakoulis
He goes by the name of Disco Dave
New York New York it's a hell of a town
The Bronx is up and I'm Brooklyn down
They don't know my name they only know my initials
Building bombs in the attic for elected officials
I quit my job I cut my hair
I cut my boss cause I don't care
You tried to get slick you bust a little chuckle
You're gonna get smacked with my gold finger knuckle
Cause being as fly as me is something you never thought of
You'll be sticking up old ladies with the hand gun or the sawed-off
Like a buffalo soldier I'm broader than Broadway

Keep keepin' on I don't care what they say
I play my stereo loud it disturbs my neighbors
I want to enjoy the fruits of my labor
I am the holder of the 3-pack Bonanza
If you open the book then you will get your hand slapped
I am the keeper of the 3-pack Bonanza
If you ask a question you will get the answer
Her breast I saw I reached I felt
M.O.N.E.Y. the belt
I stay at home just like a hermit
I got the jammy but I don't got the permit
Yes you got a boyfriend and indeed his name is Slick Nick
that is why Annabelle you're caught with the shrimpy limp dick trick
I ride around town cause my ride is fly
I shot a man in Brooklyn just to watch him die
He thrusts his fists against the post and still insists he sees a ghost
She's slippin through his fingers as she's movin' out to the coast
If your world was all black and if your world was all white
Then you wouldn't get much color out of life now right
Nicknamed Shamrock my name is not Shamus
Girlies on the tippy cause my homie is famous
My name is not O'Houigheighi Norisit Brian
If I said that I was weak you know I'd be lyin'
Suckers try to bite they try to pursue it
If you explain to a musician he'll tell that he knows it but he just can't do it
Chinese eyes and Chinese suits
Smokin' much Buddha and smokin' much boots
More updated on the hip-hop lingo
My favorite New York Knick was Hawthorne Wingo
Met a girl at a party and I gave her my card
You know that it said Napoleon Bonaparte
Peepin' out the colors I be buggin' on Cezanne
They call me Mike D Joe Blow the Lover Man
Your face turns red as your glass of wine
You spilled on my lyrics as you wasted my time
Girl you should be with me you should drop that bum
Cause I got more flavor than Fruit Striped Gum
With that big round butt of yours
I'd like to butter your muffin I'm not bluffin'
Serve you on a platter like Thanksgiving stuffin'
I met this girl last night with a peculiar cackle
I laid the bait and then she took the tackle
Had too much to drink at the Red Lobster
Now the room is spinning around like the blades of a helicopter
I never met a girl that was too finicky
If the press has their way then they're going to finish me
You might know this but you've never been this see
If I ate spinach then I'd be called Spinach D
I shed light like cats shed fur
Ride around town like Raymond Burr
I'm so high that they call me Your Highness
If you don't know me then pardon my shyness
I live in the Village wherever I go I walk to
Keepin' my friends around so I have someone to talk to
I play my music loud because you know it's got clout to it
*It's a trip it's got a funky beat and I can bug out to it