

# Beastie Boys, Hold it now hit it

Now I chill real ill when I start to chill  
When I fill my pockets with a knot of dollar bills  
Sipping pints of ale out the window sill  
When I get my fill I'm chilly chill  
Now I just got home because I'm out on bail  
What's the time? - it's time to buy ale  
Peter eater - parking meter all of the time  
If I run out of ale - it's Thunderbird wine  
Miller drinking - chicken eating - dress so fly  
I got friends in high places that are keeping me high  
Dow with Mike D. and it ain't no hassle  
Got the ladies of the eighties from here to White Castle  
(chorus) Hold it now - hit it!  
M.C. - Adam Yauch in the place to be  
And all the girls are on me cause I'm down with Mike D.  
I'm down with Mike D. and it ain't no baloney  
For real, not phony - "O.E." and Rice-a-Roni  
I come out at night 'cause I sleep all day  
And I'm the King Adrock and he's M.C.A.  
Well I'm cruising, I'm bruising - I'm never ever losing  
I'm in my car - I'm going far and dust is what I'm using  
Around the way is where I'm from  
And I'm from Manhattan and I'm not a bum  
Because you're pud-slapping, ball-flapping - got that juice  
My name's Mike D. and I can do that Jerry Lewis  
(repeat chorus)  
Hip-hop, body rockin' - doing the do  
Beer drinking, breath stinking, sniffing glue  
Belly flipping, always illing, busting caps  
My name's Mike D. and I write my own snaps  
I'm a peep-show seeking on the forty-deuce  
I'm a killer at large and I'm on the loose  
Pistol packing, Monkey drinking, no money bum  
I come from Brooklyn 'cause that's where I'm from  
Cheap-skate, perpetrating - money hungry jerk  
Everyday I drink a "O.E." and I don't go to work  
You drippy nose knuckle-head - you're we behind the ears  
You like men - and we like beer.  
(repeat chorus)  
King of the Ave. with the Def female  
You're rhyming and stealin' with the freshest ale  
Cooling at the crib watching my TV  
Ed Norton - Ted Knight - and Mr. Ed  
Pump it up homeboy - just don't stop  
Chef Boy-ar-dee cooling on the pot  
I take no slack cause I got the knack  
And I'm never dusting out cause I torch that crack  
The King Adrock - that is my name  
And you're drinking Moet - we got the champagne  
A quarter dropping - going shopping buying wigs  
Surgeon general cut professor - D.J. Thigs  
(repeat chorus)