

Beastie Boys, Paul Revere

Now here's a little story I gots to tell,
about three bad brothers you know so well.
It started way back in history with Adrock, MCA and me, Mike D.

I had a little horsey named Paul Revere.
Just me and my horsey and a quart of beer.
Ridin' cross the land, kickin' up sand.
Sheriff's posses on my tail cuz I'm in demand.
One lonely Beastie I be,
all by myself without nobody.
The sun is beatin' down on my baseball hat.
The air is gettin' hot, the beer is gettin' flat.
Lookin' for a girl, I ran into a guy.
His name is MCA, I said "howdy";, he said "hi."

He told a little story that sounded well rehearsed.
Four days on the run and now he's dying of thirst.
The brew was in my hand, and he was on my tip.
His voice was hoarse, his throat was dry, he asked me for a sip.
He said "Can I get some?"
I said "You can't get none."
I had a chance to run,
but he pulled out his shotgun.
Quick on the draw, I thought I'd be dead.
He put the gun to my head and this is what he said:
"My name is MCA, I got a license to kill.
I think you know what time it is, it's time to get ill.
So what do we have here?
An outlaw and his beer.
I run this land, you understand, I've made myself clear."
We stepped into the wind, he had a gun, I had a grin.
As if this story's over, but it's ready to begin.

"I've got the gun, you've got the brew.
You've got two choices of what you can do.
It's not a tough descision as you can see.
I can blow you away or you can ride with me."
I said, "I'll ride with you if you can get me to the border.
The Sheriff is after me for what I did to his daughter.
I did it like this, I did it like that.
I did it with the whiffle ball bat.
So I'm on the run, the cop's got my gun.
Right about now it's time to have some fun.
The King Adrock, that is my name,
and I know the fly spot where they got the champagne."
We rode for six hours then we hit the spot.
The beat was-a-bumpin' and the girlies was hot.
This dude was starin' like he knows who we are,
so we took the empty spot next to him at the bar.
MCA said "Yo, you know this kid?"
I said I didn't but I knew he did.
The kid said, "Get ready, cuz this ain't funny.
My name is Mike D and I'm bout to get money."
He pulled out the jammey, aimed it at the sky.
He yelled, "Stick 'em up!" And let two fly.
Hands went up and people hit the floor.
He wasted two kids that ran for the door.
"I'm Mike D and I get respect.
Your cash and your jewelry is what I expect."
MCA what with it, and he's my ace,
so I grabbed the piano player and punched him in the face.
The piano player's out, the music stopped.
This boy had beef, and he got dropped.
Mike D grabbed the money, MCA snatched the gold.

I grabbed two girlies and a beer that's cold.