

# Beastie Boys, So What'cha Want

Just Plug Me In Just Like I Was Eddie Harris  
You're Eating Crazy Cheese Like You'd Think I'm From Paris  
You Know I Get Fly You Think I Get High  
You Know That I'm Gone And I'm A Tell You All Why  
So Tell Me Who Are You Dissing Maybe I'm Missing  
The Reason That You're Smiling or Wilding  
So Listen In My Head I Just Want To Take 'em Down  
Imagination Set Loose And I'm Gonna Shake 'em Down  
Let It Flow Like A Mud Slide  
When I Get On I Like To Ride And Glide  
I've Got Depth Of Perception In My Text Y'all  
I Get Props At My Mention 'Cause I Vex Y'All  
So What'cha Want  
I get So Funny With The Money That You Flaunt  
I said Where'd You Get Your Information From Huh?  
You Think That You Can Front When Revelation Comes

Yeh, You Can't Front On That

Well They Call Me Mike D The Ever Loving Man  
I'm Like Spoonie Gee Well I'm The Metropolitanian  
You Scream And You Holler About My Chevy Impala  
But The Sweat Is Getting Wet Around The Ring Around Your Collar  
But Like A Dream I'm Flowing Without No Stopping  
Sweeter Than A Cherry Pie With Ready Whip Topping  
Goin' From Mic To Mic Kickin' It Wall To Wall  
Well I'll Be Calling Out You People Like A Casting Call  
Well It's Wack When You're Jacked In The Back Of A Ride  
With Your Know With Your Flow When You're Out Getting By  
Believe Me What You See Is What You Get  
And You See Me I'm Coming Off As You Can Bet  
Well I Think I'm Losing My Mind This Time  
This Time I'm Losing My Mind  
That's Right, Said I Think I'm Losing My Mind This Time  
This Time I'm Losing My Mind

Yeh, You Can't Front On That

But Little Do You Know About Something That I Talk About  
I'm Tired Of Driving It's Due Time That I Walk About  
But In The Meantime, I'm Wise To The Demise  
I've Got Eyes In The Back Of My Head So I Realize  
Well I'm Dr. Spock I'm Here To Rock Y'All  
I Want You Off The Wall If You're Playing The Wall  
I said What'cha Want  
Y'All Suckers Write Me Checks And Then They Bounce  
So I Reach Into My Pocket For The Fresh Amount  
See I'm The Long Leaner Vincent The Cleaner  
I'm The Illest Motherfucker From Here To Gardena  
I'm As Cool As A Cucumber In A Bowl Of Hot Sauce  
You've Got The Rhyme And Reason But No Cause  
Well If You're Hot To Trot You Think You're Slicker Than Grease  
I've Got News For You Crews You'll Be Sucking Like A Leach

You Can't Front On That  
So What'cha Want