## The Beastie Boys, Putting Shame In Your Game

Beatsie Beatsie Boys gettin live on the spot Puttin all kinds of shame in the game you got We keep the party movin to the broad day light g.e.t.l.i.v.e. alright Transhypnotic robotic can't stop it No limits to this style you know you can't lock it First you mock it, rock it and then you stock it But I've got the styles that are always in the pocket Like a bird floating down on a New York breeze Every thought in the mind is a planted seed So watch the mind or the thoughts will stack Before you know it they're boomeranging on back I'm the king of boogle there is none higher I get 11 points off the word quagmire Fools can't see me and that's how it is And that's how I like it cause that's my biz Beatsie Beatsie Boys gettin live on the spot Puttin all kinds of shame in the game you got We keep the party movin to the broad day light g.e.t.l.i.v.e. alright

Time's an illusion as the moments race by Too fast to really grasp though we may try Deny, till we die, ooh my my These thoughts that mislead and then multiply Second by second and minute by minute It's like lotto you gotta be in it to win it Shakin mind breakin on their own demise Lies tax to the max and they'll be feelin those vibes So tell me what you need that you have got Fiending on power will make your blood clot It starts with the greed and then goes all wrong That's why we can't all just get along We're all connected like a Leggo set One equaling one together like a croquette Whether we have or have not yet met It ain't no thing and it ain't no sweat Beatsie Beatsie Boys gettin live on the spot Puttin all kinds of shame in the game you got We keep the party movin to the broad day light g.e.t.l.i.v.e. alright

You're caught in a panic and it's rattled your brain The selfish ways just can't maintain But these are the breaks when you try and come fake Don't come with the rhymes that you just half baked I'm the Benihana chef on the SP12 I chop the fuck out the beats left on the shelf You be like hello nasty where you been It's time you brought the grimy beats out the dungeon I jumped outside the house with my Walkman on I get so hyped when I hear this song It's gonna keep me happy like all day long So go and talk shit cause it just makes me strong Don't grease my palm with your filthy cash Multinationals spreading like a rash I might stick around or I might be a fad But I won't sell my songs for no TV ad Beatsie Beatsie Boys gettin live on the spot Puttin all kinds of shame in the game you got We keep the party movin to the broad day light g.e.t.l.i.v.e. alright Junior