

# The Beastie Boys, Rhymin' And Stealin'

Because mutiny on the bounty's what we're all about  
I'm gonna board your ship and turn it on out  
No soft sucker with a parrot on his shoulder  
'Cause I'm bad gettin' bolder - cold getting colder  
Terrorizing suckers on the seven seas  
And if you've got beef - you'll get capped in the knees  
We got sixteen men on a dead man's chest  
And I shot those suckers and I'll shoot the rest

Chorus:  
Most illingest b-boy - I got that feeling  
Cause I am most ill and I'm rhymin' and stealin'

Snatching gold chains - vicking pieces of eight  
I got your money and your honey and the fly name plate  
We got wenchies on the benches - and bitties with titties  
Housing all girlies from city to city  
One for all and all for one  
Taking out M.C.'s with a big shotgun  
All for one and one for all  
Because the Beastie Boys have gone A.W.O.L.  
Friggin' in the riggin' and cuttin' your throat  
Big biting suckers getting thrown in the moat  
We got maidens and wenchies - man they're on the ace  
Captain Bly is gonna die when we break his face

(Chorus)

Ali Baba and the forty thieves

Torching and crakin' and rhymin' and stealin'  
Robbin' and raping - busting two in the ceiling  
I'm wheeling' - I'm dealin' - I'm drinking, not thinking  
Never cower, never shower - and I'm always stinking  
Yo ho ho and a pint of Brass Monkey  
And when my girlie shakes her hips - she sure gets funky  
Skirt chasing, free basing - killing every village  
We drink and rob and rhyme and pillage

(Chorus)

I've been drinking my rum - a Def son of a gun  
I fought the law and I cold won  
Black Beard's weak - Moby Dick's on the tick  
'Cause I pull out my jammy and squeeze off six  
My pistol is loaded - I shot Betty Crocker  
Deliver Colonel Sanders down to Davey Jones' locker  
Rhymin' and stealin' in a drunken state  
And I'll be rockin' my rhymes all the way to Hell's gate

(Chorus)