

The Beastie Boys, Sure Shot

'Cause you can't, you won't and you don't stop
'Cause you can't, you won't and you don't stop
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Mike D come on and rock the sure shot

I've got the brand new doodoo
Guaranteed like Yoohoo
I'm on like Dr John, yeah Mr Zu Zu
I'm a newlywed, not a divorcee
And everything I do is funky like Lee Dorsey
Well it's the taking of the Pelham, one, two, three
If you want a doodoo rhyme then come see me
I've got the savoir-faire with the unique rhyme and
I keep it on and on, it's never quitting time and
Strictly hand held is the style I go
Never rock the mic with the pantyhose
I strap on my ear goggles and I'm ready to go
'Cause at the boards is the man they call Mario
Pull up at the function and you know I'm Kojak
To all the party people that are on my Balzac
I've got more action than my man John Woo
And I've got mad hits like I was Rod Carew

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Ad Rock come and rock the sure shot

Hurricane'll cross fade your ass and bust your ear drums
Listen everybody 'cause I'm shifting gears I'm
Fresh like Dougie when I set my specs and
On the microphone I come correct
Timing like a clock when I rock the hip hop
Top notch is my stock on the soapbox
I've got more rhymes than I've got gray hairs
And that's a lot because I've got my share
I've got a hole in my head and there's no one to fix it
Got to straighten my thoughts, I'm thinking too much sick shit
Everyone just takes and takes, takes, takes, takes
I've got to step back, I've got to contemplate
I'm like Lee Perry, I'm very
On rock the microphone and then I'm gone
I'm like Vaughn Bode, I'm a Cheech Wizard
Never quitting, so won't you listen

Ah yes indeed it's fun time
'Cause you can't, you won't and you don't stop
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'Cause you can't, you won't and you don't stop
MCA come and rock the sure shot

I want to say a little something that's long overdue
The disrespect to women has got to be through
To all the mothers and the sisters and the wives and friends
I want to offer my love and respect to the end
Well you say I'm twenty-something and I should be slacking
But I'm working harder than ever and you could call it macking
So I'm supposed to sit upon my couch watching my TV
I'm still listening to wax, I'm not using the CD
Well I'm that kid in the corner
All fucked up and I wanna so I'm gonna
Take a piece of the pie, why not, I'm not quittin'
Think I'm gonna change up my style just to fit in
I keep my underwear up with a piece of elastic

I use a bullshit mic that's made out of plastic
To send my rhymes out to all the nations
Like Ma Bell, I've got the ill communications

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