

# The Beastie Boys, The New Style

And on the cool check in  
Center stage on the mic  
And we're puttin' it on wax  
It's the new style

Four and three and two and one (What up!)  
And when I'm on the mic - the suckers run (Word!)  
Down with Adrock and Mike D. and you ain't  
And I got more juice than Picasso got paint  
Got rhymes that are rough and rhymes that are slick  
I'm not surprised you're on my dick  
B-E-A-S-T-I-E, what up Mike D.  
Ah yeah, that's me  
I got franks and pork and beans  
Always bust the new routines  
I get it - I got it, I know it's good  
The rhymes I write - you wish you would I'm never in training - my voice is not straining  
People always biting and I'm sick of complaining  
So I went into the locker room during classes  
Went into your locker and I smashed your glasses  
You're from Secausus - I'm from Manhattan  
You're jealous of me because your girlfriend is cattin'

(bridge) There it is - kick it!!!

Father to many - married to none  
And in case you're unaware I carry a gun  
Stepped into the party - the place was over packed  
Saw the kid that dissed my homey and shot him in the back  
I had to get a beeper 'cause my phone is tapped  
You better keep your mouth shut 'cause I'm fully strapped  
I got money in the bank - I can still get high  
That's why your girlfriend thinks that I'm so fly  
I've got money and juice - twin sisters in my bed  
Their father had envy so I shot him in the head  
If I played guitar I'd be Jimmy Page  
The girlie's I like are underage (Check it!)  
Girls with boyfriends are the kind I like  
I'll steal your honey like I stole your bike  
Your father - he's jealous 'cause I'm making that green  
I've got the girlie's numbers from the places I been

(repeat bridge)

You wanna know why - because I'm  
October 31st - that is my date of birth  
I got to the party and I did the Smurf  
Taxing all females from coast to coast  
And when I get my fill I'm chilly most  
We rag-tag girlies back at the hotel  
And then we all switch places when I ring the bell  
I chill at White Castle 'cause it's the best  
But I'm fly at Fat Burger when I way out west  
K-I-N-G-A-D whammy  
All the fly ladies are on my jammy  
Went to the prom - wore the fly blue rental  
Got six girlies in my Lincoln Continental  
Met this girl at the party and she started to flirt  
I told her some rhymes and she pulled up her skirt  
Spent some bank - I got a high powered jumbo  
Rolled up a wooly and I watched Colombo

Let me clear my throat - Kick it over here baby pop  
And let all the fly skimmies, feel the beat...drop

Coolin' on the corner on a hot summer day  
Just me, my posse and M.C.A.  
A lot of beer - a lot of girls - and a lot of cursing  
Twenty-two automatic on my person  
Got my hand in my pocket and my finger's on the trigger  
My posse's gettin' big - and my posse's gettin' bigger  
Some voices got treble - some voices got bass  
We got the kind of voices that are in your face  
Like the bun to the burger - like the burger to the bun  
Like the cherry to the apple - to the peach to the plum  
I'm the king of the Ave. - and I'm the king of the block  
I'm M.C.A. - and I'm the King Adrock  
I'm Mike D. - I got all the fly juice  
On the checkin' at the party on the forty deuce  
Walking down the block with the fresh fly threads  
Beastie Boys fly the biggest heads