

Beastie Boys, Alive

I've never been more ready in my entire life
To do this right now
Never
It's all been leading up to this moment
All right now right here
My whole life..
Right here

We got rhyme selections in a wide array
J'ai des bonbons pour vous manger
The party people scream, "oui oui, c'est vrai"
'Cause I got a remote for my bidet
Now A-D-R-O-C-K
I use the microphone like Picasso used clay
Down with freckles from around the way
Peace to Bambata and jazzy jay
I rock on the mic from here to Bombay
I give it my best and say come with may
'Cause everybody's got their dues to pay
I'm looking sideways like my man Pele
Gettin' on like Ali boom ba yay
So fed up with racism today
It's time to speak up and not turn away
Make the sun shine when it's cloudy and gray

Dip dip dive so-socialize
Open up your ears and clean out your eyes
If you learn to love you're in for a surprise
It could be nice to be alive

I'm taking doody rhymes to the brand new height
I shine on the mic like UltraBrite
Created a monster with these rhymes I write
Goatee metal rap please say goodnight
Now here's a little something that you might not like
My DJ's name is Mix Master Mike
It's a real pity that you people got to bite
But i could understand 'cause it sounds so nice
Reading you the news 'cause I'm Country Mike
Use a microphone like Shazam uses tights
Try to keep clear of that hate and spite
So I keep my mind still like the still of night
Now who in the world do you want to fight
It's against the system we should unite
Homophobics ain't alright
If you learn to love then you might love life

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"Bring it back that old New York rap"
"Bring it back that old New York rap"
"Bring it-Bring it back that old New York rap"
"Bring it-Bring it back that-Bring it-Bring it back that"
"Bring it-Bring it back that old New York rap"
"Bring it back that old New York rap"
"Bring it-Bring it back that-Bring it-Bring it back that"
"Bring it-Bring it back that old New York rap"

Well you can shuffel number but facts is facts
So many billionaires while so many lacks
So before the poor decide to react

Well Come on party people and share up your stacks
Now i'm a break it down to the brass tacks
Do the Biz Mark dance and the cabbage patch
You try to turn the key but then you broke the latch
Sneak into my files for some rhymes to snatch
I'd like to have a say i'm the income tax
Don't wanna help build bombs and that's the facts
No money for health care so what's the catch
The man got you locked with no key to the latch
Mike and Adam have got my back
You bring the mics and we'll bring the rap
Turn on the P.A. and rock your shack
Don't smoke cheeba can't stand crack

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