

Beastie Boys, Dope Little Song

It's like that y'all and you don't quit (x4)
Like Frankenstein or Count Dracula
I grab the mic and then I f**k it up
I never settle for less and that's a fact
I'm lettin' you know we not the wack wack
We're nice and all that (c'mon) and I'm a keep goin' (yup)
Bound to make money off the shit that I'm growing
Like that y'all and you don't quit
Keep it on y'all rock the sure shit
I put the pen to the paper and I went off
I'm dropping knowledge and wisdom like a mad head dog
Step into the function 'cause I'm representing
Lyrics on the brain and they sit fermenting
I try to go and learn the give and the go
Free up my mind let loose with the lyric flow
Trying to get frank get back, get back, right
Trying to stay positive and feeling allright
It's like that y'all and ya don't quit
So pass the pen and then pass the pad
Like DJ Run there was nothin' ever like (??)
The sex rhyme kid is back in the panic
Gonna drop the ball on my damn mechanic
F**kin' up my Nova, (naw) f**kin' up my life, (shit)
F**kin' with my world, cause he's f**kin' with the pipe (aw damn)
Like the saying goes, you gotta call and duke it off
Ask Juanito, he'll tell you all about it
Gettin' rhymed in the mind, two hits in a car
Put my pager on private, jerk myself off,
Weight on my shoulders and now I'm stressin'
Gotta get back and count my blessings
Stuck on my cellular, I can't get off
This ride is in motion and I can't get let off
Get my penis stuck __(? in crack?)__ and my balls rotated
Realized I was trying to get my brain notated
It's like that y'all and ya don't quit (x4)