

# Beastie Boys, Flowin' Prose

I'm flowing prose to cons and cons to pros  
I'm scheming rhyme against reason like it was flow against know  
But beyond the concepts and emotions that rise  
To the interconnectedness that underlies  
The lies upon lies have lost their meaning  
The plies upon plies of consciousness that is being  
Over and over, I fall, I learned to walk from a crawl  
It's not sad, it's just the way and the purpose of it all  
Now every word that you heard that I said that you felt  
Was put in place in the space as they were shuffled and dealt  
I steal feels from reels but I pay my respects  
Paying compliments and disses and deciphering affects  
Words are water as I court her, as she is pristine  
Words and mics fall to dust and all that's left is the feelings  
I give in and I win I try to never complain  
Intentions venture to center and then, they set the stage  
But I'll remain sane making gain without pain  
Staining trains with names and driving lanes to the refrain  
And keep it positive as pains taking as it is  
I'll never turn back 'cause that's the way I've got to live  
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So like a cloud carries rain, I'm gonna carry my rhyme  
Coming like thunder with lightning timing  
No hesitation in gestation of thoughts and plans  
Ferment time like wine, no ploys or scams  
Like the islands dot the oceans in the endless seas  
Ideas coming to me in answer to my pleas  
Woke up this morning right out of a dream  
Reached for my pen and pad because my mind  
Was on a rhyme scheme  
What can I do with these bones and flesh?  
With these animated thoughts in a world repressed?  
I'm going down like the rhythms on the winds of change  
I'm keeping calm under pressure like a deep-sea range  
I'm flowing prose to cons and cons to pros  
I'm like Toucan Sam when I follow my nose  
I'm giving shouts to Gandhi, Gravy and King  
His Holiness and all enlightened beings  
I'll be the one who screams it on the microphone  
I'll be the one who brings it inside your home  
But the words ain't mine, I just pass 'em along  
For Betty Williams and her friends, I sing this song  
And more ink from my pen and more tears from my eyes  
And more crimes are committed as I say these lines