

Beastie Boys, Get It Together (beastie Boys/j. Davis)

Beastie Boys

Ill Communication

Get It Together (beastie Boys/j. Davis)

1-2 1-2 keep it on

Listen to the shit because we kick it until dawn

Listen to the abstract got it going on

Listen to the ladies come on and let me spawn

All your eggs then you go up the river

Listen to the abstract that freaky nigger

I'm ad rock and i shock and i tick and i tock

And i can't stop with the body rock

See i've got heart like john stark

Hitting mad sparks

Pass me the mic

And i'll be rocking the whole park

I'm the m to the c to the a and it's a must

The rhymes that we bust on the topic on lust

And my moms is not butt, but fuck it

Let me get down to the rhythm

Yes i'm getting funky and i'm shooting all my jism

Like john holmes, the x-rated nigger

Listen to the shit 'cause i'm the ill figure

Nobody's getting any bigger than this

Get it together, get it together

Phone is ringing, oh my god

Get it together

See what's happening

Ad rock down with the ione

Listen to the shit because both of them is boney

Got to do it like this like chachi and joanie

Because she's the cheese and i'm the macaroni

So why all the fight and why all the fuss

Becasue i ain't got no dust

Yea, you know i'm getting silly

I've got a grandma hazel and a grandma tilly

Grand royal prez and i'm also a member

Born on the cusp in the month of november

I do the patty duke in case you don't remember

Well, i freak a funky beat like the shit was in a blender

Well, i'm long gone word is born

Don't need a mother fucking fool telling me right from wrong

I don't think i'm slick nor do i play like i'm hard

But i'm a drive the lane like i was evan bernhard

And i've working on my game because life is taxing

Got to get it together and see what's happening

Get it together, get it together

Get it together

See what's happening

I go one two like my name was biz mark

But i had to do the shit just let me embark

On the lyric and the noun and the verb

Let's kick the shit off 'cause yo, i'm not the herb

Well, it's not the herb but the spice with the flavor to spare

The moog with the funk for your derriere

While we're on that topic, yes i like to mention

When it comes to boning i'm representing

Spacing, zoning, talkin' on the phone and
My brain is roaming and i don't know where it's going
Talking lots of shit a little tweaking on the weekend
I've got to get him by the reigns because i know that i'm freaking
Well, i'm a funky skull and i'm a scorio
And when i get my flow i'm dr on the go
So q-tip, what you on the mic for
Because i had to talk about the times that i rhyme
And when m.c.s come in my face, i'm like mace
Because i back them off with the quills
Nigger 'cause i tell you, nigger 'cause i'll keep you under prills
Resting on nine one one sixteenth ave off the farmes boulevard
I'm from manhattan m.c.a.'s from brooklyn
Yea, m.c.a., your shit be cooking
Praying mantis on the court and i can't be beat
So, yo tip, what's up with the boot on your feet
I've got the timbos on the toes and this is how it goes
Oh one two, oh my god
One two, oh my god, i've got some shit
I've got the kung fu grip behind my green trap kit
Never ever ever smoking crack
Never ever ever fucking wack
I eat the fuckin' pineapple now & later
Listen to me now, don't listen to me later
Fuck it 'cause i know i didn't make it fuckin' rhyme for real
But, yo technically i'm as hard as steel
Gonna get it together, watch it, gonna get it together ma bell
I'm like ma bell, i've got the ill communications