

Beastie Boys, Rhymin' & Stealin'

Because mutiny on the bounty's what we're all about
I'm gonna board your ship and turn it on out
No soft sucker with a parrot on his shoulder
'Cause I'm bad gettin' bolder - cold getting colder
Terrorizing suckers on the seven seas
And if you've got beef - you'll get capped in the knees
We got sixteen men on a dead man's chest
And I shot those suckers and I'll shoot the rest

Most illingest b-boy - I got that feeling
Cause I am most ill and I'm rhymin' and stealin'

Snatching gold chains - vicking pieces of eight
I got your money and your honey and the fly name plate
We got wenchies on the benches - and bitties with titties
Housing all girlies from city to city
One for all and all for one
Taking out M.C.'s with a big shotgun
All for one and one for all
Because the Beastie Boys have gone A.W.O.L.
Friggin' in the riggin' and cuttin' your throat
Big biting suckers getting thrown in the moat
We got maidens and wenchies - man they're on the ace
Captain Bly is gonna die when we break his face

Most illingest b-boy - I got that feeling
Cause I am most ill and I'm rhymin' and stealin'

Ali Baba and the forty thieves
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Torching and crakin' and rhymin' and stealin'
Robbin' and raping - busting two in the ceiling
I'm wheeling' - I'm dealin' - I'm drinking, not thinking
Never cower, never shower - and I'm always stinking
Yo ho ho and a pint of Brass Monkey
And when my girlie shakes her hips - she sure gets funky
Skirt chasing, free basing - killing every village
We drink and rob and rhyme and pillage

Most illingest b-boy - I got that feeling
Cause I am most ill and I'm rhymin' and stealin'

I've been drinking my rum - a Def son of a gun
I fought the law and I cold won
Black Beard's weak - Moby Dick's on the tick
'Cause I pull out my jammy and squeeze off six
My pistol is loaded - I shot Betty Crocker
Deliver Colonel Sanders down to Davey Jones' locker
Rhymin' and stealin' in a drunken state
And I'll be rockin' my rhymes all the way to Hell's gate

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Yeah