Beastie Boys, Shadrach

Riddle me this brother can you handle it
Your style to my style you can't hold a candle to it
Equinox symmetry and the balance is right
Smokin' and drinkin' on a Tuesday night
It's not how you play the game it's how you win it
I cheat and steal and sin and I'm a cynic
For those about to rock we salute you
The dirty thoughts for dirty minds we contribute to
I once was lost but now I'm found
The music washes over and you're one with the sound
Who shall inherit the earth the meek shall
I think I'm starting to peak now Al
And then the man upstairs well I hope that he cares
If I had a penny for my thoughts I'd be a millionaire
We're just 3 M.C.'s and we're on the go
SHADRACH MESACH ABEDNAGO

Only 24 hours in a day
Only 12 notes a man can play
Music for all and not just one people
And now we're gonna bust with the Putney Swope sequel
More Adidas sneakers that a plumber got pliers
Got more suites that Jacoby & Meyers
If not for my vices my bugged out desires
My year would be good just like Goodyear's tires
So I'm out pickin' pockets at the Atlantic Antic
And nobody wants to hear you cause your rhymes are so frantic
I mix business with pleasure way too much
I mean wine and women and song and such
I don't get blue I gotta mean red streak
You don't pay the band your friends and that's weak
Get even like Steven like pulling a Rambo
SHADRACH MESACH ABEDNAGO

Steal from the rich and I'm out robbing banks
Give to the poor and I always give thanks
Got more stories that J.D. got Salinger
I hold the title and you are the challenger
I've got money like Charles Dickens
Got the girlies in the Coupe like the Colonel's got the chickens
Always go out dapper like Harry S. Truman
I'm madder than Mad's Alfred E. Newman
Never gonna let them say that I don't love you

My noggin is hoggin all kinds of thoughts
Adam Yoggin is Yauch and he's rockin of course
Smoke the holy chalice got my own religion
Rally round the stage and check the funky dope musicians
Jerry Lee Swaggert or Jerry Lee Falwell
You love Mario Andretti cause he always drives his car well
Vicious circle of reality since the day you were born
And we love the hot butter on what the popcorn
Sippin on wine and mackin
Rockin on the stage with all the hands clappin
Ride the wave of fate it don't ride me
Being very proud to be an M.C.
And the man upstairs I hope that he cares
If I had a penny for my thoughts I'd be a millionaire
Amps and crossovers under my rear hood
The bass is bumpin from the back of my Fleetwood
They tell us what to do hell no
SHADRACH MESACH ABEDNAGO