

The Beastie Boys, 3 Minute Rule

I stay up all night I go to sleep watchin' Dragnet
Never sleep alone because Jimmy is the magnet
I'm so rope they call me Mr. Roper
When the troubles arise you know I'm the cool coper
On the mic I score just like the Yankees
Get over on Ms. Crabtree like my main man Spankee
Excuse me young lady I don't mean to trouble ya
But you're looking so fly inside your B.M.W.
I got lucky I brought home the kitten
Before I got busy I schlepped on the mitten
Can't get better odds because I'm a sure thing
Proud Mary keeps on turning and rolling like a Ring Ding
Jump the turnstile never pay the tool
Doo wa diddy and bust with the pre-roll
Customs jailed me over an herb seed
Don't rat on your boy over some rat weed
I'm outta your back door I'm into another
Your boyfriend doesn't know about me and you're mother
Not perfect grammar always perfect timing
The Mike stands for money and the D. is for diamonds

Roses are red the sky is blue
I got my barrel at your neck so what the fuck you gonna' do
It's just two wheels and me the wind in my eyes
The engine is the music and my nine's by my side
Cause you know why a you see H.
I'm takin' all M.C.'s out in the place
Takin' life as it comes no fool am I
I'm goin' off gettin' paid and I don't ask why
Playin' beats on my box makin' music for the many
Know alot def girls that'll do anything
A lot of parents like to think I'm a villain
I'm just chillin' like Bob Dylan
Yea I smoke cheeba it helps me with my brain
I might be a little dusted but I'm not insane
People come up to me and they try to talk shit man
I was making records when you were sucking on your mother's dick

Girl you're walking tall now in your fancy clothes
You got fancy things their going up your nose
You gettin' fancy gifts from expensive men
You're a dog on a leash like a pig in a pen
Mothership connection getting girl's affection
If your life needs correction don't follow my direction
You got your 8 by 10 your agent your Harley
You be driving around Hollywood with yo sorry charlie
Cause I'm running things like some Mack motherfucker
You slipin' you slackin' cause you're a false fake sucker
You slip you slack you clock me and you lack
While I'm reading on the road by my man Jack Kerouac
Poetry in motion coconut lotion
Had to diss the girl because she got too emotional
Are you experienced little girl
I want to know what goes on in your little girl world
Cause I'm on your mind It's hard to forget me
I'll take your pride for a ride if you let me
So peace out ya'll, a PCP song out
Full throttle to the bottle and full full clout
And I'm out...
"Waa.."