

The Beastie Boys, B-Boy Bouillabaisse

[59 Chrystie Street]

There's a girl over there
With long brown hair
I took her to the place
I threw the mattress in her face
Took off her shirt
Took off her bra
Took off her pants
You know what I saw

[Get On the Mic]

Get on the mic Mike let's be real and don't cloud the issue
The rhymes are dope an M.C. you must listen to
People say that they been missin' me and missin' you
Get on the mic and let's show them like we used to
You say fuck that yo holmes fuck this
The king Ad-Whammy your Dick Butkus
One half science and the other half soul
His name's Mike D. not Fat Morton Jelly Roll
M.C. Busy Le Disco fooled around in Fresno
Got over on your girlie cause you know she never says no
Well Mike D. is a special individual
Pulling out knots pulling in residuals
Go to the movies get the Rolos the cholos riding slow and low
Mike on the mic and bust with the solo
Mike my stromy don't be so selfish
Get on the mic cause you know you eat shellfish

[Stop That Train]

It's 4:00 a.m. I've got the Dr. Hfuhruhurr Ale
I've got nothing to lose so I'm pissin' on the third rail
Groggy eyed and fried I'm headed for the station
D-Train ride to Coney Island vacation
Dedicated to the boofers in the back of the 1 train
They'll be kicking out windows high on cocaine
Then I ump the turnstyle I lost my last token
Riding between the cars pissing smoking
Head for the last car fluorescent light blackout
Policeman told my homeboy put that crack out
You know you light up when the lights go down
Then you read the New York Post Fulton St. downtown
Same faces every day but you don't know their names
Party people going placed on the D-Train

Trench coat wing tip going to work
And you'll be pulling a train like Captain Kirk
Pick pocket gangsters paying their debts
I caught a bullet in the lung from Bernie Goetz
Overworked and underpaid staring at the floor
Prostitutes spandex caught in the slide doors
Stuck between the stations it seems like an eternity
Sweating like sardines in a flophouse fraternity
\$50.00 fine for disturbing the peace
The neck tortoise your Lees are creased
Hot cup of coffee and the donuts are Dunkin
Friday night and Jamaica Queens funkin
Elevated platform never gonna conform
Riding over the diner where I always get my toast warm

Bust into the conductor's booth and busted out rhymes
Over the loud speaker about the hard times
Sat across from a man readin El Diario
Riding the train down from El Barrio
Went from the station straight to Orange Julius
I bought a hot dog from my man George Drakoulis

[Year and a Day]

M.C. for what I AM and do
the A is for Adam and the lyrics; true
so as pray and hope and the message is sent
and I AM living in the dreams that I have dreamt
because I'm down with the three the unstoppable three
me and Adam and D. were born to M.C.
and my body and soul and mind are pure
not polluted or diluted or damaged beyond cure
just lyrics from I to you recited
arrested, bailed but cuffed and indicted
enter the arena as I take center stage
the lights set low and the night has come of age
take the microphone in hand as that I am a professional
speak my knowledge to the crowd and the ed. is special
for I AM a bard but not the last one
I'm my own king and this is my castle
dwell in realms of now but vidi those of the past
seen a glimpse from ahead and I don't think it's gonna last
and you can bet your ass

I drop the L. when I'm skiing
I'm smoking and peaking
I put the skis on the roof almost every single weekend
can't stop the mindfuck when it's rolling along
can't stop the smooth runnin's when the shit's running strong
broke my bindings the lion with wings
preaching his word in the B. Boy sing
I AM one with myself as I turn to The
I prefer the dreams to reality
I prefer my life don't need no other man's wife
don't need no crazy lifestyle with stress and strife
but it's good to have turn to be a king for a day
or for a week or for a year or for a year in a day
come what may

I'm fishing with my boat and I'm fishing for trout
mix the Bass Ale with the Guinness Stout
fishing for a line inside my brain
and looking out at the world through my window pane
every day has many colors cuz the glass is stained
everything has changed but remains the same
so once again the mirror raised and I see myself as clear as day
and I AM going to the limits of my ultimate destiny
feeling as though Somebody were testing me
He who sees the end from the beginning of time
looking forward through all the ages is, was and always shall be
check the prophetic sections of the pages

He goes by the name of Disco Dave

[Hello Brooklyn]

Hello Brooklyn

New York New York it's a hell of a town
The Bronx is up and I'm Brooklyn down
They don't know my name they only know my initials
Building bombs in the attic for elected officials
I quit my job I cut my hair
I cut my boss cause I don't care
You tried to get slick you bust a little chuckle
You're gonna get smacked with my gold finger knuckle
Cause being as fly as me is something you never thought of
You'll be sticking up old ladies with the hand gun or the sawed-off
Like a buffalo soldier I'm broader than Broadway
Keep keepin' on I don't care what they say
I play my stereo loud it disturbs my neighbors
I want to enjoy the fruits of my labor
Cause I am the holder of the 3-pack Bonanza
If you open the book then you will get your hand slapped
I am the keeper of the 3-pack Bonanza
If you ask a question you will get the answer
Her breast I saw I reached I felt
M.O.N.E.Y. the belt
I stay at home just like a hermit
I got the jammy but I don't got the permit
Yes you got a boyfriend and indeed his name is Slick Nick
that is why Annabelle you're caught with the shrimpy limp dick trick
I ride around town cause my ride is fly
I shot a man in Brooklyn
(just to watch him die)

[Dropping Names]

He thrusts his fists against the post and still insists he sees a ghost
He thrusts his fists against the post and still insists he sees a ghost
She's slippin through his fingers as she's movin' out to the coast
He thrusts his fists against the post and still insists he sees a ghost

If your world was all black and if your world was all white
Then you wouldn't get much color out of life now right
Nicknamed Shamrock my name is not Shamus
Girlies on the tippy cause my homie is famous
My name is not O'Houigheighi Nor is it Brian
If I said that I was weak you know I'd be lyin'
Suckers try to bite they try to pursue it
(If you explain to a musician, he'll tell that he knows it but he just can't do it)

[Lay It On Me]

Chinese eyes and Chinese suits
Smokin' much Buddha and smokin' much boots
More updated on the hip-hop lingo
My favorite New York Knick was Hawthorne Wingo
Met a girl at a party and I gave her my card
You know that it said Napoleon Bonaparte
Peepin' out the colors I be buggin' on Cezanne
They call me Mike D Joe Blow the Lover Man
Your face turns red as your glass of wine
You spilled on my lyrics as you wasted my time
Girl you should be with me you should drop that bum
Cause I got more flavor than Fruit Striped Gum
With that big round butt of yours
I'd like to butter your muffin I'm not bluffin'
Serve you on a platter like Thanksgiving stuffin'

[Mike On the Mic]

Here's another one for y'all to peep
It's called M-I-K-E on the M-I-C

I met this girl last night with a peculiar cackle
I laid the bait and then she took the tackle
Had too much to drink at the Red Lobster
Now the room is spinning around like the blades of a helicopter
I never met a girl that was too finicky
If the press has their way then they're going to finish me
You might know this but you've never been this see
If I ate spinach then I'd be called Spinach D
I shed light like cats shed fur
Ride around town like Raymond Burr
I'm so high that they call me Your Highness
If you don't know me then pardon my shyness
I live in the Village wherever I go I walk to
I keep my friends around so I have someone to talk to
I play my music loud because you know it's got clout to it
(It's a trip; it's got a funky beat, and I can bug out to it)

[AWOL]

Take the "A" train!

When Mike D's in the house what you gonna' do
I go A.W.O.L.
Adrock's in the house what you gonna' do
I go A.W.O.L.
When MCA's in the house what you gonna' do
I go A.W.O.L.
When Hurricane's in the house what you gonna' do
He goes A.W.O.L.
St. James in the house what you gonna' do
Home-1 what you gonna' do
Got busy in the house what you gonna' do
Dust Brothers in the house what you gonna' do
Mario G. in the house what you gonna' do
Lou Gains in the house what you gonna' do
Hollis Crew what you gonna' do
John Mish in the house what you gonn'a do
Killa Cutty in the house what you gonna' do
Jazzy J. in the house
Bad Brains in the house
Richard Consen's in the house
yo Good night Amsterdam!