

The Beastie Boys, B-Boys Makin' With The Freak

B-boys makin' with the freak, freak (4X)
Oh yeah, somethin' brand new, for you
Yeah, yeah, puttin' songs together
Ain't no puzzle like yahtzee
Sending this one out to K-Rob and Rahmalzee
Now let me introduce myself on this cut
I'm AD Rock I'm lit, like a motherfuck
Well I'm brewin' up rhymes like I was usin' a still
I've got an old school flow like Mike McGill
This yacht's on the upright, this shit just ain't funny
Got fat bass lines like Russel Simmons steals money
I've got clientele you know I rock well
And then you're on my dick because I'm D.F.L.
Yeah Mike, cause playin' the bass is my favorite shit
Might be a hack on the stand up, but I'm workin' at it
I got my hair cut correct like Anthony Mason
Then I ride the I.R.T. right up to Penn Station
Yeah, uh Penn Station up on 8th ave.
Listen all a 'yall, you'll get the ball bath
He's got the savior faire because he's debonair
Mike D with the vinyl and the grooves so rare
And the rhymes that we're makin' are doo doo

B-boys makin' with the freak, freak (3X)
Shit, if it's gonna be that kinda party
I'm gonna stick my dick in the mash potatoes
Ah ha ha!!!
B-boys makin' with the freak, freak

Been makin' with the freak, freak so unique
I've been learner from the elders now it's time to speak
Ohh (echoing)
That shit sounds nice
Mike D come on and get it on y'all
Talkin' shit about a mile a minute
Put the wax on the table, let the DJ spin it
Well excuse me motherfuckers, can I beg your pardon
I'm gonna see the Knicks up at Madison Square Garden
Like the Knicks, I got game like I worked at Hasbro
On the mic I bug, like I was Prince Jazzbo
And the rhymes are stupid to make you go coo-coo
You can't sleep cause you're Cindy Loo Hoo
Down with the Hurra since the Raisin' Hell Tour
Just listen to his cuts, there's no reason to tell more
Yeah, Cindy what, I didn't catch that last one
That shit sounded nice, but bust a fast one
Well I'm not known for my speed raps
So grab the microphone and cut out the claps
Ah yeah, I like that shit it's kinda rough
I grab the microphone and fuck it up!
Aiy (echoing)

Player, I might seem out there
Just a little deranged
I've gotta cool off, catch me at the drivin' range
Well I'm the ladies choice like I was J.J. Evans
Legalize the weed and I'll say thank heavens
I'm talkin' PGA Pro Tour 2
Dr. Beeper's on the TV in my golfin' shoes
Pass me an iron and I'll bust a chip shot
Then you throw me off the greens cause I'm strictly hip-hop
I'll grab the tee, I'll tee off
I'll grab the golf clubs and I'm off, I'm outti, so check me
I've got the timbos on my toes when I'm not on the green

I've got custom made boots with the spikey things
I'm workin' on my drivin' cause I'm goin' pro
I've got that funky fly golf gear from head to toe
Yeah, B-Boys, makin' with the freak freak, with the freak freak
Mario's callin' Nonny 'bout the pesto pizza
And then he's on a mission and he's checkin' for Peacha
B-boys makin' with the freak, freak (4X)