

The Beastie Boys, So What'cha Want

Well just plug me in like I was Eddie Harris
You're eatin' crazy cheeze like you would think I'm from Paris
You know I get fly, you think I get high
You know that I'm gone and I'm 'a tell you all why
So tell me-who are you dissin'? Maybe I'm missin'
the reason that you're Smilin' or wildin' so listen
In my head I just wanna take 'em down
Imagination set loose and I'm gonna shake 'em down
Let it flow like a mudslide
When I get on I like to ride and glide
I got depth of perception in my text y'all
I get props at my mention cause I vex y'all
So whatcha whatcha whatcha want
I get so funny with with the money that ya flaunt
I said where'd you get your information from huh?
You think that you can front when revelation comes?

Yeah, you can't front on that

Well they call me Mike D the ever lovin' man
I'm like Spooky G well I'm the metropolitian
You scream and you holla 'bout my Chevy Impala
But the sweat is gettin' wet around the ring around your collar
Like a dream I'm flowing without no stoppin'
Sweeter than a cherry pie with Ready Whip toppin'
Goin' from Mic to Mic kickin' it wall to wall
Well I'll be callin' out you people like a casting call
Well it's whack when you're jacked in the back of a ride
With your know with your flow when you're out gettin' by
Believe me what you see is what you get
And you see me I'm comin' off as you can bet
Well I think I'm losin' my mind this time
This time I'm losin' my mind that's right I said
I think I'm losin' my mind this time this time
I'm losin' my mind

Yeah, you can't front on that

But little do you know about somethin' that I talk about
I'm tired of drivin' it's due time that I walk about
But in the mean time I'm wise to the demise
I've got eyes in the back of my head so I realize
Well I'm doctor Spock I'm here to rock y'all
I want you off the wall if you're playin' the wall
I said whatcha whatcha whatcha want
I said whatcha whatcha whatcha want
You suckers write me checks and then they bounce
So I reach into my pocket for the fresh amount
See I'm the long leaner Victor the Cleaner
I'm the illest mutha fucka from here to Gardena
I'm as cool as a cucumber in a bowl a hot sauce
You got the rhyme and reason but got no cause
Well if you're hot to trot you think you're slicker than grease
I got news for you crews you'll be suckin' like a leech

Yeah, you can't front on that

So whatcha whatcha whatcha want