

Beastie Boys

"B-Boy Bouillabaisse"

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(A) 59 Christie 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 that I saw

A wick-wick-wack

(B) Get On The Mic

One, two

Right about now I'd like to dedicate a song
Out to my main homie, Mike D

Alright, lets kick it
Ready, go

Get on the mic
Get get on the mic
Just 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 be 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
I'm the king Ad-Whammy, you're Dick Butkus
One half science, and another half soul
Nicknamed Mike D, not Fat Morton Jelly Roll

Got busy in 'Frisco, fooled around in Fresno
Got over on your girlie 'cause you know she never says
no

So just get on the mic
Just get on the mic
Get get on the mic
Get on the mic, Mike

Well Mike D is a special individual
Pulling out knots, and 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

At the fever

(C) Stop That Train

It's 4:00 AM, I've got the Dr. Hfuhruhurr Ale
I've got nothing to lose, and so I'm pissin' on the third
rail
Groggy eyed and fried, and I'm headed for the station
D-Train ride the Coney Island vacation

This one's dedicated to the boofers in the back of the 1
train
They'll be kicking out windows, high on cocaine
And then I jump the turnstyle I lost my last token
Riding between the cars, pissing, smoking

Head for the last car, fluorescent light blackout
Policeman tell my homeboy "Yo, put that crack out"
You know you light up when the lights go down
And then you read the New York Post, Fulton St.
downtown

Same faces every day but you don't know their names
Party people going places on the D-Train

{Stop that train, I wanna get off}

Check it

Trench coat wing tip going to work
And you be pulling a train like you're 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 sliding door

Now your stuck between the stations and it seems like
an eternity
Sweating like sardines in a flophouse fraternity

A \$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 funkinn'

Elevated platform, I'm 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 reading El Diario
Riding the train down from the El Barrio
Went from the station to Orange Julius
I bought a hot dog. From who? George Drakoulis

(D) Year And A Day

MC, 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 MC

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 the 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

I am the one and I am the master
I am the king and this is my castle
Dwell in realms of now but videos 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 the 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 and a day

Come what may

I'm fishing in 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 'cause 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 somewhere is 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

Easy rhyme for the Disco Dave
He goes by the name of Disco Dave

Disco Dave, Disco Dave, Disco Dave, Disco Dave
Disco Dave, Disco Dave, Disco Dave, Disco Dave
Disco Dave
Disco Dave

(E) Hello Brooklyn

Hello Brooklyn

New York, New York, it's a hell of a town
You know the Bronx is up, and I'm Brooklyn down
Because they don't know my name, only know my
initials
Building bombs in the attic for elected officials

I quit my job, I cut my hair

You know I cut my boss because 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 that you never
thought of
You'll be sticking up old ladies with the hand gun or the
sawed-off
I'm a buffalo soldier, broader than Broadway
Keep keepin' on, I don't care what they say

I play my stereo loud, I disturb 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, then you will get your 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

You know why?
You got a boyfriend and his name is Nick
Annabelle caught with the shrimpy limp dick
I ride around town cause my ride is fly
I shot a man in Brooklyn {just to watch him die}

(F) Dropping Names

(Take PCP)

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

Well if your world was all black, and if your world was
all white
When yhen you wouldn't get much color out of life now,
right?
I'm nicknamed Shamrock, but my name is not Shamus
Girlies on the tip because my homey is famous

My name is not O'Houigheighi, nor is it Brian
If I said that I was weak man, you know I'd be a lying
Suckers try to bite, they try to pursue it
{Yea explain to musician. Them knew it, but them can't
do it}

(G) Lay It On Me

Lay it on me now
Not so hard man

Yo, I got 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
Man 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

Well, your face turns as red as your glass of wine
That 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 Stripe 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'
Stuffin', stuffin'

Stuff it buddy

(H) Mike On the Mic

Here's another one for ya'll to peep
It's called MIKE on the MIC, see?

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've 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 to see
If I ate spinach I'd be called Spinach D

I shed light like cats shed fur
Ride around town like a Raymond Burr
I'm so high that they call me Your Highness
So 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}

(I) A.W.O.L

DJ Hurricane

When Mike D's in the house, whatchyu gonna do?
I go A.W.O.L.

Adrock's in the house, whatchyu gonna do?
I go A.W.O.L.

When MCA's in the house, whatchyu gonna do?
I go A.W.O.L.

When Hurricane's in the house, whatchyu gonna do?
He goes A.W.O.L.

Saint James in the house, whatchyu gonna do?
[Incomprehensible], whatchyu gonna do?
Got busy in the house, whatchyu gonna do?
Dust Brothers in the house, whatchyu gonna do?
Mike G in the house, whatchyu gonna do?
Whodini's in the house, whatchyu gonna do?
Hollis Crew, whatchyu gonna do?
[Incomprehensible] is in the house, whatchyu gonna
do?
[Incomprehensible] is in the house, whatchyu gonna
do?

Jazzy Jay in the house
Bad Brains in the house
Original Concept in the house

Good night Amsterdam

Now I want you all to break this down

To all the girls
To all the girls

