

Beastie Boys

"B-Boy Bouillabaisse: Stop That Train"

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[Verse One] It's four AM, I've got the Hasenpfeffer Ale
I've got nothin to lose and so I'm pissin on the third rail
Groggy eyed and fried and I'm headed for the station
D0train ride to Coney Island vacation This one's,
dedicated to the boofers in the back of the 1-train They
be kickin out windows high on cocaine Then I jump the
turnstile, I lost my last token Right between the cars,
pissin, smokin Head for the last car, fluorescent light
blackout Policeman told 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...} [Verse Two] Check it! Trench
coat, wingtip, going to work And you'll be pullin a train
like you're Captain Kirk Pick pocket gangsters payin
their debts I caught a bullet in the lung from Bernie
Goetz Overworked and underpaid, starin at the floor
Prostitutes spandex caught in the slide doors Now
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 funk
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 loudspeaker about the hard times Sat across from
a man readin 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

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