

Beastie Boys

"Dropping Names"

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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

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