

Beastie Boys

"Get It Together"

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1, 2, 1, 2, keep it on
Listen to the shit because we kick it until dawn
Listen to the abstract got it going on
Listen to the ladies come on and let me spawn
All your eggs then you you go up the river
Listen to the abstract that freaky nigger

Now, I'm Ad Rock and I shock and I tick and I tock
And I can't stop with the body rock
See I've got heart like John Starks, hitting mad sparks
Pass me the mic and I'll be rocking the whole park

I'm the M to the C to the A and it's a must
The rhymes that we bust on the topic on lust
And my moms is not butt
But fuck it, let me get down to the rhythm

Yes, I get funky and I'm shooting all my jism
Like John Holmes, the x-rated nigger
Listen to the shit 'cause I'm the ill figure
Nobody's getting any bigger than this

Get it together
Get it together
Get it
Phone is ringing, oh my God
Get it together
See what's happening

Ad rock down with the ione
Listen to the shit because both of them is boney
Got to do it like this, like Chachi and Joanie
Because she's the cheese and I'm the macaroni

So why all the fight and why all the fuss
Because I ain't got no dust
Yea, you know I'm getting silly
Got a grandma Hazel and a grandma Tilly

I've got a Grand Royalprez and I'm also a member
Born on the cusp in the month of November
I do the Patty Duke in case you don't remember

Well, I freak a funky beat like the shit was in a blender

Well, I'm long gone, word is born
Don't need a mother fucking fool telling me right from
wrong
I don't think I'm slick nor do I play like I'm hard
But I shall drive the lane like I was Evan Bernhard

And I've working on my game because life is taxing
Got to get it together and see what's happening

Get it together
Get it together
Get it together
See what's happening

I go one two like my name was Biz Mark
But I had to do the shit just let me embark
On the lyric and the noun and the verb
Let me kick the shit off 'cause yo, I'm not the herb

Well, it's not the herb but the spice with the flavor to
spare
Tho moog with the funk for your derriere
While we're on that topic, yes I'd like to mention
When it comes to boning I'm representing

Spacing, zoning, talkin' on the phone and
My brain is roaming and I don't know where it's going
Talking lots of shit, a little tweaking on the weekend
I've got to get him by the reigns because I know that I'm
freaking

Well, I'm a funky skull and I'm a Scorpio
And when I get my flow I'm Dr on the go
So Q-Tip, what you on the mic for

Because I had to talk about the times when I rhyme
And when M.C.S come in my face, I'm like mace
Because I back them off with the quills
Nigger 'cause I tell you, nigger 'cause I'll keep you
under prills
Resting on nine one one sixteenth ave off the Farmes
Boulevard

But I'm from Manhattan M.C.A.'s from Brooklyn
Yea, M.C.A., your shit be cooking
Praying mantis on the court and I can't be beat
So, yo tip, what's up with the boot on your feet

I've got the timbos on the toes and this is how it goes

Oh, one two, oh my God
One two, oh my God, I've got some shit
I've got the Kung Fu grip behind my green trap kit
Never, ever, ever smoking crack, never, ever, ever
fucking wack

I eat the fuckin' pineapple now & later
Listen to me now, don't listen to me later
Fuck it 'cause I know I didn't make it fuckin' rhyme for
real
But, yo technically I'm as hard as steel

Gonna get it together, watch it
Gonna get it together Ma Bell
I'm like Ma Bell, I've got the ill communications
Ma Bell, I've got the ill communications
Ma Bell, I've got the ill communications
Ma Bell, I've got the ill communications
Ma Bell

Keep it on and on

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