## Beastie Boys "Here's a Little Something for Ya"

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Yes, yes, yes

Ill out the gate, I set it off
I suppose you're exposed so get lost
You break off, cut all connections
Join the sucker emcee witness protection

M-M-Mike D
Slip off my lows in the place to be
Always on time so I never botch
The tick to the tock of the Mike D watch

Now here's a little something for ya I'ma grab a little and store ya Do some balancing for ya And if you feeling chilly I'ma get you a shawl

Get ready, get set (Get set, get set) Place your bet (Your bet, your bet)

What you get (You get, you get) 'Cause I ain't done yet Done yet, done yet

Get ready, get set (Get set, get set) Place your bet (Your bet, your bet)

What you get (You get, you get) Here's a little something for ya

Honest Mike, what? Honest Mike D
Don't really get in the press like Z
'Cause I speak my conscience and speak my mind
Don't trip and flip and then I stop to find

Queens up front, Brooklyn's in the back

Laugh and crack guns while squads smoking crack The odds are stacked for those who lack Been a lucky motherfucker when it comes to that

I slow roast, I'm steady tapping Oh yes, I guess I'm the toast of Manhattan In Miami, I'm sleazy with John Salley Shout to Andre, Lee on tally

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What you get (You get, you get) Here's a little something for ya

This shit is crazy This shit is crazy (Ding)

Dr. Karl to proceed a.k.a Jewish
Dr. Bombay is the ladies' choice
Step on stage so we smoke and dry moist
Every time I bring it twice as nice

Now he's a breddern, take an Excedrin Aldermen check your rhymers to be herding I'm undefined, I'm getting much finer Steady lounging in my La-Z-Boy recliner

Bruising and jabbing, amped up on coffee Like kids going wild at the sight of Mr. Softee

I smash around the corner (Gasp) And sneaking up When you're breathing down your neck (Gasp) Just keeping up Get ready, get set (Get set, get set) Place your bet (Your bet, your bet)

What you get (You get, you get) 'Cause I ain't done yet Done yet, done yet

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