

Beastie Boys ".Jack~n~da~Weedstalk"

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Uncle Danjaahhhh, could you read us a bedtime story? Pleeeeeeease? Hahahah, alright Y'all shorties get into bed And I'll get the story book, knahmsayin? You all tucked in? (Yes, yes, yes we are) Here we go

[Danja Mowf] Once upon a time, I went to an orgy with Georgie Porgie He hooked me up with Jill from the 'Ville I found my thrill, she wasn't on the pill Now Jack's in my grill frontin, who he gonna kill? Nigga chill, take these beans and a-walk (uh-huh) Plant em in New York and they'll grow into a weedstalk He asked me, "Was the chronic?" I said, "Ask them three mice, them rodents STAY nice" Hush my nigga, don't say a word This, be the bomb if you ain't heard If this weed don't get you lit then we can just forget, the whole damn shhhhhh Now Jack's goin North like Ollie Good Golly, Miss Dolly My Baby Now it gets crazy, Jack got a ride with Bo Peep (uh-huh) in her Jeep, with Ba Ba, the Black Sheep Now up North Ba Ba's got pull He own a sess crop wit 'tree' bags full But now he's scheamin on the weedstore That's my word, I overheard, that nigga talk He said, "We'll be arrivin in New York soon I'm gonna take them beans like the dish jacked the bowl for a spoon - meet me on the ave about noon Right on the corner, and bring Big Jack Horner"

Well Jack Horner got his OWN corner (yeah)

What could that old lady do? They got her kids servin bids

"It's a call on the horn Jack!"

His own avenue, crew, and a brand new crack shoe

all the rest servin rock on the block {*phone rings*}

"Hey my man Simple Simon, what you wanna get high man?"

"Nah troop, but I got the scoop on some magical sess beans on the scene that's bound to intervene with the home team cream Know what I mean?"

"Yeah, what's gonna happen to my crack fiends like the Butcher, the Baker, the Crack Pipe Maker the Pied Piper, and Peter Piper would get hyper Little Miss Muffett couldn't puff it And how would the Billy Goats Gruff get blowed? Oh no!

The kid's got to go, the kid's got to get it So call Ba Ba, tell the Black Sheep I'm widdit" Yeah, well Black Sheep told Jack you know a spot where the fiends go a lot and the weed would grow a lot

He also knew the Golden Goose, with the juice And word to his Mother Hubbard, he could introduce {*tires peel*} They pulled in the alley by the fence (uhhuh)

Jack bought a five, ??, and some incense from Big Peter, the bean pie eater
And Jack Sprat, the cat who didn't eat pork fat
At the end of the alley on the corner
they met up with Big Jack Horner
"I wanna see them beans," said Jack
Out came the sack, out came the gat from Horner's back

"Aiyyo this little niggy's got a drug market (right)
This little niggy's got a gun (right)
This little niggy's got the most beef (right)
so you little niggies gettin done! {*automatic*}
Let's run, B. Nimble, B. Quick, Ba Ba get the sack
Let's split,"

"Nah we ain't splittin sh.. {*gun cocks*} BLAOW!"
"Aowww, quit, I'm hit

Who's the culprit?"

Black Sheep then admits

"It's me old man, I shot you

Point blank range with a thirty-two

With a click-clack boom-bap straight to the dome

Black Sheep, Bo Peep rollin home, hah hah!"

Black Sheep laughin in the Jeep

Tellin Bo Peep bout the dough he's gonna reap
The mansions, the yachts, the cars in the garage
The weed would feed, yes indeed, livin large
But all that thinkin never thought of that Bo Peep
keep a deuce-deuce in the garter strap
"Now I'm the quarterback, wanna stay alive? Take a
dive

A bullet or the ground, yo I'm doin fifty-five"
{Aooooooooh!} Now Bo Peep's scattin in Manhattan
Drivin round, Broadway Chinatown
Chambers, Park Road by the World Trade
On the way to Brooklyn thinkin bout gettin paid
And how she'd have it made with the beans in the
ground
Too bad she didn't look around, she woulda found
that the Brooklyn Bridge was fallin down
fallin down, her simple ass drowned {*SPLASH*}

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