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Beastie Boys "Lee Majors Come Again"

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Hold up, goddammit, this thing Alright, wait, hold on, Adam This thing keeps falling off

Woo, doing it big, ah-ah I'm the lyrical, mathematical genius Splashing like lime juice, you've never seen this Internationally known, the longest, the leanest Shout-out to one José Nenis

I hit 'em with the rhyme and the rhyme don't stop We got the beat and the beat go drop The ping pong paddle make the battle go pop Now take a look around this spot

I'm seeing every detail like an over-cranked camera Sleestaks in the back say, "Damn ya" You say, "I can't" and I say, "Why can't ya?" Chopping the track in the in the land of [unverified]

You wanna buy this, you wanna take that Wanna, wanna try this, wanna, wanna make that You can't abide this, you wanna fake that Take a look around you

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There's a bird in here That's my DJ, not Doctor Brassiere Dropping bombs like a bombardier Like cacao, it's a chocolatier

We're giving y'all a lil' slice of heaven B Boys bringing it back to A7 Deal with the schism, ride on the rhythm Sweet like pie and the pie's what I give 'em

I'll stage a coup and usurp your position 'Cause, 'cause like a Mormon, I'm on a mission We're audible-visible, cadence is lyrical Got the mental and physical when the moment is critical

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Ruff Uh, Lee Majors come again

Like the Six Dil-Million Dollar Man Woo, watch out In the back of the bus, gonna bust Lee Majors style

I said stop, watch how I flip Bill Piedmont with the Kung-Fu grip Haymaker, roundhouse, show can't continue At the roller rink down in Virginia

Oh yeah, did I spill the beans? I see your grandpa in Apple Bottom jeans A Von Dutch cap, UGG boots to match The word gets out, you can't take it back

I'm just a pause tape competition expert winner Just a doggone long-armed tall yarn spinner You want a battle? Easy now, star My DJ's so nasty, he needs a sneeze guard

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