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Beastie Boys "Nonstop Disco Powerpack"

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Well how you feelin' Ad Rock? Well I'm feelin' well Bonafide, qualified, with a story to tell Well how feelin' Mike D? Well I feel all good All day is how we play in the neighborhood

Well how you feelin' MCA? Well I feel right I swing my words on the track 'cause the track sound tight

So if you're feelin' good and you're feelin' right Uh, somebody step up and grab the mic

Well hello everybody and how you been? It's Ad Rock rappin' on the microphone again I got grace, class, style, finesse and debonaire Murderize motherfuckers 'cause I just don't care

The MC whisperer, kinda like a trainer I take sucker rappers, I put 'em through a strainer Like macaroni 'cause the shit sound cheesy Watch how it's done boy, it looks easy

The nonstop, goin' off, kingpin, microphone boss Do my own thing, you can't afford the cost Of my fly styles that complete the turnstile 'Cause it's live and direct, and I'm wiggidy wild

Now put you back on the floor, I got total control I flow like the water out your toilet bowls Your style is cheap boy, just like the Dutch You know you're not smokin' on the microphone much

There's a certain special talent that I never lack Ha-ha! And that's a fact 'Cause we shine like the chrome on a Cadillac You better break a wishbone 'cause we never waxin'

Then we never that, and that is that And we're the nonstop disco powerpack Uh, that's right, we go all night Who gonna be next to bless the mic?

Now this is the way we run it down

We're gettin' you high on the funky sound This is the way we get it on B-Boys in the house 'til the break of dawn

See I mix my style up like a cement mixer Smooth'll fix ya like a rhyme elixir Hey yo yo soundman, make Mike's mic louder Don't make me sound cheap like a box of douche powder

I'll max and relax, champagne, no ego Don't go commando, don't know bandito Je m'appelle Michel, Paris nord We were born in the chateau, we got it goin' on

Quincy's in the hot tub like it's '73 Lookin' over his shoulder and he's lookin' at me I'm up right in the face, towel around my waist What's up with that watch inside the glass case? I go to make my move, sneak out the place Undetected, not leavin' a trace

Party's done, microphone track Rhyme's been jumped, and head's been checked I see one last profiterol, I make my play And pass the microphone to MCA

Nonstop, from the top When you clock, then we rock Them not kickin', them not stickin', we be makin' hip hop So c'mon everybody get down

Now there's a spot check, get the deck count down 'Cause I'ma break it down for ya how we burn it down Pound for pound, keep the basslines round See you watchin', clockin', jockin' my sound

Before I got big I grew up with hip hop Still got mad love for a record called Beat Rock It mean a lot spinnin' on my Walkman Shout out to the Afrika Bam'

And to the X to the P the double-O-N-Y The one MC, who you can't deny At least he threw me records that made heads fly Sit down to write and the pen blazed fire

Construct a rhyme with specific intent Flippin' all the braincells right to the pen And then I put the root down when I pull the mic Words flowin' so cold, turn water to ice

Come through the wire such a break to tape You put me in the mix like set up at the plate And then they press it on wax, sell it in the store The DJ's spin it, kick it out on the dancefloor Comin' through the speaker to shake your eardrum Braincells get with it make you hear where we're from

Ad Rock, huh, get it on We gonna rock the house until the break of dawn Now Mike D, huh, get it on We gonna rock the house until the break of dawn And MCA, yeah, get it on We gonna rock the house until the break of dawn Beastie Boys in the house, don't stop

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