

Beastie Boys

"Shadrach"

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Hey
Hey
Hey

Riddle me this my brother, can you handle it?
Your style to my style, you can't hold a candle to it
Equinox symmetry and the balance is right
Smokin' and drinkin' on a Tuesday night

It's not how you play the game it's how you win it
I cheat and steal and sin and I'm a cynic
For those about to rock, we salute you
The dirty thoughts for dirty minds, we contribute to

I once was lost but now I'm found
The music washes over and you're one with the sound
Well, who shall inherit the earth, the meek shall
And yo, I think I'm starting to peak now Al

And the man upstairs I hope that he cares
If I had a penny for my thoughts I'd be a millionaire
We're just 3 M.C.'s and we're on the go
Shadrach Mesach Abednago

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Shadrach Mesach Abednago

Hey hey hey
Hey hey hey
Hey yeah

Ahh, only 24 hours in a day
Only 12 notes, well, a man can play
Music for all and not just one people
And now we're gonna bust with the Putney Swope
sequel

More Adidas sneakers that a plumber's got pliers
Got more suites that Jacoby & Meyers
If not for my vices and my bugged out desires

My year would be good just like Goodyear's tires

So I'm out pickin' pockets at the Atlantic Antic
And nobody wants to hear you 'cause your rhymes are
so frantic

I mix business with pleasure way too much
You know wine and women and song and such

I don't get blue, I gotta mean red streak
You don't pay the band, your friends and that's weak
Get even like Steven like pulling a Rambo
Shadrach Mesach Abednago

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Hey hey hey
Hey hey hey
Hey yeah

Ah, steal from the rich and I'm out robbing banks
Give it to the poor and I always give thanks
Because I got more stories than J.D.Salinger
I hold the title and you are the challenger

I've got money like Charles Dickens
I got the girlies in the Coupe like the Colonel's got the
chickens
And I always go out dapper like Harry S.Truman
I'm madder than Mad's Alfred E. Newman, Newman

{Oh, never gonna let them say that I don't love you}

My noggin' is hoggin' all kinds of thoughts
Adam Yoggin' is Yauch and he's rockin' of course
Smoke the Holy Chalice got my own religion
Rally round the stage and check the funky dope
musicians

Like Jerry Lee Swaggert or Jerry Lee Falwell
You love Mario Andretti 'cause he always drives his car
well
Vicious circle of reality since the day you were born
And we love the hot butter on what the popcorn

Sippin' on wine and mackin'
Rockin' on the stage with all the hands clappin'
Ride the wave of fate, it don't ride me
Being very proud to be an M.C

And the man upstairs, well, I hope that he cares
If I had a penny for my thoughts I'd be a millionaire
Amps and crossovers under my rear hood
The bass is bumpin' from the back of my Fleetwood
They tell us what to do, hell no
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Hey, hey, hey
Hey, hey, hey
Hey

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