

Beastie Boys "So What'cha Want"

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Just plug me in just like I was Eddie Harris
You're eating crazy cheese like you would think I'm
from Paris
You know I get fly, you think I get high
You know that I'm gone and I'mma tell you all why
So tell me who are you dissing? Maybe I'm missing
The reason that you're smiling or wilding
So listen in my head I just want to take 'em down
Imagination set loose and I'm gonna shake 'em down
Let it flow like a mud slide
When I get on I like to ride and glide
I've got depth of perception in my text y'all
I get props at my mention 'cause I vex y'all
So what'cha want
I get so funny with the money that you flaunt
I said where'd you get your information from huh?
You think that you can front when revelation comes

Yeh, you can't front on that

Well they call me mike d the ever loving man
I'm like Spoonie Gee well I'm the metropolitian
You scream and you holler about my Chevy Impala
But the sweat is getting wet around the ring around
your collar
But like a dream I'm flowing without no stopping
Sweeter than a cherry pie with ready whip topping
Goin' from mic to mic kickin' it wall to wall
Well I'll be calling out you people like a casting call
Well it's wack when you're jacked in the back of a ride
With your know with your flow when you're out getting
by
Believe me what you see is what you get
And you see me I'm coming off as you can bet
Well I think I'm losing my mind this time
This time I'm losing my mind
That right, said I think I'm losing my mind this time
This time I'm losing my mind

Yeh, you can't front on that

But little do you know about something that I talk about

I'm tired of driving it's due time that I walk about
But in the meantime, I'm wise to the demise
I've got eyes in the back of my head so I realize
Well I'm Dr. Spock I'm here to rock y'all
I want you off the wall if you're playing the wall
I said what'cha want
Y'all suckers write me checks and then they bounce
So I reach into my pocket for the fresh amount
See I'm long leaner, Victor the cleaner
I'm the illest motherfucker from here to Gardena
Well I'm as cool as a cucumber in a bowl of hot sauce
You've got the rhyme and reason but got no cause
Well if you're hot to trot you think you're slicker than
grease
I've got news for ya crews ya'll be sucking like a leach

Yeh, You can't front on that

So what'cha want...

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