

Beastie Boys "Sounds Of Science"

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Now here we go dropping science, dropping it all over
Like bumping around the town, like when you're driving
a Range Rover
Expanding the horizons and expanding the parameters
Expanding the rhymes of sucker MC amateurs

Naugels, Isaac Newton, Scientific EZ
Ben Franklin with the kite, getting over with the key
Now rock shocking the mic, of the many times times
the times tables
Rock well to tell dispel all of the old fables

I've been dropping the new science, and I be kicking
the new knowledge
An MC to a degree that you can't get in college
Now the dregs of the earth and the eggs that I eat
I've got pegs through my hands and one through my
feet

Shea Stadium, the radium, EMD squared
Kicked out of the Palladium, you think that I cared?

It's the sound of science
The sound of science
Science

{Rope a dope, the newest in new
Right up to your face and dis you
Waxin' and milkin' all y'all square heads}

Time and money for girls covered with honey
You lie and aspire to be as cunning
Reeling and rockin' and rollin' B size D cup
Order the quarter deluxe, why don't you wake up?

My mind is kinda flowin like an oil projector
Had to get up to get the Jimmy protector
Went berserk, and worked, and exploded
She woke up in the morning and her face was coated

Buddy you study, the man on the mic
D, do what you like

Drunk a skunk am I from the celebration
To peep that freak unique penetration
Well I figured out who makes the crack
It's the suckers with the badges and the blue jackets
A professor of science cause I keep droppin' it
I smell weak, cause y'all keep poppin' it
People always asking what's the phenomenon
Yo what's up? Yo, what's going on?

No one really knows what I'm talking about
Yeah that's right, my name's Yauch

Ponce De Leon constantly on
The fountain of youth, not Robotron
Peace is a word I've heard before
So move and move and move upon the dance floor
'Cause I'm gonna die, gonna die one day
'Cause I'm goin and goin and goin this way
Not like a roach or a piece of toast
I'm going out first class, ain't going out coach

Rock my Adidas never rock Fila
{I do not sniff the coke, I only smoke the sinsemilla}
With my nose I knows, and with my scopes I scope
What I live I write, and that is strictly rope
I've got science for any occasion
Postulating theorems, formulating equations
I got Cheech Wizard in a snow blizzard
Eating chicken gizzards with a girl named Lizzy

Dropping science like Galileo dropped the orange

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