

## **Beastie Boys**

### **"Sure Shot"**

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'Cause you can't, you won't and you don't stop  
Oh, 'cause you can't, you won't and you don't stop  
Oh, but you can't, you won't and you don't stop  
Mike D, come and rock the sure shot

I've got the brand new doo-doo guaranteed  
Like yoo hoo, I'm on like Dr. John, yeah Mr. Zu Zu  
I'm a newly wed, and not a divorcee  
And everything I do is funky like Lee Dorsey

Well, it's the taking of the Pelham, one, two, three  
If you want a doo-doo rhyme then come see me  
I've got the savior faire with the unique rhyme and  
I keep it on and on, it's never quitting time and

Strictly hand held is the style I go  
Never rock the mic with the panty hose  
I strap on my ear goggles and I'm ready to go  
'Cause at the boards is the man they call The Mario

Pull up at the function and you know I kojak  
To all the party people that are on my bozak  
I've got more action than my man John Woo  
And I've got mad hits like I was Rod Crew

Because you can't, you won't and you don't stop  
Because you can't, you won't and you don't stop  
You know, you can't, you won't and you don't stop  
Ad rock come and rock the sure shot  
(Hurri-hurricane will cross fade on your ass)

And bust your ear drums  
So listen everybody 'cause I'm shifting gears  
I'm fresh like dougie when I set my specs  
And on the microphone I come correct

Timing like a clock when I rock the hip hop  
The top notch is my stock on the soap box  
I've got more rhymes than I've got gray hairs  
And that's a lot because I've got my share

I've got a hole in my head and there's no one to fix it

Got to straighten my thoughts, I'm thinking too much  
sick shit  
Everyone just takes and takes, takes, takes, takes  
I've got to step back, I've got to contemplate

Well, I'm like Lee Perry, I'm very  
On rock the microphone and then I'm gone  
I'm like Vaughn Bode, I'm a cheech wizard  
Never quitting, so won't you listen?

Oh yes, indeed, it's fun time

Because you can't, you won't and you don't stop  
Because you can't, you won't and you don't stop  
Oh, but you can't, you won't and you don't stop  
MCA come and rock the sure shot

I want to say a little something that's long overdue  
The disrespect to women has got to be do  
To all the mothers and sisters and the wives and  
friends  
I want to offer my love and respect to the end

Well you say I'm twenty something and I should be  
slacking  
But I'm working harder than ever, and you could call it  
macking  
So I'm supposed to sit upon the couch and watching my  
TV  
Still listening to wax, I'm not using the CD

I'm that kid in the corner  
All fucked up and I wanna so I'm gonna  
Take a piece of the pie, why not, I'm not quitting  
Think I'ma change up my style just to fit in

I keep my underwear up with a piece of elastic  
I use a bullshit mic that's made out of plastic  
To send my rhymes out to all nations  
Like Ma Bell, I've got the ill communications

Because you can't, you won't and you don't stop  
Because you can't, you won't and you don't stop  
Oh, but you can't, you won't and you don't stop  
Torn in the rock and the sure shot

[Incomprehensible]

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