

# Beastie Boys

## "Too Many Rappers"

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Featuring: Nas

Mic check, mic check

One, one, two, two, three, three  
Too many rappers, and there's still not enough emcees  
It goes three, three, two, two, one, one  
MCA, Ad-Rock, Mike D, that's how we get it done like

Ladies and gents attention, Nas in the house  
With Beastie Boys, we can turn it out  
Perpetrators, we can point 'em out  
So if you got somethin' on your mind, let it out

Yo, I been in the game since before you was born  
I might still be emceein' even after you're gone  
Strange thought, I know, but my skills still grow  
The 80's, the 90's, 2000's, and so

On and on until the crack of dawn  
Until the year 3000 and beyond  
Stay up all night, and I emcee and never die  
'Cause death is the cousin of sleep

Because I'm back with a bang boogie, oogie oogie  
Strawberry letter 23 like Shuggie  
Oh, my God, just look at me  
Grandpa been rappin' since '83

Oh, I'm supersonic like J.J. Fad  
Got crazy ass shit pullin' out the bag  
Don't forget the tartar sauce, yo, 'cause it's sad  
All these crap rappers, they're rappin' like crabs

I have carte blanche, the vagabond  
Nas is the narcissist, my pockets are rotund  
I'm no killa, but compared to you, I'm more real'a  
You ain't a shot, a mobster, or a drug dealer

A slug peeler, you're not, mafioso, no  
You ain't got the cutthroat in ya, beginner  
I ain't tryin' to hear your racket

You work with police dog, you snitch, you rat, you wear  
that jacket

How many rappers must get dissed  
Gimme eight bars, and watch me bless this  
I start to reminisce, oh, when I miss  
The real hip hop with which I persist

Like rum in mojitos, bullets and banditos  
Matzah balls in soup, jackets and troop  
Yes, y'all, this is one for the history books  
Nasty Nas, what's the word, count it off on the hook

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'Cause this the type of lyric goes inside your brain  
To blow you bullshit rappers straight out the frame  
My lyrics spin round like a hurricane twister  
So get your hologram on off of Wolf Blitzer

Too many rappers to shake a stick at  
I outta charge a tax for every weak rap  
I had to listen to 'cause we be makin' stacks  
Like Stax Records, my squad we gotta pack, we never  
coming whack

To all you crab rappers and hackers  
And Circuit Fenders, two-tone splendor  
I take the cake, I stole the mold

The golden microphone, well that's mine to hold  
And why all these biters all up in my crotch space?  
Sniffin', puffin', huffin', and mean muggin' with a  
Blimpie Bluffin'  
Back up off me, sucka, you ain't sayin' nothin'

I'm broader than Broadway, I was in project hallways  
Dual tape recorder, lacin' oratorials all day  
I'm just getting started on this beat, this is foreplay  
And when this song finished, y'all can sing along with  
this

By the way, I have a strong fetish for Christian  
Louboutin steppers

I hear Russian blonde's the wettest  
But anyway, I better pay homage to my fellas  
And that's what's on my mind and the rhyme, who's  
next up?

Mike D, the man of mystery  
History in the makin', and now we're takin'  
Titles, awards, and accolades  
Scar in' the competition as I sharpen my blades

We come together like peanut butter and sandwiches  
Like pen and paper, like Picasso and canvases  
Rockin' stadiums and shitty bars  
Go back in time, send a fax from my car

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