

Beastie Boys

"Unite"

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Oh jees

Yeah old time

New school old school (You're alright?)

Keep it on and on

Goin' off the hook like Latrell Spreewell

I've got the I'll technique so you know me fe well

We be kickin' bass all up in your face

And when it comes to beats well I'm the rhythm ace

Now if you check my pulse it beats skull snaps

I keep all my rhymes in my Le Sportsac

So what if I'm a ham and cheese on rye

I got to do my thing and that's no lie

Well ice is cold and fire is hot

When it comes to competition we've got them locked

U.N.I.T.E.

A little shout to Ian and little Zoe

One can wonder why but can't deny

If we could work it out it would be so fly

We'll never know unless we try

So tell me party people what's your zodiac sign?

Breakdancers of the world unite

OH shit

BBoys of the world unite

Well wicked

I went inside the deli and my man's like what

I write the songs that make the whole world suck

I need to break it down every chance I get

So "Ssshhh we keep it raw on the set"

Automation circulation

This is for the people all around the nations

I got books with hooks and it looks like rain

Would someone on the Knicks please drive the lane

Now rhymes are montaquilla on a track by us

I've got to keep my mind clear so I don't bust

If you got bad breath then maybe try scope

And if you wash your ass you best use soap

People of the world you realize

We got to get together and harmonize

I feel I'm comin' down with the bugallo flu

"Explain to me really what doctors must do?"

Ravers of the world unite
Now

We're the scientists of sound
We're mathematically puttin' it down
When lightning strikes best grab a ground
Got to get up to get down
I've got the terminator style with a touch of the tweak
Technique 1200's I'm known to freak
I don't like to fight, I don't carry a piece
I wear permanent press so I'm always creased
Mike D with the rump shakin action
Do it like this for the intergalaction
I practice asana daily so I'm very flexible
I'm a Scorpio so you know I'm very sexual
Shouts to Rach and my brother Matthew
In money makin' it's how we do
I be smokin' roaches in the vestibule
In the next millennium I'll still be old school
High roller big baller
I call 'em crullers but you know they're called crawlers
We keep it movin' to the broad daylight
BGirls of the world unite alright
Keep it on and on, keep it on and on, keep it on and on,
keep it on and on, keep it on and on
Keep it on and on, keep it on and on, keep it on and on,
keep it on and on, keep it on and on
Keep it on and on, keep it on and on, keep it on and on,
keep it on and on
Rump shakin' action

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