

Beastie Boys

"Vowel Movement"

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Intro:

AEIOU and Sometimes Y

Chorus:

Once and a while we got to move these vowels, once
and a while we got to
move these vowels, If I got styles and you got styles,
then once and a
while we got to move these vowels

A = Speedis Toine

I specialize in snatching vertebrae. Break your anatomy
down to A, call
me atomic sensai. AKA B.J. McKay, and his best friend
bear will hit you
with Shirley Murdock and you can sing as we lay. What
you gonna do,
nothing cause you pootay essay, the one that Prince
saw wearing the
raspberry beret. Enter VA., so my super can perform
dismay. You'll be a
boy, in a man's hood, looking like Trey, getting faded,
like the redbone
from Zhane, think you tough in leather I'll rob that a_s
like Runny Ray.
You that nigga that was with jade still trying to walk
away, but I ain't
finished, hey hey, don't make me call you like
(Weeezaaayyy!!!!)

E = Mad Skillz

A yo it's me, the M to the A to the D, Skillz ripping drum
fills and I
end it with a Z. I'm nice on the mic but that ain't hard
for you to see,
this rap thing I got locked, I swallowed the key. Now
peep the stee,
cause since the year of 93 I've been known to eat,
chew, sh_t, stew an

emcee. Quite frankly, the day that you'll see me, is the
same day you'll
dunk and jump from the top of the key. Reside on
northside but see
sometimes I be, getting biz at the crib of Lonnie B. &
and; A.D.
Recognized from Japan all the way to NYC, still feel
funny when I see my
face on B.E.T. Till the day I die and have a preacher
yelling over me, I
wanna be known for representing VA vicinity. I shake
rapper's off like I
do after I pee, get it clear "From Where???" the debut
C.D.

I = Danja Mowf

It's hard for me to understand why! People wanna test
me when they know
they're gonna die. Me oh my, why they wanna try like a
sister with no
thigh trying to do the butterfly! I, say bye bye like Guy,
then dive
into your a_s buckaroo banzai. Dry your eye, please
don't cry, I sing a
lullabye before I sting you like a horse fly. Of course
my, style will
make you testify. I bet you fry like a pie on an electric
eye. F a sword
I ain't no Shang-Hai samurai, but in your boti boy head
boom bye bye.

O = Lonnie B

Yo! Every since a brother went solo I've been known to
grab the
microphone and kick the Willie Bobo. Far from so-so
when it comes to sex
even your Ho know. We did it To-To style for an hour at
the hojo. Here's
a photo of her sucking on me like a rolo, and in this one
she was
cumming or either thinking about some Go-Go. I turned
your little Ho
into a dancer like JoJo, or maybe like Donnie, Poo Poo
and Fo Fo. It's
true-yo. I am a Little Vicious like Cujo, cause I keep
three glocks in
the trunk of my Peugeot. Mess around you'll be missing
like that crew
called Menudo. They wouldn't find you if they searched

from Mercury to
Pluto

U = Kalonji The Immortal

I'm talking to the letter U, as if U were a person, on an
abstract
avenue where I construe. The vowel moving U, into, an
accented zoo,
that's making you go ooooh. You, be trying to find
styles like a clue,
so I left old ones on the floor like residue. See what you
saying now,
to me ain't nothing new, you got a glass jaw making
this style see
through. My brain is a point of view holding knowledge
unseen like cats
on a oriental menu. Kalonji the immortal, styles
continue, to stay sharp
like a tuxedo dressed Gingsu. To who, is two, or more
too much of a
crew of true friends who be super like glue. If it's you,
don't argue,
cause I'll still pursue to move the vowel you asked me
by saying was
that you?

Chorus:

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