

Boys Beastie

"B Boy Bouillabaisse"

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Beastie Boys/Dust Bros.)

a) 59 Chrystie Street

Agh agh...

There's a girl over there...

Agh agh yea, agh agh agh yea

With long brown hair

Agh agh yea, agh agh agh yea

I took her to the place

I threw the mattress in her face

Took off her shirt

Took off her bra

Took off her pants

You know that I saw

A wick wick wack

Aghh aghh ha...

b) Get On the Mic

One two...

Right about now I'd like to dedicate this song

Out to my main homie Mike D.

Agh yea

Alright

Lets kick it

Ready... go

Get on the mic

Get get on the mic

Just get on the mic

Get on the mic Mike let's be real and don't cloud the issue

The rhymes are rope an M.C. you must listen to

People say that they been missin' me and missin' you

Get on the mic and let's show them like we used to

You say fuck that yo holmes fuck this

I'm the king Ad-Whammy and your Dick Butkus

One half science and the other half soul

Nick named Mike D. not Fat Morton Jelly Roll

Got busy in frisco fool around in Fresno

Got over on your girlie cause you know she never says no

So just get on the mic

Just get on the mic

Get get on the mic

Get on the mic Mike

Well Mike D. is a special individual

Pulling out knots pulling in residuals

Go to the movies get the Rolos the cholos riding slow and low

Mike on the mic and bust with the solo

Mike my stromy don't be so selfish

Get on the mic cause you know you eat shellfish

At the feaver...

c) Stop That Train

It's 4:00 a.m. I've got the Dr. Hfuhruhurr Ale

I've got nothing to lose and so I'm pissin' on the third rail

Groggy eyed and fried and I'm headed for the station

D-Train ride the Coney Island vacation this one's

Dedicated to the boofers in the back of the 1 train

They'll be kicking out windows high on cocaine

And then I jump the turnstyle I lost my last token

Riding between the cars pissing smoking

Head for the last car fluorescent light blackout

Policeman tell my homeboy yo put that crack out

You know you light up when the lights go down

And the you read the New York Post Fulton St.
downtown

Same faces every day but you don't know their names

Party people going placed on the D-Train Stop that
train, I wanna get off...

Check it...

Trench coat wing tip going to work

And you be pulling a train like your Captain Kirk

Pick pocket gangsters paying their debts

I caught a bullet in the lung from Bernie Goetz

Overworked and underpaid staring at the floor

Prostitutes spandex caught in the sliding door

Now your stuck between the stations and it seems like
an eternity

Sweating like sardines in a flophouse fraternity

A \$50.00 fine for disturbing the peace

The neck tortoise your Lees I creased

Hot cup of coffee and the donuts are Dunkin

Friday night and Jamaica Queens funkkin

Elevated platform I'm never gonna conform

Riding over the diner where I always get my toast warm

Bust into the conductor's booth with busted out rhymes

Over the loud speaker about the hard times

Sat across from a man reading El Diario

Riding the train down from the El Barrio

Went from the station to Orange Julius

I bought a hot dog from who George Drakoulis

d) Year And A Day

M.C. for what I AM and do

the A is for Adam and the lyrics; true

so as pray and hope and the message is sent

and I AM living in the dreams that I have dreamt

because I'm down with the three the unstoppable three

me and Adam and D. were born to M.C.

and my body and soul and mind are pure

not polluted or diluted or damaged beyond cure

just lyrics from I to you recited

arrested, bailed but cuffed and indicted

enter the arena as I take the center stage

the lights set low and the night has come of age

take the microphone in hand as that I am a
professional

speak my knowledge to the crowd and the ed. is
special

I am the one and I am the master

I am the king and this is my castle

dwell in realms of now but vidi those of the past

seen a glimpse from ahead and I don't think it's gonna
last

and you can bet your ass

I drop the L. when I'm skiing

I'm smoking and peaking

I put the skis on the roof almost every single weekend

can't stop the mindfuck when it's rolling along

can't stop the smooth runnin's when the shit's running
strong

broke my bindings the lion with wings

preaching his word in the B. Boy sing

I AM one with myself as I turn to The

I prefer the dreams to reality

I prefer my life don't need no other man's wife

don't need no crazy lifestyle with stress and strife

but it's good to have turn to be a king for a day

or for a week or for a year or for a year in a day

come what may

I'm fishing with my boat and I'm fishing for trout
mix the Bass Ale with the Guinness Stout
fishing for a line inside my brain
and looking out at the world through my window pane
every day has many colors cuz the glass is stained
everything has changed but remains the same
so once again the mirror raised and I see myself as
clear as day
and I AM going to the limits of my ultimate destiny
feeling as though Somebody were testing me
He who sees the end from the beginning of time
looking forward through all the ages is, was and
always shall be
check the prophetic sections of the pages
Easy rhyme for the Disco Dave
He goes by the name of Disco Dave
Disco Dave...
e) Hello Brooklyn
Hello Brooklyn...
New York New York it's a hell of a town
You know the Bronx is up and I'm Brooklyn down
Because they don't know my name only know my
initials
Building bombs in the attic for elected officials
I quit my job I cut my hair
You know I cut my boss because I don't care
You tried to get slick you bust a little chuckle

You're gonna get smacked with my gold finger knuckle

Cause being as fly as me is something you never
thought of

You'll be sticking up old ladies with the hand gun or the
sawed-off

I'm a buffalo soldier broader than Broadway

Keep keepin' on I don't care what they say

I play my stereo loud I disturb my neighbors

I want to enjoy the fruits of my labor

Cause I am the holder of the 3-pack Bonanza

If you open the book then you will get your hand
slapped

I am the keeper of the 3-pack Bonanza

If you ask a question you will get your answer

Her breast I saw I reached I felt

M.O.N.E.Y. the belt

I stay at home just like a hermit

I got the jammy but I don't got the permit

You know why

You got a boyfriend and his name is Nick

Annabelle caught with the shrimpy limp dick trick

I ride around town cause my ride is fly

I shot a man in Brooklyn *just to watch him die*

Take P.C.P.

f) Dropping Names

He thrusts his fists against the post and still insists he
sees a ghost

He thrusts his fists against the post and still insists he

sees a ghost

She's slippin through his fingers as she's movin' out to
the coast

He thrusts his fists against the post and still insists he
sees a ghost

Well if your world was all black and if your world was all
white

Then you wouldn't get much color out of life now right

I'm nicknamed Shamrock but my name is not Shamus

Girlies on the tip cause my homie is famous

My name is not O'Houigheighi nor is it Brian

If I said that I was weak man you know I'd be a lion

Suckers try to bite they try to pursue it

Yea explain to a musician them knew it, but them can't
do

g) Lay It On Me

Agh, funky baby

Lay it on me now...

Not so hard man...

Yo,

I got Chinese eyes and Chinese suits

Smokin' much Buddha and smokin' much boots

More updated on the hip-hop lingo

My favorite New York Knick was Hawthorne Wingo

Met a girl at a party and I gave her my card

Man you know that it said Napoleon Bonaparte

Peepin' out the colors I be buggin' on Cezanne

They call me Mike D Joe Blow the Lover Man well

Your face turns red as your glass of wine
That you spilled on my lyrics as you wasted my time
Girl you should be with me you should drop that bum
Cause I got more flavor than Fruit Striped Gum
With that big round butt of yours
I'd like to butter your muffin I'm not bluffin'
Serve you on a platter like Thanksgiving stuffin'
And what it
Stuffin', stuffin'
Stuffin' buddy...

h) Mike On the Mic

Here's another one for ya'll to pee

It's called M.I.K.E. on the M.I.C.

C.

I met this girl last night with a peculiar cackle

I laid the bait and then she took the tackle

Had too much to drink at the Red Lobster

Now the room is spinning around like the blades of a
helicopter

I never met a girl that was too finicky

If the press has their way then they're going to finish
me

You might know this but you've never been this see

If I ate spinach then I'd be called Spinach D

I shed light like cats shed fur

Ride around town like a Raymond Burr

I'm so high that they call me Your Highness

If you don't know me then pardon my shyness

I live in the Village wherever I go I walk to

I keep my friends around so I have someone to talk to

I play my music loud because you know it's got clout to it

It's a trip it's got a funky beat and I can bug out to it

i) A.W.O.L.

DJ Hurricane...

When Mike D's in the house, what you gonna do

I go A.W.O.L.

Adrock's in the house, what you gonna do

I go A.W.O.L.

When MCA's in the house, what you gonna do

I go A.W.O.L.

When Hurricane's, what you gonna do

He goes A.W.O.L.

St. James in the house, what's you gonna do

Home-1, what you gonna do

Got busy in the house, what you gonna do

Dust Bros. in the house, what you gonna do

Warren G. in the house, what you gonna do

Lou Gains in the house, what you gonna do

Hollis crew, what you gonna do

John Mish in the house, what you gonna do

Killa Cutty in the house, what you gonna do

Jannet J. in the house

Pat Bain's in the house

Richard Consen's in the house...

Good night Amsterdamn

Now I want you all to break this down...

To all the girls, all the girls

You liked it, some of it's

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