

Boys Beastie

"Root Down"

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I Kick My Root Down

I Put My Root Down

It's Not A Put Down

I Put My Foot Down

And Then I Make Some Love, I Put My Root Down

Like Sweetie Pie By The Stone Alliance

Everbody Knows I'm Known For Dropping Science

I'm Electric Like Dick Hyman

I Guess You'd Expect To Catch The Crew Rhymin'

Never Let You Down With The Stereo Sound

So Mike, Get On The Mic And Turn It Out

We're Talking Root Down, I Put My Root Down

And If You Want To Battle Me, You're Putting Loot Down

I Said Root Down, It's Time To Scoot Down

I'm A Step Up To The Mic In My Goose Down

Come Up Representing From The Upper West

Money Makin' Putting Me To The Test

Sometimes I Feel As Though I've Been Blessed

Because I'm Doing What I Want So I Never Rest

Well, I'm Not Coming Out Goofy Like The Fruit Of The
Loom Guys

Just Strutting Like The Meters With The Look-ka Py Py

'Cause Downtown Brooklyn Is Where I Was Born

but When The Snow Is Falling, Then I'm Gone

You Might Think That I'm A Fanatic

A Phone Call From Utah And I'm Throwing A Panic

But We Kick It From The Root When We Break It On
Down

Jimmy Smith Is My Man, I Want To Give Him A Pound

(Chorus)

Ad Rock Don't Stop, Get On The Mic With The Tic And
The Toc

I'll Fill You With The Fuckin' Rim Like Brim

I'm Walking Down Your Block And You Say That's Him

There Goes The Guy With The Funky Sound

The Beastie Boys You Know We Come To Get Down

Because I've Got The Flow Where I Grab My Dick

And Say Oh My God, That's The Funky Shit

So I'm Going To Pass The Mic And Cause A Panic

The Original Nasal Kid Is Doing Damage

Every Morning I Took The Train To High Street Station

Doing Homework On The Train, What A Fucked Up
situation

On The Way Back Up Hearing Battle Tapes

Through The Underground, Underneath The Sky
Scrapes

Like Harlem World Battles On The Zulu Beat Show

It's Kool Moe D Vs. Busy Bee There's One You Should
Know

Enough Of That, I Just Want To Give Some Respect Due
M.C.A. Grab The Mic And The Ma Bell Will Connect You
Bob Marley Was A Prophet For The Freedom Fight
"If Dancin' Prays To The Lord Then I Shall Feel Alright"
It Feels To Play A Little Music
Tears Running Down My Face 'Cause I Love To Do It
And No One Can Stop This Flow From Flowing On
A Flow Master In Disaster With A Sound That's Gone
I'll Give A Little Shout Out To My Dad And Mom
For Bringing Me Into This World And So On
(Chorus

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