

The New Style

Beastie Boys

And on the cool check in
Center stage on the mic
And we're puttin' it on wax
It's the new style Four and three and two and one, what up
And when I'm on the mic, the suckers run, word
Down with Ad Rock and Mike D and you ain't
And I got more juice than Picasso got paint Got rhymes that are rough and rhymes that are slick
I'm not surprised you're on my dick
B-E-A-S-T-I-E, what up Mike D
Ah yeah, that's me I got franks and pork and beans
Always bust the new routines
I get it, I got it, I know it's good
The rhymes I write, you wish you would
I'm never in training, my voice is not straining
People always biting, and I'm sick of complaining
So I went into the locker room during classes
Went into your locker, and I smashed your glasses You're from Secausus, I'm from Manhattan
You're jealous of me because your girlfriend is cattin' There it is, kick it Father to many, married
to none
And in case you're unaware, I carry a gun, where?
Stepped into the party, the place was over packed
Saw the kid that dissed my homeboy, shot him in the back Man, I had to get a beeper 'cause my
phone is tapped
You better keep your mouth shut 'cause I'm fully strapped
I got money in the bank, I can still get high
That's why your girlfriend thinks that I'm so fly
I've got money and juice, twin sisters in my bed
Their father had envy, so I shot him in the head
And if I played guitar, I'd be Jimmy Page
The girlies I like are underage, check it Girls with boyfriends are the kinds I like
I'll steal your honey like I stole your bike
My father, he's jealous 'cause I'm making that green
I've got most the girlies' numbers from the places I been There it is, kick it You wanna know
why, because I'm October 31st
That is my date of birth
I got to the party, you know what? I did the Smurf
Taxing all females from coast to coast
And when I get my fill, I'm chilly most We rag-tag girlies back at the hotel
And then we all switch places when I ring the bell
I chill at White Castle 'cause it's the best
But I fly at Fat Burger when I'm way out west K-I-N-G-A-D, whammy
All the fine ladies, they are on my jammy

Went to the prom, wore the fly blue rental
Got six girlies in my Lincoln ContinentalI met this girl at the party, and she started to flirt
I told her some rhymes, and she pulled up her skirt
Spent some bank, got a high powered jumbo
Rolled up the wooly and I watched ColomboLet me clear my throat, kick it over here baby pop
And let all the fly skimmies, feel the beat dropCoolin' on the corner on a hot summer day
Just me, my posse and MCA
A lot of beer, a lot of girls, and a lot of cursing
Twenty-two automatic on my personGot my hand in my pocket and my finger's on the trigger
My posse's gettin' big, and my posse's gettin' bigger
Some voices got treble, some voices got bass
We got the kind of voices that are in your faceLike the bun to the burger, and like the burger to
the bun
Like the cherry to the apple to the peach to the plum
I'm the king of the Ave., and I'm the king of the block
Well, I'm MCA, and I'm the King Ad RockWell, I'm Mike D, I got all the fly juice
On the checkin' at the party on the forty deuce
Walking down the block with the fresh fly threads
Beastie Boys fly the biggest headsBrooklyn
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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