

# Long Burn The Fire

## Beastie Boys

Jump out the window onto a parade balloon  
My style is iller than the goblins in Troll 2  
'Cause I'm the type of emcee with the most pizazz  
You're stealing my books like I was Grandmaster Caz  
Got rhymes about antihistamines and analgesics  
Rhyme about expectorants? Y'all don't see it  
Soothsayer, not a player, rhymesayer extreme  
(Huh)

Burn like fire when I step on the scene  
I got shark's teeth so I can bite your head  
I got tiger's claws that'll scratch ya dead  
I got wings like a dragon when I'm flying above  
Shoot venom from eyes when it's time to get ruff  
Step back and check yourself  
'Cause emcee's got weapons that'll ruin your health  
So if you're feeling strong then reach for yours  
My book is my shield and my mic is my sword  
(Sword, sword, sword, sword, sword, sword)  
Now it's Adrock rapping, I'm back again  
Like a Big Mac attack on your gut and it's whack, my friend  
I'm a mack, so relax or end up chilling  
I take that shit serious like Jerome DeQuillan  
I burn you to a crisp, sucker, back up off the toaster  
I'll make you sick like a Kenny Rogers roaster  
See this rap thing is all about the braggadocio  
I check my rear-view, emcees ain't getting closer  
People think I'm slow 'cause I'm just a little challenged  
See me and my band is a raw group of talent  
Live round the clock like Disco Donut  
I'm like a tampon 'cause I got the pink soda  
Over rock, I make hits that move asses  
Rhyme so much heat that I fog your mom's glasses  
Proof is in the pudding and the pudding's in my pants  
You heard me rapping now watch me dance  
Save the date for one name who deliver to the rafters  
Up from the heavens you can hear our laughter  
Like goodness me or empty john  
We done did it again and our game is still on  
It's not tic-tac-toe or Operation

Just holding it down like the gravitation  
Total hits, that's it, you couldn't do  
Ad Rock's in the bathroom now check the fondue  
String of nuts like the name is Mike Pizzini  
Or a fine household name like Sergio Tacini  
Now that we're here, back and raising hell  
I'm running wild like rats in the Taco Bell  
On the mic I shit, the match gets lit  
Mike Dino, the Jew is rampant  
Making music from librarians to curly jocks  
The rapper Mike D not Gold-i-locks

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