

Paul Revere (instrumental)

Beastie Boys

Now here's a little story I've got to tell
About three bad brothers you know so well
It started way back in history
With Adrock, (M.C.A.) and me (Mike D.)
I had a little horse named Paul Revere
Just me and my horsy and a quart of beer
Riding across the land kicking up sand
Sheriff's posse on my tail 'cause I'm in demand
One lonely Beastie I be
All by myself without nobody
The sun is beating down on my baseball hat
The air is gettin' hot the beer is getting flat
Lookin' for a girl I ran into a guy
His name is M.C.A., I said, "Howdy" he said, "Hi"
He told a little story that sounded well rehearsed
Four days on the run and that he's dying of thirst
The brew was in my hand and he was on my tip
His voice was hoarse, his throat was dry and he asked me for a sip
He said, "Can I get some?"
I said, you can't get none!
Had a chance to run
He pulled out his shotgun
He was quick on the draw, I thought I'd be dead
He put the gun to my head and this is what he said, "Now my name is M.C.A., I've got a license to kill
I think you know what time it is, it's time to get ill
Now what do we have here an outlaw and his beer
I run this land, you understand, I make myself clear."
We stepped into the wind - he had a gun, I had a grin
You think this story's over but it's ready to begin
Now I got the gun, you got the brew
You got two choices of what you can do
It's not a tough decision as you can see
I can blow you away or you can ride with me"
I said, I'll ride with you if can get me to the border
The sheriff's after me for what I did to his daughter
I did it like this, I did it like that
I did it with a whiffleball bat
So I'm on the run, the cop's got my gun
And right about now it's time to have some fun
The King Adrock that is my name
And I know the fly spot where they got the champagne."

We rode for six hours the we hit the spot
The beat was a bumping and the girlies was hot
This dude was staring like he knows who we are
We took the empty spot next to him at the bar
M.C.A. Said, (Yo, you know this kid?)
I said, I didn't, but I know he did
(The kid said) Get ready cause this ain't funny
My name's Mike D. And I'm about to get money.
Pulled out the jammy, aimed it at the sky
He yelled, (Stick 'em up!) and let two fly
Hands went up and people hit the floor
He wasted two kids that ran for the door
"I'm Mike D. And I get respect
Your cash and your jewelry is what I expect"
M.C.A. Was with it and he's my ace
So I grabbed the piano player and I punched him in the face
The piano player's out the music stopped
His boy had beef and he got dropped
Mike D. Grabbed the money (M.C.A. Snatched the gold)
I grabbed two girlies and a beer that's cold.

Songwriters

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