

# Rhyming & Stealin

## Beastie Boys

Because Mutiny on the Bounty's what we're all about  
I'm gonna board your ship and turn it on out  
No soft sucker with a parrot on his shoulder  
'Cause I'm bad gettin' bolder, cold cold gettin' colder  
Terrorizin' suckers on the seven seas  
And if you've got beef, you get capped in the knees  
We got sixteen men on a dead man's chest  
And I shot those suckers and I'll shoot the rest  
Most illingest b-boy, I got that feelin'  
'Cause I am most ill and I'm rhyming and stealin'  
Shh! Snatchin' gold chains, vikin' pieces of eight  
I got your money and your honey and the fly name plate  
We got wenches on the benches and bitties with titties  
Housin' all girlies from city to city  
One for all and all for one  
Takin' out MC's with a big shotgun  
All for one and one for all  
Because the Beastie Boys have gone A.W.O.L  
Friggin' in the riggin', man, cuttin' your throat  
Big bitin' suckers gettin' thrown in the moat  
We got maidens and wenches, man they're on the ace  
Captain Bligh's gonna die when we break his face  
Most illingest b-boy, I got that feelin'  
I am most ill and I'm rhyming and stealin'  
Ali Baba and the forty thieves  
Ali Baba and the forty thieves  
Ali Baba and the forty thieves  
Ali Baba and the forty thieves  
Ali Baba and the forty thieves  
Ali Baba and the forty thieves  
Ali Baba and the forty thieves  
Ali Baba and the forty thieves  
Torchin' and crackin' and rhyming and stealin'  
Robbin' and rapin', bustin' two in the ceilin'  
I'm wheelin', I'm dealin', I'm drinkin', not thinkin'  
Never cower, never shower and I'm always stinkin'  
Yo ho ho and a pint of Brass Monkey  
And when my girlie shakes her hips she sure gets funky  
Skirt chasin', free basin', killin' every village

We drink and rob and rhyme and pillage  
Most illingest b-boy, I got that feelin'  
I am most ill and I'm rhymin' and stealin'  
I was drinkin' my rum, a deaf son of a gun  
I fought the law and I cold won  
Black Beard's weak, Moby Dick's on the tick  
'Cause I pull out the jammy and I squeeze off six  
My pistol is loaded, I shot Betty Crocker  
Deliver Colonel Sanders down to Davey Jones' locker  
Rhymin' and stealin' in a drunken state  
And I'll be rockin' my rhymes all the way to hell's gate  
Most illingest b-boy, I got that feelin'  
I am most ill and I'm rhymin' and stealin'  
Most illingest b-boy, I got that feelin'  
I am most ill and I'm rhymin' and stealin'  
Most illingest b-boy, I got that feelin'  
'Cause I am most ill and I'm rhymin' and stealin'  
Most illingest b-boy, I got that feelin'  
I am most ill and I'm rhymin' and stealin'  
Most chillinest b-boy  
I am most ill and I'm rhymin' and stealin'  
Most killinest b-boy  
I am most ill and I'm rhymin' and stealin'  
Most dustin' out b-boy, I'm tossin' my dust  
Most finkinest b-boy, I'm doin' that finkin'  
Most rhyminest b-boy, I'm stretchin' my shade  
Most shootinest b-boy, I think you're shit  
Most rhyminest b-boy, I'll steal your shit homeboy  
Most taxinest b-boy, I'll tax you boy  
Most illingest illingest illingest b-boy  
Taxin' all y'all squares, yeah!

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