

So What'cha Want

Beastie Boys

Just plug me in just like I was Eddie Harris
You're eating Crazy Cheese like you'd think I'm from Paris
You know I get fly you, think I get high you know that I'm gone
And I'm a tell you all why, so tell me who are you dissing? Maybe I'm missing the reason that you're smiling or
wilding
So listen in my head I just want to take 'em down
Imagination set loose and I'm gonna shake 'em down
Let it flow like a mud slide when I get on I like to ride
And glide I've got depth of perception in my text y'all I get props at my mention 'cause I vex y'all
So whatcha want?
You're so funny with the money that you flaunt
Where'd you get your information from
You think that you can front when revelation comes You can't front on that Well they call me Mike D the ever
loving man
I'm like Spoonie Gee, I'm the metro politician
You scream and you holler about my Chevy Impala
But the sweat is getting wet around the ring around your collar
But like a dream I'm flowing without no stopping Sweeter than a cherry pie with ready whip topping
Goin' from mic to mic kickin' it wall to wall
Well I'll be calling out you people like a casting call
It's wack when you're jacked in the back of a ride With your know, with your flow when you're out getting by
Believe me what you see is what you get and you see me coming off
As you can bet I think I'm losing my mind this time
This time I'm losing my mind You can't front on that But little do you know about something that I talk about
I'm tired of driving it's due time that I walk about
But in the meantime, I'm wise to the demise
I've got eyes in the back of my head so I realize Well I'm Dr. Spock, I'm here to rock y'all I want you off the
wall
If you're playing the wall so whatcha want?
Y'all suckers write me checks and then they bounce
So I reach in my pocket for the fresh amount
See I'm the long leaner victor the cleaner I'm the illest motherfucker from here to Gardenia
I'm as cool as a cucumber in a bowl of hot sauce
You've got the rhyme and reason but no cause
So if you're hot to trot you think you're slicker than grease
I've got news for you crews you'll be sucking like a leach You can't front on that, so whatcha want?

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