

Stop That Train (Chromium05 Better RMX)

Beastie Boys

It's 4:00 a.m. I've got the Dr. Hfuhruhurr ale
I've got nothing to lose so I'm pissin' on the third rail
Groggy eyed and fried I'm headed for the station
D-train ride to Coney Island vacation Dedicated to the boofers in the back of the 1 train
They'll be kicking out windows high on cocaine
Then I ump the turnstyle I lost my last token
Riding between the cars pissing smoking Head for the last car fluorescent light blackout
Policeman told my homeboy put that crack out
You know you light up when the lights go down
Then you read the New York post Fulton St. downtown Same faces every day but you don't know their names
Party people going placed on the d-train
Trench coat wing tip going to work
And you'll be pulling a train like Captain Kirk Pick pocket gangsters paying their debts
I caught a bullet in the lung from Bernie Goetz
Overworked and underpaid staring at the floor
Prostitutes spandex caught in the slide doors Stuck between the stations it seems like an eternity
Sweating like sardines in a flophouse fraternity
\$50.00 fine for disturbing the peace
The neck tortoise your lees are creased Hot cup of coffee and the donuts are dunkin'
Friday night and Jamaica queens funk in'
Elevated platform never gonna conform
Riding over the diner where I always get my toast warm Bust into the conductor's booth and busted out rhymes
Over the loud speaker about the hard times
Sat across from a man readin el diario
Riding the train down from el barrio Went from the station straight to Orange Julius
I bought a hot dog from my man George Drakoulis

Songwriters

DIAMOND, MICHAEL LOUIS / HOROVITZ, ADAM / YAUCH, ADAM NATHANIEL / KING, JOHN

ROBERT / SIMPSON, MICHAEL S. / DIKE, MATTPublished by

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