

Time To Get Ill

Beastie Boys

What's the time?
It's time to get ill
And what's the time?
It's time to get ill
So what's the time?
It's time to get ill
Now what's the time?
It's time to get ill I'm not the type of person like to waste my time
And when I'm on the mic, I just say my rhymes
And I'm not out on bail, the check is in the mail
They can sentence me to life, and I won't go to jail I'm cool, calm, collected, from class I was ejected
Just me, Mike D, and MCA, rarely disrespected
I got all the time that I need to kill
What's that time? It's time to get ill You been fully captivated by that funky ass bass
Your girlfriend screams when MCA's in the place
He stumbles in the room with the Chivas in his hand
Cold chillin' on the spot at the microphone stand I'd have the pedal to the metal if I had a car
But I'm chiller with the Miller, cold coolin' at the bar
I can drink a quart of Monkey and still stand still
What's the time? It's time to get ill Walkin' in my Gucci, it's about that time
Walkin' in my Gucci, it's about that time Went outside my house, I went down to the deli
I spent my last dime to refill my fat belly
I got rhymes galime, I got rhymes galilla
And I got more rhymes than Phillis Diller MCA take a stand, man in command
Homeboy, turn it out, don't give a damn
Man, my name is MCA, I've got a license to kill
And what's the time? It's time to get ill I'm Mr. Air
The famous Mr. Air Riding down the block with my box in my hand
Today I feel like chillin' just as chill as I can
Coolin' on the corner with a forty of O.E.
'Cause me and MCA, we're down with Mike D Man, when I run a jam, I don't give a damn
When I'm throwing bass, I say, "Thank you ma'am."
Fuel injected, rhyme connected, running things
Well, I'm the King Ad Rock and I'm the king of all kings I'm looking for a spot, things are gettin' hot
I'm MCA, I'm here to stay and you sir, you are not
Oh no, it could not be, it's such a sight to see
It's such a trip, you're on my tip, so listen to Mike D My work is my play, because I'm playing when I work
My name's Mike D, as you can see and I can do the jerk
MCA, Ad Rock, Mike D, it's chill

What's the time? It's time to get ill Now, what's the time?

It's time to get ill

And what's the time?

It's time to get ill

So what's the time?

It's time to get ill

Now what's the time?

It's time to get ill

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>