

The Scoop (2009 Remaster)

Beastie Boys

I don't get blind, I don't drink wine
I went and took a sledgehammer and I broke my nine
Because my life is mine, word is bond I rhyme
And every day I write the book down line by line
I'm feeling good when I do it like this
So come on and turn it up because you can't resist
Because I'm back with another track in which you lack
'Cause things is wack and that's a fact
Because I'm on time, you're shouting rewind
You know it's Adrock that's blowing your mind
My shit is rough and you know it is (so damn tough!) I'm getting intense, not talking nonsense
I made up my mind, not sitting on the fence
I don't always know the right from the wrong
Do my best to figure it out and work it out in the long
I try to do a lot, more than I can chew
I balance out my ambitions what I got to do
Check it, better believe it y'all
Check it, better believe it y'all
This is rough and tough 'Cause you hide in broad day light, a parasite
A hypocrite, you take a peek quick
You turn your nose up (what), you think you're high up
You play it real safe and now your shit's fake
I seen you hawking and then you clock my style
And then you try to play it off like you think you're wild
D.I.Y., that means do it yourself
I don't sit around waitin' for someone's help
I don't sit back and say "Good enough"
I keep on striving, reinventing, keepin' it off the cuff
So I kick the level up cahoot-ified
Mackadocius vibes, positively fortified
I'm throwing rhymes down, kickin' them downtown
Traveling high speed through the underground
I kick it freestyle, make it worth your while
I've got shelves of rhymes that I keep on file
I'm feeling good now, back home again
Well, New York City is the city that I feel at home in
A blast from the Grasshoff, awhile it's been
Stepping into the future again
Uh, and now I'm straight from eighty-eight
To ninety-three, to ninety-four, I'm out the door
Step into the party with the Fila fresh gear
People looking at me like I was David Koresh here
Kicking rhymes from the heart cause that's where I'm at
Fuck the bullshit, be it far from me to pop that
In the search for truth, I go a lot of ways
There's not a lot of peace that I find these days
I try to stay cool, I try to stay calm

But my life is getting hectic like a smoke bomb
So I'll say it like the group Huggy Bear
There's a boy-girl revolution of which you should be aware
You can't dis me, it ain't worth it, B
You put yourself down and you don't even see
'Cause I don't play that, I know who I am
For a minute I didn't but now I'm back again
I'm feeling strong, see, trust myself, G
Well, I stopped smoking cheeba and that was part of the key
We, we, we've got fire, we need water
There ain't no water, so I guess I ought to
Leave you broke in a comatose state of mind
And I'm blind and I'm working overtime, so check it
I keep my rhymes in my little black book
And I know you wanna take another look

Songwriters

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