

Too Many Rappers

Beastie Boys

Mic check, mic check
One, one, two, two, three, three
Too many rappers, and there's still not enough emcees
It goes three, three, two, two, one, one
MCA, Ad-Rock, Mike D, that's how we get it done like
Ladies and gents attention, Nas in the house
With Beastie Boys, we can turn it out
Perpetrators, we can point 'em out
So if you got somethin' on your mind, let it out
Yo, I been in the game since before you was born
I might still be emceein' even after you're gone
Strange thought, I know, but my skills still grow
The 80's, the 90's, 2000's, and so
On and on until the crack of dawn
Until the year 3000 and beyond
Stay up all night, and I emcee and never die
'Cause death is the cousin of sleep
Because I'm back with a bang boogie, oogie oogie
Strawberry letter 23 like Shuggie
Oh, my God, just look at me
Grandpa been rappin' since '83
Oh, I'm supersonic like J.J. Fad
Got crazy ass shit pullin' out the bag
Don't forget the tartar sauce, yo, 'cause it's sad
All these crap rappers, they're rappin' like crabs
I have carte blanche, the vagabond
Nas is the narcissist, my pockets are rotund
I'm no killa, but compared to you, I'm more real'a
You ain't a shot, a mobster, or a drug dealer
A slug peeler, you're not, mafioso, no
You ain't got the cutthroat in ya, beginner
I ain't tryin' to hear your racket
You work with police dog, you snitch, you rat, you wear that jacket
How many rappers must get dissed
Gimme eight bars, and watch me bless this
I start to reminisce, oh, when I miss
The real hip hop with which I persist
Like rum in mojitos, bullets and banditos
Matzah balls in soup, jackets and troop

Yes, y'all, this is one for the history books
Nasty Nas, what's the word, count it off on the hook
Let's go! One, one, two, two, three, three
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So if you got somethin' on your mind, let it out
'Cause this the type of lyric goes inside your brain
To blow you bullshit rappers straight out the frame
My lyrics spin round like a hurricane twister
So get your hologram on off of Wolf Blitzer
Too many rappers to shake a stick at
I outta charge a tax for every weak rap
I had to listen to 'cause we be makin' stacks
Like Stax Records, my squad we gotta pack, we never coming whack
To all you crab rappers and hackers
And Circuit Fenders, two-tone splendor
I take the cake, I stole the mold
The golden microphone, well that's mine to hold
And why all these biters all up in my crotch space?
Sniffin', puffin', huffin', and mean muggin' with a Blimpie Bluffin
Back up off me, sucka, you ain't sayin' nothin'
I'm broader than Broadway, I was in project hallways
Dual tape recorder, lacin' oratorials all day
I'm just getting started on this beat, this is foreplay
And when this song finished, y'all can sing along with this
By the way, I have a strong fetish for Christian Louboutin steppers
I hear Russian blonde's the wettest
But anyway, I better pay homage to my fellas
And that's what's on my mind and the rhyme, who's next up?
Mike D, the man of mystery
History in the makin', and now we're takin'
Titles, awards, and accolades
Scar in' the competition as I sharpen my blades
We come together like peanut butter and sandwiches
Like pen and paper, like Picasso and canvases
Rockin' stadiums and shitty bars
Go back in time, send a fax from my car
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