

3-Minute Rule

Beastie Boys

I stay up all night, I go to sleep watching Dragnet
Never sleep alone because Jimmy is the magnet
I'm so rope, they call me Mr. Roper
When the troubles arise, you know I'm the cool coper
On the mic I score, just like the Yankees
Get over on Miss Crabtree like my main man Spanky
Excuse me young lady I don't mean to trouble ya
Ya lookin' so hot inside your BMW
I got lucky, I brought home the kitten
Before I got busy I slipped on the mitten
Can't get better odds because I'm a sure thing
Proud Mary is a turning and rolling like a ring-ding
Jump the turnstiles never pay the toll
I did the doo-wah diddy and bust 'em with the pre-roll
Customs jailed me over an herb seed
Don't rat out your boy over some rat weed
I'm out of your back door, I'm into another
Your boyfriend doesn't know about me and your mother
Not perfect grammar, always perfect timing
The Mike stands for money and the D is for diamonds
Roses are red, the sky is blue
I got my barrel at 'cha neck so what the fuck you gonna do
It's just two wheels and me, the wind in my eyes
The engine is the music and my nine's by my side
'Cause you know Y-A-U-C-H
I'm taking all MC's out in the place
Taking life as it comes, no fool am I
Going off, getting paid, and I don't ask why
Playin' beats on my box, making music for the many
Know a lot of def girls that are doing their thing
A lot of parents like to think I'm a villain
I'm just chillin', like Bob Dylan
Yeah I smoke cheeba, it helps me with my brain
I might be a little dusted but I'm not insane
People come up to me and they try to talk shit, man
I was making records when you were sucking your mother's dick
Girl, you're walking tall now in your fancy
clothes
You got fancy things that goin' up your nose
You're getting fancy gifts from expensive men
You're a dog on a leash like a pig in a pen

Mothership connection, getting girls' affection
If your life needs correction, don't follow my direction
You got your 8x10, your agent, your Harley
You'll be driving around Hollywood, yo, sorry Charlie
'Cause I'm running things like some mack motherfucker
You'll be slipping your slack in your face
'Cause your a false fake sucker
You slipped your slack, you cock me and you're wack
While I'm reading "On The Road" by my man Jack Kerouac
Poetry in motion, coconut lotion
Had to diss the girl because she got to emotional
Are you experienced little girl?
I want to know what goes on in your little girl world
'Cause I'm on your mind, it's hard to forget me
I'll take your pride for a ride if you let me
So peace out, y'all PCP, song out
Full throttle to the bottle and full full clout
And I'm out

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