

Long Burn the Fire

Beastie Boys

Jump out the window onto a parade balloon
My style is iller than the goblins in Troll 2
'Cause I'm the type of emcee with the most pizazz
You're stealing my books like I was Grandmaster Caz
Got rhymes about antihistamines and analgesics
Rhyme about expectorants? Y'all don't see it
Soothsayer, not a player, rhymesayer extreme
(Huh)
Burn like fire when I step on the scene
I got shark's teeth so I can bite your head
I got tiger's claws that'll scratch ya dead
I got wings like a dragon when I'm flying above
Shoot venom from eyes when it's time to get ruff
Step back and check yourself
'Cause emcee's got weapons that'll ruin your health
So if you're feeling strong then reach for yours
My book is my shield and my mic is my sword
(Sword, sword, sword, sword, sword, sword)
Now it's Adrock rapping, I'm back again
Like a Big Mac attack on your gut and it's whack, my friend
I'm a mack, so relax or end up chilling
I take that shit serious like Jerome DeQuillan
I burn you to a crisp, sucker, back up off the toaster
I'll make you sick like a Kenny Rogers roaster
See this rap thing is all about the braggadocio
I check my rear-view, emcees ain't getting closer
People think I'm slow 'cause I'm just a little challenged
See me and my band is a raw group of talent
Live round the clock like Disco Donut
I'm like a tampon 'cause I got the pink soda
Over rock, I make hits that move asses
Rhyme so much heat that I fog your mom's glasses
Proof is in the pudding and the pudding's in my pants
You heard me rapping now watch me dance
Save the date for one name who deliver to the rafters
Up from the heavens you can hear our laughter
Like goodness me or empty john
We done did it again and our game is still on
It's not tic-tac-toe or Operation
Just holding it down like the gravitation
Total hits, that's it, you couldn't do
Ad Rock's in the bathroom now check the fondue
String of nuts like the name is Mike Pizzini
Or a fine household name like Sergio Tacini
Now that we're here, back and raising hell
I'm running wild like rats in the Taco Bell
On the mic I shit, the match gets lit
Mike Dino, the Jew is rampant
Making music from librarians to curly jocks
The rapper Mike D not Gold-i-locks

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