

# Nonstop Disco Powerpack

## Beastie Boys

Well how you feelin' Ad Rock? Well I'm feelin' well  
Bonafide, qualified, with a story to tell  
Well how you feelin' Mike D? Well I feel all good  
All day is how we play in the neighborhood  
Well how you feelin' MCA? Well I feel right  
I speak my words on the track 'cause the track sound tight  
So if you're feelin' good and you're feelin' right  
Uh, somebody step up and grab the mic Well hello everybody and how you been?  
It's Ad Rock rappin' on the microphone again  
I got grace, class, style, finesse and debonaire  
Murdalize motherfuckers 'cause I just don't care  
The MC whisperer, kinda like a trainer  
I take sucker rappers, I put 'em through a strainer  
Like macaroni 'cause the shit sound cheesy  
Watch how it's done boy, it looks easy  
The nonstop, goin' off, kingpin, microphone boss  
Do my own thing, you can't afford the cost  
Of my rhyme style that complete the turnstile  
'Cause it's live and direct, and I'm wicked and wild  
Back on the roll, I got total control  
I flow like the water out your toilet bowls  
Your style is cheap boy, just like a Dutch  
You know you're not smokin' on the microphone much  
There's a certain special talent that I never lack  
Ha-ha! And that's a fact  
'Cause we shine like the chrome on a Cadillac  
You better break a wishbone 'cause we never wack  
Said we're never that, and that is that  
And we're the nonstop disco powerpack  
Uh, that's right, we go all night  
Who gonna be next to bless the mic? Now this is the way we run it down  
We're gettin' you high on the funky sound  
This is the way we get it on  
B-Boys in the house 'til the break of dawn See I mix my style up like a cement mixer  
Smooth and fix ya like a rhyme elixir  
Hey yo yo soundman, make Mike's mic louder  
Don't make me sound cheap like a box of douche powder  
I'll max and relax, champagne, mojito  
Don't go commando, don't know bandito

Je m'appelle Michel, Perignon  
Me and Claude in the chateau, we got it goin' on  
Quincy's in the hot tub like it's '73  
Lookin' over his shoulder and he's lookin' at me  
I'm all white in the face, towel around my waist  
What's up with that watch inside the glass case?  
I go to make my move, sneak out the place  
Undetected, not leavin' a trace  
Party's done, microphone wrecked  
Wine's been drunk, and head's been checked  
I see one last profiterole, I make my play  
And pass the microphone to MCANonstop, On the top, and you clock, then we rock  
Never fakin', no mistakin', we be makin' hip hop  
So c'mon everybody get down Now it's a spot check, hit the deck count down  
'Cause I'ma break it down for ya how we run it down  
Pound for pound, keep the basslines round  
See you watchin', clockin', jockin' my sound  
But for real, I'm real glad I grew up with hip hop  
Still got mad love for a record called Beat Bop  
It mean a lot spinnin' on my Walkman  
Shout out to the Afrika Bam'  
And to the S to the P the double-O-N-Y  
The one MC, who you can't deny  
I'd listen to the records and they'd inspire  
Sit down to write and the pen blazed fire  
Construct a rhyme with specific intent  
Flowin' from the braincells right through the pen  
And then I put the book down, grab ahold the mic  
Words flowin' so cold, turn water to ice  
Come through the wire saturate the tape  
You put me in the mix nice it up at the plate  
And then they press it on wax, sell it in the store  
The DJ's spin the record out on the dancefloor  
Comin' through the speakers to shake your eardrum  
Braincells get lit, then you hear where we're comin' from Ad Rock, huh, get it on  
We gonna rock the house until the break of dawn  
Now Mike D, huh, get it on  
We gonna rock the house until the break of dawn  
And MCA, yeah, get it on  
We gonna rock the house until the break of dawn  
Beastie Boys in the house, don't stop

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