

# Get It Together (Buck-Wild remix)

## Beastie Boys

One-two-one-two keep it on  
Listen to the shit because we kick it until dawn  
Listen to the abstract got it going on  
Listen to the ladies come on and let me spawn  
All your eggs then you you go up the river  
Listen to the abstract that freaky nigga  
I'm ad rock and I shock and I tick and I tock  
And I can't stop with the body rock  
See I've got heart like John Starks  
Hitting mad sparks  
Pass me the mic  
And I'll be rocking the whole park  
I'm the m to the see to the a and it's a must  
The rhymes that we bust on the topic on lust  
And my moms is not butt, but fuck it  
Let me get down to the rhythm  
Yes I'm getting funky and I'm shooting all my jism  
Like John Holmes, the x-rated nigga  
Listen to the shit 'cause I'm the ill figure  
Nobody's getting any bigger than thisAd rock down with the ione  
Listen to the shit because both of them is boney  
Got to do it like this like chachi and joanie  
Because she's the cheese and I'm the macaroni  
So why all the fight and why all the fuss  
Because I ain't got no dust  
Yea, you know I'm getting silly  
I've got a grandma hazel and a grandma tilly  
Grand royalprez and I'm also a member  
Born on the cusp in the month of November  
I do the patty duke in case you don't remember  
Well, I freak a funky beat like the shit was in a blender  
Well, I'm long gone word is born  
Don't need a mother fucking fool telling me right from wrong  
I don't think I'm slick nor do I play like I'm hard  
But I shall drive the lane like I was evan bernhard  
And I've working on my game because life is taxing  
Got to get it together and see what's happeningI go one two like my name was biz mark  
But I had to do the shit just let me embark  
On the lyric and the noun and the verb

Let's kick the shit off 'cause yo, I'm not the herb  
Well, it's not the herb but the spice with the flavor to spare  
Tho moog with the funk for your derriere  
While we're on that topic, yes I like to mention  
When it comes to boning I'm representing  
Spacing, zoning, talkin' on the phone and  
My brain is roaming and I don't know where it's going  
Talking lots of shit a little tweaking on the weekend  
I've got to get him by the reigns because I know that I'm freaking  
Well, I'm a funky skull and I'm a scorpio  
And when I get my flow I'm dr on the go  
So q-tip, what you on the mic for  
Because I had to talk about the times that I rhyme  
And when m.c.s come in my face, I'm like mace  
Because I back them off with the quills  
Nigga 'cause I tell you, nigga 'cause I'll keep you under prills  
Resting on nine one one sixteenth ave off the farmes boulevard I'm from manhattan m.c.a.'s from brooklyn  
Yea, m.c.a., your shit be cooking  
Praying mantis on the court and I can't be beat  
So, yo tip, what's up with the boot on your feet  
I've got the timbos on the toes and this is how it goes  
Oh one two, oh my god  
One two, oh my god, I've got some shit  
I've got the kung fu grip behind my green trap kit  
Never ever ever smoking crack  
Never ever ever fucking wack  
I eat the fuckin' pineapple now & later  
Listen to me now, don't listen to me later  
Fuck it 'cause I know I didn't make it fuckin' rhyme for real  
But, yo technically I'm as hard as steel  
Gonna get it together, watch it, gonna get it together ma bell  
I'm like ma bell, I've got the ill communications

Songwriters

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