

Hold It Now, Hit It

Beastie Boys

Now I chill real ill when I start to chill
When I fill my pockets with a knot of dollar bills
Sipping pints of ale out the window sill
When I get my fill I'm chilly chill Now I just got home because I'm out on bail
What's the time? It's time to buy ale
Peter eater, parking meter all of the time
If I run out of ale, it's Thunderbird wine Miller drinking, chicken eating, dress so fly
I got friends in high places that are keeping me high
Dow with Mike D. And it ain't no hassle
Got the ladies of the eighties from here to White Castle Hold it now (hold it now, hold it now) hit it! Now its me
Adam Yauch in the place to be
And all the girls are on me cause I'm down with Mike D.
I'm down with Mike D. And it ain't no baloney
For real, not phony, "O.E." and Rice-a-Roni I come out at night 'cause I sleep all day
Well, I'm the King Adrock and he's M.C.A.
Well I'm cruising, I'm bruising, I'm never ever losing
I'm in my car, I'm going far and dust is what I'm using Around the way is where I'm from
And I'm from Manhattan and I'm not a bum
Because you're pud-slapping, ball-flapping, got that juice
My name's Mike D. And I can do that Jerry Lewis Hold it now (hold it now, hold it now) hit it! Hip-hop, body
rockin', doing the do
Beer drinking, breath stinking, sniffing glue
Belly flipping, always illing, busting caps
My name's Mike D. And I write my own snaps I'm a peep-show seeking on the forty-deuce
I'm a killer at large and I'm on the loose
Pistol packing, Monkey drinking, no money bum
I come from Brooklyn 'cause that's where I'm from Cheap-skate, perpetrating, money hungry jerk
Everyday I drink a "O.E." and I don't go to work
You drippy nose knuckle-head, you're wet behind the ears
You like men, and we like beer (beer, beer, beer) Hold it now, hit it! King of the Ave. With the Def female
You're rhyming and stealin' with the freshest ale
Cooling at the crib watching my TV
Ed Norton (Ted Knight) and Mr. Ed Pump it up homeboy, just don't stop
Chef Boy-are-dee cooling on the pot
I take no slack 'cause I got the knack
And I'm never dusting out 'cause I torch that crack The King Adrock, that is my name
And you're drinking Moet, we got the champagne
A quarter dropping, going shopping buying wigs
Surgeon general cut professor D.J. Thigs Hold it now (hold it now, hold it now), hit it!

Hit it! (Hit it, hit it, hit it, hit it)

Hold it now (hit it!)

Yo Leron!

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