

The New Style

Beastie Boys

And on the cool check in
Center stage on the mic
And we're puttin' it on wax
It's the new style Four and three and two and one (What up!)
And when I'm on the mic
the suckers run (Word!)
Down with Adrock and Mike D. and you ain't
And I got more juice than Picasso got paint
Got rhymes that are rough and rhymes that are slick
I'm not surprised you're on my dick Be-E-A-S-T-I-E, what up Mike D.
Ah yeah, that's me
I got franks and pork and beans
Always bust the new routines
I get it, I got it, I know it's good
The rhymes I write, you wish you would I'm never in training, my voice is not straining
People always biting and I'm sick of complaining
So I went into the locker room during classes
Went into your locker and I smashed your glasses
You're from Secausus, I'm from Manhattan
You're jealous of me because your girlfriend is catin' There it is, kick it! Father to many, married to none
And in case you're unaware I carry a gun
Stepped into the party, the place was over packed
Saw the kid that dissed my home boy and shot him in the back
I had to get a beeper 'cause my phone is tapped
You better keep your mouth shut 'cause I'm fully strapped
I got money in the bank, I can still get high
That's why your girlfriend thinks that I'm so fly
I've got money and juice, twin sisters in my bed
Their father had Aids so I shot him in the head
If I played guitar I'd be Jimmy Page
The girlie's I like are underage (Check it!)
Girls with boyfriends are the kinds I like
I'll steal your honey like I stole your bike
My father, he's jealous 'cause I'm making that green
I've got the girlie's numbers from the places I been There it is, kick it! You want to know why, because I'm
October 31st, that is my date of birth
I got to the party and you know what I did the Smurf
Taxing all females from coast to coast
And when I get my fill I'm chilly most

We rag-tag girlies back at the hotel
And then we all switch places when I ring the bell
I chill at White Castle 'cause it's the best
But I'm fly at Fat Burger when I way out west
K-I-N-G-A-D whammy
All the fly ladies are on my jammy
Went to the prom, wore the fly blue rental
Got six girlies in my Lincoln Continental
I met a girl at the party and she started to flirt
I told her some rhymes and she pulled up her skirt
Spent some bank, I got a high powered jumbo
Rolled up a wooly and I watched Colombo
Let me clear my throat
Kick it over here baby pop
And let all the fly skimmies,
Feel the beat drop
Coolin' on the corner on a hot summer day
Just me, my posse and M.C.A.
A lot of beer, a lot of girls and a lot of cursing
Twenty-two automatic on my person
Got my hand in my pocket and my finger's on the trigger
My posse's gettin' big and my posse's gettin' bigger
Some voices got treble, some voices got bass
We got the kind of voices that are in your face
Like the bun to the burger, like the burger to the bun
Like the cherry to the apple, to the peach to the plum
I'm the king of the Ave., and I'm the king of the block
I'm M.C.A., and I'm the King Adrock
I'm Mike D., I got all the fly juice
On the checkin' at the party on the forty deuce
Walking down the block with the fresh fly threads
Beastie Boys fly the biggest heads

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