

Sure Shot

Beastie Boys

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

You can't, you won't and you don't stop
Mike D come on and rock the sure shot
I've got the brand new doo-doo guaranteed
Like Yoo Hoo
I'm on like Dr John, yea Mr Zu Zu
I'm a newlywed, not a divorcee
And everything I do is funky like Lee Dorsey
Well, it's the taking of Pelham, one, two, three
If you want a doodoo rhyme then come see me
I've got the savior faire with the unique rhyme
And
I keep it on and on, it's never quitting time and
Strictly hand held is the style I go
Never rock the mice with the panty hose
I strap on my ear goggles and I'm ready to go
'couse at the boards is the man they call the Mario
Pull up at the function and you know I Kojak
To all the party people that are on my bozak
I've got more action than my man John Woo
And I've got mad hits like I was rod crew
You can't, you won't and you don't stop
Ad Rock come and rock the sure shot
Hurricane will cross fade on your ass and
Bust your ear drums
Listen everybody 'couse I'm shifting gears I'm
Fresh like dougie when I set my specs and
On the microphone I come correct
Timing like a clock when I' rock the hip hop
Top notch is my stock on the soap box
I've got more rhymes than I've got grey hairs
And that's a lot because I've got my share
I've got a hole in my head and there's no one
To fix it
Got to straighten my thoughts, I'm thinking too

Much sick shit
Everyone just takes and takes, takes, takes,
Takes
I've got to step back, I've got to contemplate
I'm like Lee Perry, I'm very
On rock the microphone and then I'm gone
I'm like Vaughn Bode, I'm a cheech wizard
Never quitting, so won't you listen Oh yes indeed, it's fun time
Cause you can't, you won't and you don't stop
Mca come and rock the sure shot I want to say a little something that's long
Overdue
The disrespect to women has got to be through
To all the mothers and sisters and the
Wives and friends
I want to offer my love and respect to the
End
Well you say iÃ,Â«m twenty something and should
Be slacking
But I'm working harder than ever and you could
Call it macking
So I'm supposed to sit upon my couch watching my
T.V.
I'm still listening to wax, I'm not using the cd
I'm that kid in the corner
All fucked up and I want to so I'm gonna
Take a piece of the pie, why not, I'm not quitting
Think I'm gonna change up my style just to fit in
I keep my underwear up with a piece of elastic
I use a bullshit mic that's made out of plastic
To send my rhymes out to all nations
Like ma bell, I've got the ill communications

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