

Hold It Now, Hit It

Beastie Boys

Hold it now, hit it!
Yo Leroy!
Aw yeah, yo yo, yeah
Why don't you do that def jam right about now? Now I chill real ill when I start to chill
When I fill my pockets with a knot of dollar bills
Sippin' pints of ale out the window sill
When I get my fill, I'm chilly chill And now I just got home because I'm out on bail
What's the time? It's time to buy ale!
Peter eater parkin' meter all of the time
If I run out of ale, it's Thunderbird wine Miller drinkin', chicken eatin', dress so fly
I got friends in high places that are keepin' me high
Get down with Mike D and it ain't no hassle
I got the ladies of the eighties from here to White Castle Hold it now, hit it!
Yo Leroy!
It's my joint it's my, hold it now
It's my rhyme The now and T, 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 he 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 Ad Rock, and he's MCA
Well I'm a-cruisin', I'm bruising, I'm never ever losin'
I'm in my car, I'm goin' far and dust is what I'm usin' Around the way is where I'm from
And I'm from Manhattan and I'm not a bum
Because you're pud-slappin', ball-flappin', got that juice
My name's Mike D and I can do that Jerry Lewis Hold it now, hit it!
Yo Leroy!
Yo man, that was real def man
Try that again, man I like that def stuff, boy! Hip hoppin', body rockin', doin' the do
Beer drinkin', breath stinkin', sniffin' glue
Belly fillin', always illin', bustin' caps
My name's Mike D and I write my own snaps Now I'm a peep-show seekin' on the forty-deuce
I'm a killer at large and I'm on the loose
Pistol packin', monkey drinkin', no money bum
I come from Brooklyn 'cause that's where I'm from Cheap skate, perpetratin', money hungry jerk
Every day I drink O.E. and I don't go to work
You drippy nose knucklehead, you're we behind the ears
You like men and we like beers! Hold it now, hit it
Yo Leroy!
Pass that joint on over

Yo man, pass that over here man, all right King of the Ave with the def female
You're rhymin' and stealin' with the freshest ale
Coolin' at the crib watchin' my TV
Ed Norton, Ted Knight and Mr. Ed Pump it up homeboy, just don't stop
Chef Boyardee coolin' on the pot
I take no slack 'cause I got the knack
And I'm never dustin' out 'cause I torch that crack The King Ad Rock, that is my name
Y'all's drinkin' Moet and we got the champagne
A quarter droppin', goin' shoppin' buyin' wigs
Surgeon General cut professor, D.J. Thigs! Hold it now, hit it!
Hit it!
Hold it now, hit it!
Yo Leroy!

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