

Nonstop Disco Powerpack

Beastie Boys

Well how you feelin' Ad Rock? Well I'm feelin' well
Bonafide, qualified, with a story to tell
Well how you feelin' Mike D? Well I feel all good
All day is how we play in the neighborhood
Well how you feelin' MCA? Well I feel right
I speak my words on the track 'cause the track sound tight
So if you're feelin' good and you're feelin' right
Uh, somebody step up and grab the mic Well hello everybody and how you been?
It's Ad Rock rappin' on the microphone again
I got grace, class, style, finesse and debonaire
Murdaize motherfuckers 'cause I just don't care
The MC whisperer, kinda like a trainer
I take sucker rappers, I put 'em through a strainer
Like macaroni 'cause the shit sound cheesy
Watch how it's done boy, it looks easy
The nonstop, goin' off, kingpin, microphone boss
Do my own thing, you can't afford the cost
Of my rhyme style that complete the turnstile
'Cause it's live and direct, and I'm wicked and wild
Back on the roll, I got total control
I flow like the water out your toilet bowls
Your style is cheap boy, just like a Dutch
You know you're not smokin' on the microphone much
There's a certain special talent that I never lack
Ha-ha! And that's a fact
'Cause we shine like the chrome on a Cadillac
You better break a wishbone 'cause we never wack
Said we're never that, and that is that
And we're the nonstop disco powerpack
Uh, that's right, we go all night
Who gonna be next to bless the mic? Now this is the way we run it down
We're gettin' you high on the funky sound
This is the way we get it on
B-Boys in the house 'til the break of dawn See I mix my style up like a cement mixer
Smooth and fix ya like a rhyme elixir
Hey yo yo soundman, make Mike's mic louder
Don't make me sound cheap like a box of douche powder
I'll max and relax, champagne, mojito
Don't go commando, don't know bandito

Je m'appelle Michel, Perignon
 Me and Claude in the chateau, we got it goin' on
 Quincy's in the hot tub like it's '73
 Lookin' over his shoulder and he's lookin' at me
 I'm all white in the face, towel around my waist
 What's up with that watch inside the glass case?
 I go to make my move, sneak out the place
 Undetected, not leavin' a trace
 Party's done, microphone wrecked
 Wine's been drunk, and head's been checked
 I see one last profiterole, I make my play
 And pass the microphone to MCANonstop, On the top, and you clock, then we rock
 Never fakin', no mistakin', we be makin' hip hop
 So c'mon everybody get down Now it's a spot check, hit the deck count down
 'Cause I'ma break it down for ya how we run it down
 Pound for pound, keep the basslines round
 See you watchin', clockin', jockin' my sound
 But for real, I'm real glad I grew up with hip hop
 Still got mad love for a record called Beat Bop
 It mean a lot spinnin' on my Walkman
 Shout out to the Afrika Bam'
 And to the S to the P the double-O-N-Y
 The one MC, who you can't deny
 I'd listen to the records and they'd inspire
 Sit down to write and the pen blazed fire
 Construct a rhyme with specific intent
 Flowin' from the braincells right through the pen
 And then I put the book down, grab ahold the mic
 Words flowin' so cold, turn water to ice
 Come through the wire saturate the tape
 You put me in the mix nice it up at the plate
 And then they press it on wax, sell it in the store
 The DJ's spin the record out on the dancefloor
 Comin' through the speakers to shake your eardrum
 Braincells get lit, then you hear where we're comin' from Ad Rock, huh, get it on
 We gonna rock the house until the break of dawn
 Now Mike D, huh, get it on
 We gonna rock the house until the break of dawn
 And MCA, yeah, get it on
 We gonna rock the house until the break of dawn
 Beastie Boys in the house, don't stop

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>