

Putting Shame In Your Game

Beastie Boys

Beastie Beastie Beastie Boys gettin' live on the spot

Puttin' all kinds of shame in the game you got

We keep the party movin' to the broad day light

G E T L I V E alright

Trans hypnotic robotic can't stop it

No limit to this style you know you can't lock it

First you mock it, rock it and then you stock it

But I've got the styles that are always in the pocket

Like a bird floating down on a New York breeze

Every thought in the mind is a planted seed

So watch the mind or the thoughts will stack

Before you know it they're boomeranging on back

I'm the king of boogie there is none higher

I get 11 points off the word quagmire

Fools can't see me and that's how it is

And that's how I like it cause that's my biz

Beastie Beastie Boys gettin' live on the spot

Puttin' all kinds of shame in the game you got

We keep the party movin' to the broad day light

G E T L I V E alright

Times an illusion as the moments race by

Too fast to really grasp though we may try

Deny, till we die, ooh my my

These thoughts that mislead and then multiply

Second by second and minute by minute

It's like lotto you gotta be in it to win it

Shakin' mind breakin' on their own demise

Lies tax to the max and they'll be feelin' those vibes

So tell me what you need that you have got

Fiending on power will make your blood clot

It starts with the greed and then goes all wrong

That's why we can't all just get along

Were all connected like a Leggo set

One equals one together like a croquette

Whether we have or have not yet met

Well, it ain't no thing and it ain't no sweat

Beastie Beastie Boys gettin' live on the spot

Puttin' all kinds of shame in the game you got

We keep the party movin' to the broad day light

G E T L I V E alright
Well you're caught in a panic and it's rattled your brain
The selfish ways just can't maintain
But these are the breaks when you try and come fake
Don't come with the rhymes that you just half baked
I'm the Benihana chef on the SP12
I chop the fuck out the beats left on the shelf
You be like 'Hello Nasty where you been'
It's time you brought the grimy beats out the dungeon
I jumped outside the house with my Walkman on
I get so hyped when I hear this song
It's gonna keep me happy like all day long
So go and talk shit 'cause it just makes me strong
Don't grease my palm with your filthy cash
Multinationals spreading like a rash
I might stick around or I might be a fad
But I won't sell my songs for no TV ad
Beastie Beastie Beastie Boys gettin' live on the spot
Puttin' all kinds of shame in the game you got
We keep the party movin' to the broad day light
G E T L I V E alright
Can't get enough of that funk, funk
Can't get enough of that funk, funk
Can't get enough of that funk, funk
Junior

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnllyrics.com/>