

She's On It

Beastie Boys

There's no confusion
In her conclusion
She wants to waste my time
And that's no delusion Her final decision
Is perfection and precision
She's grade 'A' class
Number one in her division 'Cos she's on it
'Cos she's on it She acts like a nag
I don't know how it started
Even when i'm chillin'
She acts retarded It's gets annoyin'
So high on the tip
If a pirate had a Def Jam shirt
She'd be hard on his ship 'Cos she's on it
'Cos she's on it Cold chillin' in the spot
And she won't stop
She'll do what's best
Just to reach the top She studies real hard
All night she'll cram
In school she majors in
Advanced Def Jam 'Cos she's on it
'Cos she's on it 'Cos she's on it
'Cos she's on it 'Cos she's on it
'Cos she's on it She's cold in the winter
And cool like ice
Sometimes she gets ruse,
Sometimes she gets nice Her heart starts beatin'
Her hands get clammy
I'm supposed to be the hunk
Now she's on my jammie 'Cos she's on it
'Cos she's on it Her bedroom eyes
They start to twitch
But she won't frown
'Cos she's got that itch She'd drop to her knees
If we'd only say "Please"
Instead of countin' sheep
Cold countin' Beasties 'Cos she's on it
'Cos she's on it
'Cos she's on it

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