

No Sleep Till Brooklyn

Beastie Boys

No sleep till
BrooklynFoot on the pedal, never ever false metal
Engine running hotter than a boiling kettle
My job ain't a job, it's a damn good time
City to city, I'm running my rhymesOn location, touring around the nation
Beastie Boys always on vacation
Itchy trigger finger but a stable turntable
I do what I do best because I'm illing and ableAin't no faking, your money I'm taking
Going coast to coast, watching all the girlyies shaking
While you're at the job working nine to five
The Beastie Boys are at the Garden, cold kickin' it liveNo sleep tillAnother plane, another train, another bottle
in the brain
Another girl, another fight, another drive all night
Our manager's crazy, he always smokes dust
He's got his own room at the back of the busTour around the world, you rock around the clock
Plane to hotel, girls on the jock
We're thrashing hotels like it's going out of style
Getting paid along the way 'cause it's worth your whileFour on the floor, Ad Rock's out the door
MCA's in the back 'cause he's skeezin' with a whore
We got a safe in the trunk with money in a stack
With dice in the front and Brooklyn's in the backNo sleep till
No sleep till Brooklyn
No sleep till BrooklynAin't seen the light since we started this band
MCA, get on the mic my man
Born and bred in Brooklyn, the U.S.A.
They call me Adam Yauch, but I'm MCALike a lemon to a lime, a lime to a lemon
I sip the def ale with all the fine women
Got limos, arenas, TV shows
Autograph pictures and classy hosStep off homies, get out of my way
Taxing little girlyies from here to L.A.
Waking up before I get to sleep
'Cause I'll be rocking this party eight days a weekNo sleep till
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