

The Maestro

Beastie Boys

Who is the man comin' down your block?
It's me you see, with the funk in my walk ('cause)
I'm doin' just what I like to
Today is my day yeah, and I'ma get nice too
You gotta keep movin', and you can't say nothing
I'ma keep bouncin' and bumpin' and stuffin'
One thing you ought to know, well, I am the maestro Yeah, you motherfuckers, I'm all that
I see you lookin' at me sayin'
How can he be so skinny and live so phat?
You know why, 'cause I'm the maestro
Yeah, you know and I'm "movin' on my wheels"
"You got that?" I feel like Rufus Thomas, the crown prince of dance
I'm Mike D, and I'm known for romance
I'm the crazy baldhead with the part on the side
And I'm riding down the block, like I'm on a water slide
'Cause it's the type of day I feel like pressing my luck
'Cause I got nothing to lose, cause I don't give a fuck
See I'm a player, I play, don't play to win, I play to show (yeah)
I'm the maestro Yeah that's right, ya'll
You know I got my own shit
See, this ain't America's Most Wanted
This is America's Most Mackin!
That's right other people all call it, my hit!
When I get on there is no stoppin'!

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