

# Squat!

## The Ex

Turn that shit off man, what's wrong with you man?  
You know we got a party man, get the other record  
(Here we go)  
(Let it go)  
Just one more time, from 'Stix N Stonz'  
It's the M I K E, ohh, to the D  
I'm comin' exquisite and V.I.P.  
Tryin' to spread some love like roots on a tree  
Stayin' true to this vision in the Y2G  
Two G's got 'em scratchin' it like the fleas  
And Ad Rock got it locked like a crooked cop  
Now, it's Ad Rock, y'all remember me  
The guy ya bit ya style from off the TV  
I score Mmmma-Zah-Ayy's all day  
My essays are felt worldwide  
We like four planets on the mic  
Aligned arrays retired all in the days  
Game, too blam for these lames  
(Baby, baby)  
When I was nine, I played with slime  
Got rhymes ga-lot, got rhymes ga-limes  
I got a million like rhymes leavin' ya stung  
I got my own crew called the nasal tongue  
Yo take a few of these b-boys and call me in the mornin'  
(Okay)  
Keep it on the crusty eye, bagel with some butterflies  
Spit gritty like we in MCA's voice box  
Y'all bull and my ox don't fit the mix  
(Disc jock)  
It be some classic material kid  
(Disc jock)  
Got the calm cats blowin' their lid  
(Disc jock)  
You get plush off the rack  
And buy plenty or more we got em by the stack  
(Disc jock)  
Got us walkin' all over the world  
For all the fly fellas and all the fly girls  
(Disc jock)

You can't get enough when we servin' this  
Come on Squat, come on Squat  
Come on Squat, come on Squat  
Come on Squat, come on Squat  
Come on Squat, come on Squat  
Now we'd like to introduce to you, Ad Rock  
Ad Rock in the house you don't stop  
It's the B E A S T I E B O Y S with the most finesse  
Don't mean to be crude, don't mean to be crass  
But listen Guiliani you can kiss my ass  
(What?)  
You heard my word, now Dove you play the preacher  
Get on the mic if you love all the creatures  
Well yeah, I got these fishes swimmin' 'round my baracuda  
Back in '82 I used to ride a street scooter  
Called 'em cuter than pigtails, sales you keep 'em level  
And smack you with a shovel and break your lifestyle  
(Oww)  
Firm on the mic since my days of a child  
Got a 'License Too Ill' to flash to police  
The only beast I huddles with the Beastie Boys  
Bringin' 'Noise' like P.E. to your TV  
Aiyyo, this beat's barefoot and knock-kneed  
Stripped to the rhyme  
And every line made from scratch  
Attached like stripes to shell-toes  
Thin spools that hold the herb  
Mike what's the word?  
(Word)  
It's like the ooh-la-la, ooh-ooh-la-la  
Rhymin' over old breaks like the Mardis Gras  
Party people cross and bump they go, ooh, and they, ahh  
And Mike D and Ad Rock down with the De La  
(Disc jock)  
Get the people dancin for real  
(Disc jock')  
Theater holdin' mass appeal  
(Jock)  
(Disc jock)  
You can't get enough still  
So here's another dose for you to feel  
Put ya body in it  
Come on Squat, come on Squat  
Come on Squat, come on Squat  
Come on Squat, come on Squat

Come on Squat, come on Squat  
I'm feelin' good, damn good but also confused  
This stuff from hip-hop that's bein' misused  
It's desirin', acquirin', tryin' to be like Iverson  
If it means backstabbin' and also conspirin'  
Now, the people in the front, you do the bump, bump  
The people in the back, they're not the whack, whack  
The people in the middle, come on and wiggle, wiggle  
And the people on the side, we can all take a ride  
In my VW I done swung an ep' or two  
The rear in my hatchback y'all know I scratched that  
Here to haystack, keep it rosy in the Rolls  
Skiddin' out to place my vote at the polls for Ad Rock  
Well, I'm the the toe tapper, yes the hand clapper  
From the middle school like the educated rapper  
I'm known as an occupational MC  
You think I lose sleep if you sleep on me?  
It's the rock solid, pilot, here to fly  
(Rock)  
Reachin' elevations too far for the eye  
(Eye)  
Miraculous beats over breaks in these packages  
Seen and all the types  
(All over the globe)  
Who thinks our joints is aight, here's a swab for ya ear  
(To clean out ya lobe)  
And listen to a few views  
From two crews spittin' for the art of it  
We ain't takin' over but damn sure takin' part of it  
Started it ever since we minced meat  
You Sloppy Joe's went and took a bit of the corn dog  
Stay there, I'ma play there  
(Cuz they pay there)  
In the big old Santa Claus bag got discs and now we out  
Signin' off, signin' off, our work is done  
So come on party people  
Have, have, have fun  
(Have, have)  
(Let it go)  
Just one more time, from 'Stix N Stonz'

Lyrics provided by

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