

B-boys Makin With The Freak Freak

Beastie Boys

Putting song together ain't no puzzle like yahtzee
Sending this out to k-rob and rahmalzee
Let me introduce myself on this cut
I'm Adrock, I'm lit like a motherfuck
Well, I'm brewing up rhymes like I was using a still
I've got an old school flow like Mike McGill
Cause Yauch's on the upright, the shit just ain't funny
Got fat bass lines like Russel Simmons steals money
Got clientele, you know I rock well
And then you're on my dick because I'm d.f.l
Yeah, Mike 'cause playing the bass is my favorite shit
I might be a hack on the stand up but I'm working at it
I get my hair cut correct like Anthony Mason
Then I ride the I.R.T. right up to Penn Station
Penn Station up on 8th ave.
Listen all why'all you get the ball bath
He's got the savoir-faire because he's debonair
Mike D with the vinyl with the grooves so rare
And the rhymes that we're are doo-doo
Been makin' with the freak freak, so unique
Been learning from the elders now it's time to speak
Oh that shit sounds nice
Mike D come on and get it on why'all
Talking shit about a mile a minute
Put the wax on the table and let the DJ spin it
Excuse me motherfuckers, can I beg your pardon
I'm gonna see the Knicks at Madison Square Garden
And like the Knicks I got game like I worked at Hasbro
On the mic I bug, like I was Prince Jazzbo
The rhymes are stupid to make you go coo-coo
You can't sleep 'cause you're little Cindy Lou Who
Down with the hurrah since the raising hell tour
Just listen to his cuts there's no reason to tell more
Cindy what I didn't catch the last one
That shit sounded kinda nice, but bust a fast one
Well I'm not known for my speed raps
So grab the microphone and cut out the claps
Ah yea, I like that shit is kind of rough
I'll grab the microphone and fuck it up

I might seem out there, a little deranged
I've got to cool off, catch me on the driving range
Well I'm the ladies' choice like I was J.J. Evans
Legalize the weed and I'll say thank heavens
I'm talking P.G.A. pro tour 2
I'm Doctor Beppers in my TV, in my golfing shoes
Pass me an iron and I'll bust a chip shot
Then you throw me off the green because I'm strictly hip-hop
I'll grab the tee, I'll tee off
I'll grab the golf clubs and I'm off, I'm Audi so check me
I've got the Timbos on my toes when I'm not on the green
I've got the custom made boots with the spikey things
I'm working on my driving 'cause I'm going pro
I've got the funky fly golf gear from head to toe
Yea, the B-boys makin' with the freak freak
Mario's nagging Nonni's about the pesto pizza
And then he's on a mission and he's checking for Peach-a

Songwriters

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