

Slow Ride

Beastie Boys

They got a committee to get me off the block
'Cause I say my rhymes loud and I say 'em nonstop
Because being bad news is what we're all about
We went to White Castle and we got thrown out
I got my boy Mike D., I got the King Adrock
I got the jammy with the ammo inside my sock
I shot homeboy but the bullet was a dud
So I reached in the Miller cooler, grabbed a cool Bud
Slow riding, gun hidin' on the go
I'm fly like an eagle and I drink Old Crow
I'm the king of the classroom, coolin' in the back
My teacher had beef so I gave her a smack
She chased me out of class she was strapped with a ruler
Went to the bathroom, rolled myself a wooler
With bottle in hand at the microphone stand
Ah yo homeboy, what you drinkin' man
I got money, I got juice
I got to the party and I got loose
I got rhythms, I got rhymes
I got the girlies with the Def behinds
I got ill, I got busted
I got dust and I got dusted
I got gold, I got funky
I got the new dance, they call the Brass Monkey
Because I'm hard hittin', always bitten, cool as hell
I got trees on my mirror so my car won't smell
Sittin' around the house, gettin' high and watchin' tube
And eating Colonel's chicken, drinkin' Heineken brew
And I'm a gangster, I'm a prankster, I'm the king of the Ave.
And I'm hated, confrontated for the juice that I have
All the fly ladies are making a fuss
But I can't pay attention, 'cause I'm on that dust

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