

So What'Cha Want (Soul Assassin Remix Version)

Beastie Boys

Well, just plug me in just like I was Eddie Harris
You're eating crazy cheese like you would think I'm from Paris
You know I get fly, you think I get high
You know that I'm gone and I'm-a tell you all why So tell me who are you dissing, maybe I'm missing
The reason that you're smilin' or wildin', so listen
In my head, I just want to take 'em down
Imagination set loose and I'm gonna shake 'em down Let it flow like a mud-slide
When I get on, I like to ride and glide
I've got depth of perception in my text, y'all
I get props at my mention cause I vex, y'all So what'cha, what'cha, what'cha want? (what'cha want?)
I get so funny with my money that you flaunt
I said, "Where'd you get your information from," huh?
You think that you can front when revelation comes?
(Yeah, you can't front on that) Well they call me Mike D, the ever-loving man
I'm like Spoonie Gee, I'm the metropolitician
You scream and you holler, 'bout my Chevy Impala
But the sweat is getting wet around the ring around your collar But like a dream I'm flowing without no stopping
Sweeter than a cherry pie with Reddi Whip topping
From mic-to-mic, kickin' it wall-to-wall
Well, I'll be calling out you people like a casting call Ah, well, it's wack when you're jacked in the back of a ride
With your know, with your flow, when you're out getting by
Believe me, what you see is what you get
And you see me, I'm comin' off as you can bet Well I think I'm losing my mind, this time
This time I'm losing my mind, that's right
Said I think I'm losing my mind, this time
This time, I'm losing my mind (Yeah, you can't front on that) But little do you know about something that I talk
about
I'm tired of driving, it's due time that I walk about
But in the meantime, I'm wise to the demise
I've got eyes in the back of my head so I realize Well, I'm Dr. Spock, I'm here to rock, y'all
I want you off the wall, if you're playing the wall
I said what'cha, what'cha, what'cha want? (what'cha want?)
I said what'cha, what'cha, what'cha want? (what'cha want?) Y'all suckers write me checks and then they bounce
So I reach into my pocket for the fresh amount
See, I'm the long-leaner, Vincent the Cleaner
I'm the illest motherfucker from here to Gardena Well, I'm as cool as a cucumber in a bowl of hot sauce
You've got the rhyme and reason, but got no cause
But if you're hot to trot, you think you're slicker than grease
I've got news for you crews, you'll be sucking like a leech Yeah, you can't front on that So what'cha, what'cha,

what'cha want? (what'cha want?)
So what'cha, what'cha, what'cha want? (what'cha want?)
I said, what'cha, what'cha, what'cha want? (what'cha want?)
I said, what'cha, what'cha, what'cha want? (what'cha want?)

Songwriters

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