

Nervous Assistant

Beastie Boys

OpenOpens the door, Mics the drums
Nervous assistant here he comes
Too much coffee out of controlWhen he rides, he rides the poll
White build up crazy twitch
Always in a rush to hit that switchNervous assistantYou wanna something, you wanna something
You wanna something, my dick
Running around, nothing found, moving too damn quickYou know where to find me anytime
I can't take it I've lost my mind
Proud to say no I'm not son, I got oneNervous assistantToo much action right by me
Like Buddy Rich try me
Need a brain that's stress resistant
Or else I'll be theNervous assistant

Songwriters

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BROOKLYN DUST MUSIC;POLYGRAM INTERNATIONAL MUSIC PUBLISHING, B.V. Song
Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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