

Intergalactic (Emilio Castillo Remix)

Beastie Boys

Intergalactic, planetary, planetary, intergalactic
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Another dimension, another dimension
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Another dimension Well, now, don't you tell me to smile
You stick around I'll make it worth your while
My number's beyond what you can dial
Maybe it's because we're so versatile
Style, profile, I said
It always brings me back when I hear, "ooh, child!"
From The Hudson River out to the Nile
I run the marathon to the very last mile
Well, if you battle me I feel reviled
People always sayin' my style is wild
You've got gall, you've got guile
Step to me I'm a rap-o-phile
If you want to battle you're in denial
Comin' from Uranus to check my style
Go ahead, put my rhymes on trial
Cast you off into exile Intergalactic, planetary, planetary, intergalactic
Intergalactic, planetary, planetary, intergalactic Jazz and A.W.O.L., that's our team
Step inside the party, disrupt the whole scene
When it comes to beats, well, I'm a fiend
I like my sugar with coffee and cream
Well, I gotta keep it going keep it going full steam
Too sweet to be sour to nice to be mean
Well, on the tough-guy style I'm not too keen
Trying to change the world, I'm going to plot and scheme
Mario C. likes to keep it clean
Gonna shine like a sunbeam
Keep on rappin', 'cause that's my dream
Thank Moe Dee for 'Sticking to Themes'
Now when it comes to envy y'all is green
Jealous of the rhyme and the rhyme routine

Another dimension, new galaxy
 Intergalactic, planetary Intergalactic, planetary, planetary, intergalactic
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 Intergalactic, planetary, planetary, intergalactic We're from the family tree of old school hip-hop
 Kick off your shoes and relax your socks
 The rhymes are spread just like a pox
 'Cause the music is loud like an electric shock
 I am known to do the wop
 Also known for the Flintstone Flop
 Tammy D gets biz on the crops
 Beastie Boys known to let the beat
 Mmm, drop!
 Now when I wrote graffiti my name was Slop
 If my rap's soup, my beats is stock
 Step from the table when I start to chop
 I'm a lumberjack DJ Adrock
 If you try to knock me you'll get mocked
 I'll stir fry you in my wok
 Your knees'll start shakin' and your fingers pop
 Like a pinch on the neck of Mr. Spock Intergalactic, planetary, planetary, intergalactic
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Songwriters

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