

Rhyming & Stealin

Beastie Boys

Because mutiny on the bounty's what we're all about
I'm gonna board your ship and turn it on out
No soft sucker with a parrot on his shoulder
'Cause I'm bad gettin' bolder, cold getting colder
Terrorizing suckers on the seven seas
And if you've got beef, you'll get capped in the knees
We got sixteen men on a dead man's chest
And I shot those suckers and I'll shoot the rest
Most illingest be-boy - I got that feeling
'Cause I am most ill and I'm rhyming and stealin'
Snatching gold chains, vicking pieces of eight
I got your money and your honey and the fly name plate
We got wenches on the benches, and bitties with titties
Housing all girlies from city to city
One for all and all for one
Taking out M.C.'s with a big shotgun
All for one and one for all
Because the Beastie Boys have gone A.W.O.L.
Friggin' in the riggin' and cuttin' your throat
Big biting suckers getting thrown in the moat
We got maidens and wenches, man they're on the ace
Captain Bly is gonna die when we break his face
Most illingest be-boy, I got that feeling
'Cause I am most ill and I'm rhyming and stealin'
Ali Baba and the forty thieves
Torching and crackin' and rhyming and stealin'
Robbin' and raping, busting two in the ceiling
I'm wheeling', I'm dealin', I'm drinking, not thinking
Never cower, never shower, and I'm always stinking
Yo ho ho and a bottom glass boat
And when my girlie shakes her hips, she sure gets funky
Skirt chasing, free basing, killing every village
We drink and rob and rhyme and pillage
Most illingest be-boy, I got that feeling
'Cause I am most ill and I'm rhyming and stealin'
I've been drinking my rum, a def son of a gun
I fought the law and I cold won
Black Beard's weak, Moby Dick's on the tick
'Cause I pull out the jammy and squeeze off six

My pistol is loaded, I shot Betty Crocker
Deliver Colonel Sanders down to Davey Jones' locker
Rhymin' and stealin' in a drunken state
And I'll be rockin' my rhymes all the way to Hell's gate
Most illingest b-boy, I got that feeling
I am most ill and I'm rhymin' and stealin'
Most illingest b-boy, I got that feeling
I am most ill and I'm rhymin' and stealin'
Most illingest b-boy, I got that feeling
'Cause I am most ill and I'm rhymin' and stealin'
Most dillingest b-boy, I got that feeling
I am most ill and I'm rhymin' and stealin'
Most chillingest b-boy,
I am most ill and I'm rhymin' and stealin'
Most chillingest b-boy,
I am most ill and I'm rhymin' and stealin'
Most dustin' out b-boy, I'm tossin' my dust
Most finkinest b-boy, I'm doin' that finkin'
Most rhyminest b-boy, I'm stretchin' my shade
Most shootinest b-boy, I think you're shit
Most rhyminest b-boy, I'll steal your shit homeboy
Most taxinest b-boy, I'll tax you boy
Most illingest illingest illingest b-boy
Taxin' all y'all squares, yeah!

Songwriters

ADAM KEEFE HOROVITZ, ADAM NATHANIEL YAUCH, MICHAEL LOUIS DIAMOND, RICK
RUBIN

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