Nonstop Disco Powerpack

Beastie Boys

Well how you feelin' Ad Rock? Well I'm feelin' well
Bonafide, qualified, with a story to tell
Well how feelin' Mike D? Well I feel all good
All day is how we play in the neighborhood
Well how you feelin' MCA? Well I feel right
I swing my words on the track 'cause the track sound tight
So if you're feelin' good and you're feelin' right
Uh, somebody step up and grab the mic
Well hello everybody and how you been?
It's Ad Rock rappin' on the microphone again
I got grace, class, style, finesse and debonaire
Murderize motherfuckers 'cause I just don't care
The MC whisperer, kinda like a trainer
I take sucker rappers, I put 'em through a strainer
Like macaroni 'cause the shit sound cheesy
Watch how it's done boy, it looks easy
The nonstop, goin' off, kingpin, microphone boss
Do my own thing, you can't afford the cost
Of my fly styles that complete the turnstile
'Cause it's live and direct, and I'm wiggidy wild
Now put you back on the floor, I got total control
I flow like the water out your toilet bowls
Your style is cheap boy, just like the Dutch
You know you're not smokin' on the microphone much
There's a certain special talent that I never lack
Ha-ha! And that's a fact
'Cause we shine like the chrome on a Cadillac
You better break a wishbone 'cause we never waxin'
Then we never that, and that is that
And we're the nonstop disco powerpack
Uh, that's right, we go all night
Who gonna be next to bless the mic?
Now this is the way we run it down
We're gettin' you high on the funky sound
This is the way we get it on
B-Boys in the house 'til the break of dawn
See I mix my style up like a cement mixer
Smooth'll fix ya like a rhyme elixir
Hey yo yo soundman, make Mike's mic louder

Don't make me sound cheap like a box of douche powder
I'll max and relax, champagne, no ego
Don't go commando, don't know bandito
Je m'appelle Michel, Paris nord
We were born in the chateau, we got it goin' on
Quincy's in the hot tub like it's '73
Lookin' over his shoulder and he's lookin' at me
I'm up right in the face, towel around my waist
What's up with that watch inside the glass case?
I go to make my move, sneak out the place
Undetected, not leavin' a trace
Party's done, microphone track
Rhyme's been jumped, and head's been checked
I see one last profiterol, I make my play
And pass the microphone to MCA
Nonstop, from the top
When you clock, then we rock
Them not kickin', them not stickin', we be makin' hip hop
So c'mon everybody get down
Now there's a spot check, get the deck count down
'Cause I'ma break it down for ya how we burn it down
Pound for pound, keep the basslines round
See you watchin', clockin', jockin' my sound
Before I got big I grew up with hip hop
Still got mad love for a record called Beat Rock
It mean a lot spinnin' on my Walkman
Shout out to the Afrika Bam'
And to the X to the P the double-O-N-Y
The one MC, who you can't deny
At least he threw me records that made heads fly
Sit down to write and the pen blazed fire
Construct a rhyme with specific intent
Flippin' all the braincells right to the pen
And then I put the root down when I pull the mic
Words flowin' so cold, turn water to ice
Come through the wire such a break to tape
You put me in the mix like set up at the plate
And then they press it on wax, sell it in the store
The DJ's spin it, kick it out on the dancefloor
Comin' through the speaker to shake your eardrum
Braincells get with it make you hear where we're from
Ad Rock, huh, get it on
We gonna rock the house until the break of dawn
Now Mike D, huh, get it on
We gonna rock the house until the break of dawn

And MCA, yeah, get it on
We gonna rock the house until the break of dawn
Beastie Boys in the house, don't stop

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/