

3-Minute Rule

Beastie Boys

I stay up all night, I go to sleep watching Dragnet
Never sleep alone because Jimmy is the magnet
I'm so rope they call me Mr. Roper
When the troubles arise, you know I'm the cool coper
On the mic I score just like the Yankees
Get over on Mrs. Crabtree like my main man Spanky
Excuse me young lady, I don't mean to trouble ya
You're looking so mighty fine inside your BMW
I got lucky, I brought home a kitten
Before I got busy I slipped on the mitten
Can't get better odds, because I'm a sure thing
Proud Mary keeps on turning and rolling like a Ring Ding
Jump the turnstile, never pay the toll
Doo wa diddy, you bust through with the pre-roll
Customs jails me over an herb seed
Don't rat on your boy over some rat weed
I'm out of your back door, I'm into another
Your boyfriend doesn't know about me and your mother
Not perfect grammar, always perfect timing
The Mike stands for money and the D is for diamonds
Roses are red the sky is blue
I got my barrel at your neck so what the fuck you gonna do?
It's just two wheels and me, the wind in my eyes
The engine is the music and my nine's by my side
Cause you know YAUCH
I'm takin' all MC's out in the place
Takin' life as it comes, no fool am I
I'm goin' off, gettin' paid, and I don't ask why
Playin' beats on my box, makin' music for the many
Know a lot of def girls that would do anything
A lot of parents like to think I'm a villain
I'm just chillin', like Bob Dylan
Yea, I smoke cheeba it helps me with my brain
I might be a little dusted, but I'm not insane
People come up to me and they try to talk shit, man
I was making records when you were sucking your mother's dick
Girl, you're walking tall now in your fancy
clothes
You got fancy things, they're going up your nose
You get fancy gifts from expensive men
You're a dog on a leash like a pig in a pen
Mothership connection, getting girls affection
If your life needs correction, don't follow my direction
You got your 8 by 10, your agent, your Harley
You be driving around Hollywood, yo, sorry charlie
Cause I'm running things like some Mack motherfucker
Your only claim to fame is you're a false fake sucker
You slip you slack, you clock me, and you lack
While I'm reading on the road by my man Jack Kerouac
Poetry in motion, coconut lotion
Had to diss the girl because she got too emotional

Are you experienced, little girl?
I want to know what goes on in your little girl world'Cause I'm on your mind, it's hard to forget me
I'll take your pride for a ride if you let me
So peace out ya'll, and just keep peacin' out
Full throttle to the bottle and full full cloutAnd I'm out

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