

## 3-Minute Rule

### Beastie Boys

(Mike D)

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 cop  
On the mic I score, just like the Yankees  
Get over on Miss Crabtree like my main man Spanky  
Excuse me young lady I don't mean to trouble ya  
Ya lookin' so hot inside your BMW  
I got lucky, I brought home the Kitten  
Before I got busy I slipped on the mitten  
Can't get better odds because I'm a sure thing  
Proud Mary is a turning and rolling like a ring-ding  
Jump the turnstiles never pay the toll  
I did the doo-wah diddy and bust 'em with the pre roll  
Customs jailed me over an herb seed  
Don't rat out your boy over some rat weed  
I'm out of your back door, I'm into another  
You boyfriend doesn't know about me and your mother  
Not perfect grammer, always perfect timing  
The Mike stands for money and the D is for diamonds

(MCA)

Roses are red, the sky is blue  
I got my barrel at 'cha 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  
'Cuz you know Y-A-U-C-H  
I'm taking all MC's out in the place  
Taking life as it comes, no fool am I  
Going off, getting paid, and I don't ask why  
Playin' beats on my box, making music for the many  
Know a lot of def girls that are doing their thing  
A lot of parents like to think I'm a villain  
I'm just chillin', like Bob Dylan  
Yeah 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  
mothers dick

(Ad-Rock)

Girl

You're walking tall now in your fancy clothes  
You got fancy things that goin' up your nose  
Ya' getting 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 8x10, your agent, your Harley  
You'll be driving around Hollywood, yo, sorry Charlie  
'Cuz I'm running things like some mack motherfucker  
You'll be slipping your slack in your face  
'cuz your a false fake sucker  
You slipped your slack, you cock me and you're wack  
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 to emotional  
Are you experienced little girl?  
I want to know what goes on in your little girl world  
'Cuz 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, y'all PCP, song out  
Full throttle to the bottle and full full clout  
And I'm out