

# B-Boy Bouillabaisse

Beastie Boys

[Get On the Mic]

Get on the mic Mike let's be real and don't cloud the issue  
The rhymes are dope an M.C. you must listen to  
People say that they been missin' me and missin' you  
Get on the mic and let's show them like we used to  
You say fuck that yo holmes fuck this  
The king Ad-Whammy your Dick Butkus  
One half science and the other half soul  
His name's Mike D. not Fat Morton Jelly Roll  
M.C. Busy Le Disco fooled around in Fresno  
Got over on your girlie cause you know she never says no  
Well Mike D. is a special individual  
Pulling out knots pulling in residuals  
Go to the movies get the Rolos the cholos riding slow and low  
Mike on the mic and bust with the solo  
Mike my stromy don't be so selfish  
Get on the mic cause you know you eat shellfish

[Stop That Train]

It's 4:00 a.m. I've got the Dr. Hfuhruhurr Ale  
I've got nothing to lose so I'm pissin' on the third rail  
Groggy eyed and fried I'm headed for the station  
D-Train ride to Coney Island vacation  
Dedicated to the boofers in the back of the 1 train  
They'll be kicking out windows high on cocaine  
Then I ump the turnstyle I lost my last token  
Riding between the cars pissing smoking  
Head for the last car fluorescent light blackout  
Policeman told my homeboy put that crack out  
You know you light up when the lights go down  
Then you read the New York Post Fulton St. downtown  
Same faces every day but you don't know their names  
Party people going placed on the D-Train

Trench coat wing tip going to work  
And you'll be pulling a train like Captain Kirk  
Pick pocket gangsters paying their debts  
I caught a bullet in the lung from Bernie Goetz  
Overworked and underpaid staring at the floor  
Prostitutes spandex caught in the slide doors  
Stuck between the stations it seems like an eternity  
Sweating like sardines in a flophouse fraternity  
\$50.00 fine for disturbing the peace  
The neck tortoise your Lees are creased  
Hot cup of coffee and the donuts are Dunkin  
Friday night and Jamaica Queens funk  
Elevated platform never gonna conform  
Riding over the diner where I always get my toast warm  
Bust into the conductor's booth and busted out rhymes  
Over the loud speaker about the hard times  
Sat across from a man readin El Diario  
Riding the train down from El Barrio  
Went from the station straight to Orange Julius  
I bought a hot dog from my man George Drakoulis

[Year and a Day]

M.C. for what I AM and do  
the A is for Adam and the lyrics; true  
so as pray and hope and the message is sent  
and I AM living in the dreams that I have dreamt  
because I'm down with the three the unstoppable three  
me and Adam and D. were born to M.C.  
and my body and soul and mind are pure  
not polluted or diluted or damaged beyond cure  
just lyrics from I to you recited  
arrested, bailed but cuffed and indicted  
enter the arena as I take center stage  
the lights set low and the night has come of age  
take the microphone in hand as that I am a professional  
speak my knowledge to the crowd and the ed. is special  
for I AM a bard but not the last one  
I'm my own king and this is my castle  
dwell in realms of now but vidi those of the past  
seen a glimpse from ahead and I don't think it's gonna last  
and you can bet your ass

I drop the L. when I'm skiing  
I'm smoking and peaking  
I put the skis on the roof almost every single weekend  
can't stop the mindfuck when it's rolling along  
can't stop the smooth runnin's when the shit's running strong  
broke my bindings the lion with wings  
preaching his word in the B. Boy sing  
I AM one with myself as I turn to The  
I prefer the dreams to reality  
I prefer my life don't need no other man's wife  
don't need no crazy lifestyle with stress and strife  
but it's good to have turn to be a king for a day  
or for a week or for a year or for a year in a day  
come what may

I'm fishing with my boat and I'm fishing for trout  
mix the Bass Ale with the Guinness Stout  
fishing for a line inside my brain  
and looking out at the world through my window pane  
every day has many colors cuz the glass is stained  
everything has changed but remains the same  
so once again the mirror raised and I see myself as clear as day  
and I AM going to the limits of my ultimate destiny  
feeling as though Somebody were testing me  
He who sees the end from the beginning of time  
looking forward through all the ages is, was and always shall be  
check the prophetic sections of the pages

He goes by the name of Disco Dave

[Hello Brooklyn]

Hello Brooklyn

New York New York it's a hell of a town  
The Bronx is up and I'm Brooklyn down  
They don't know my name they only know my initials  
Building bombs in the attic for elected officials  
I quit my job I cut my hair  
I cut my boss cause I don't care  
You tried to get slick you bust a little chuckle

You're gonna get smacked with my gold finger knuckle  
Cause being as fly as me is something you never thought of  
You'll be sticking up old ladies with the hand gun or the sawed-off  
Like a buffalo soldier I'm broader than Broadway  
Keep keepin' on I don't care what they say  
I play my stereo loud it disturbs my neighbors  
I want to enjoy the fruits of my labor  
Cause I am the holder of the 3-pack Bonanza  
If you open the book then you will get your hand slapped  
I am the keeper of the 3-pack Bonanza  
If you ask a question you will get the answer  
Her breast I saw I reached I felt  
M.O.N.E.Y. the belt  
I stay at home just like a hermit  
I got the jammy but I don't got the permit  
Yes you got a boyfriend and indeed his name is Slick Nick  
that is why Annabelle you're caught with the shrimpy limp dick trick  
I ride around town cause my ride is fly  
I shot a man in Brooklyn just to watch him die

[Dropping Names]

He thrusts his fists against the post and still insists he sees a ghost  
He thrusts his fists against the post and still insists he sees a ghost  
She's slippin through his fingers as she's movin' out to the coast  
He thrusts his fists against the post and still insists he sees a ghost

If your world was all black and if your world was all white  
Then you wouldn't get much color out of life now right  
Nicknamed Shamrock my name is not Shamus  
Girllies on the tippy cause my homie is famous  
My name is not O'Houigheighi Nor is it Brian  
If I said that I was weak you know I'd be lyin'  
Suckers try to bite they try to pursue it  
If you explain to a musician he'll tell that he knows it but he just can't do it

[Lay It On Me]

Chinese eyes and Chinese suits  
Smokin' much Buddha and smokin' much boots  
More updated on the hip-hop lingo  
My favorite New York Knick was Hawthorne Wingo  
Met a girl at a party and I gave her my card  
You know that it said Napoleon Bonaparte  
Peepin' out the colors I be buggin' on Cezanne  
They call me Mike D Joe Blow the Lover Man  
Your face turns red as your glass of wine  
You spilled on my lyrics as you wasted my time  
Girl you should be with me you should drop that bum  
Cause I got more flavor than Fruit Striped Gum  
With that big round butt of yours  
I'd like to butter your muffin I'm not bluffin'  
Serve you on a platter like Thanksgiving stuffin'

[Mike On the Mic]

Here's another one for y'all to peep  
It's called M-I-K-E on the M-I-C.

I met this girl last night with a peculiar cackle  
I laid the bait and then she took the tackle  
Had too much to drink at the Red Lobster

Now the room is spinning around like the blades of a helicopter  
I never met a girl that was too finicky  
If the press has their way then they're going to finish me  
You might know this but you've never been this see  
If I ate spinach then I'd be called Spinach D  
I shed light like cats shed fur  
Ride around town like Raymond Burr  
I'm so high that they call me Your Highness  
If you don't know me then pardon my shyness  
I live in the Village wherever I go I walk to  
I keep my friends around so I have someone to talk to  
I play my music loud because you know it's got clout to it  
It's a trip it's got a funky beat and I can bug out to it