No sleep till, Brooklyn! Foot on the pedal Never ever false metal Engine running hotter than a boiling kettle My job ain't a job It's a damn good time City to city I'm running my rhymes. On location Touring around the nation Beastie Boys always on vacation Itchy trigger finger But a stable turntable I do what I do best Because I'm willing and able. Ain't no faking Your money I'm taking Going coast to coast to watch all the girlies shaking. While you're at the job working nine to five The Beastie Boys at the Garden Cold kickin' it live. No sleep till Another plane Another train Another bottle in the brain Another girl Another fight Another drive all night. Our manager's crazy He always smokes dust He's got his own room at the back of the bus. Tour around the world You rock around the clock Plane to hotel Girls on the jock. We're trashing hotels like it's going out of style Getting paid along the way 'Cause it's worth your while. Four on the floor Ad-Rock's out the door M.C.A.'s in the back because he's skeezin' with a whore. We got a safe in the trunk with money in a stack With dice in the front and Brooklyn's in the back. No sleep till No sleep till Brooklyn! No sleep till Brooklyn! Ain't seen the light since we started this band M.C.A. ! Get on the mike Mv man! Born and bred Brooklyn The U.S.A. They call me Adam Yauch But I'm M.C.A. Like a lemon to a lime A lime to a lemon

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I sip the def ale with all the fly women.
Got limos
Arena
TV-shows
Autograph pictures and classy hoes
Step off Homes
Get out of my way
Taxing little girlies from here to L.A.
Waking up
Before I get to sleep
'Cause I'll be rockin' this party eight days a week!
No sleep till
No sleep till Brooklyn!
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