

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)
(Uhh, 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
Murderalize motherfuckers cause I just don't care
The Emcee 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 non-stop, 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 get your ass on the floor, I got total control
I flow like the water out your toilet bowls
Your style is cheap boy, just like a Dutch
You know you're not smokin on the microphone much
There's a certain special talent that I never lack
Huh hah huh hah! And that's a fact
Cause we shine like the chrome on a Cadillac
You better break a wishbone cause we never wack
Then, we never that and that is that
And we're the nonstop disco powerpack!
Uhh, 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, champag-no ego
Don't know commando, don't know bandito
Je m'appelle Michele, very long
Me and Dawn in the shack and we got it goin on
Prince he's in the hot tub like it's seventy-three
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 threat
Rhymes been jumped, and heads been checked
I see one last profiterol, I make my play
And pass the microphone to MCA

Non-stop, 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... yeah)
Now there's a spot check, get the dead count down
Cause I'ma break it down for ya how we burn it down
Pound for pound, keep the basslines round
See you rockin, clockin, checkin my sound
but I grew up with hip-hop
Still got mad love for a record called "Beat Rock"
It mean a lot spinnin on my Walkman
Shoutout, to the Afrika Bam'
And to the X to the {?} the double-O-N-Y
The one emcee, 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 hold the mic
Words flowin so cold turn water to ice
Come through to rock such a rate to tape
You put me in the mix like {?} up at the plate
And then they press it on wax, sell it in the store
The DJ's screamin 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!