

# So What'cha Want

Beastie Boys

Just plug me in just like I was Eddie Harris  
You're eating Crazy Cheese like you'd think I'm from Paris  
You know I get fly you, think I get high you know that I'm gone  
And I'm a tell you all why, so tell me who are you dissing?

Maybe I'm missing the reason that you're smiling or wilding  
So listen in my head I just want to take 'em down  
Imagination set loose and I'm gonna shake 'em down  
Let it flow like a mud slide when I get on I like to ride  
And glide I've got depth of perception in my text y'all

I get props at my mention 'cause I vex y'all  
So whatcha want?  
You're so funny with the money that you flaunt  
Where'd you get your information from  
You think that you can front when revelation comes

You can't front on that

Well they call me Mike D the ever loving man  
I'm like Spoonie Gee, I'm the metro politician  
You scream and you holler about my Chevy Impala  
But the sweat is getting wet around the ring around your collar  
But like a dream I'm flowing without no stopping

Sweeter than a cherry pie with ready whip topping  
Goin' from mic to mic kickin' it wall to wall  
Well I'll be calling out you people like a casting call  
It's wack when you're jacked in the back of a ride

With your know, with your flow when you're out getting by  
Believe me what you see is what you get and you see me coming off  
As you can bet I think I'm losing my mind this time  
This time I'm losing my mind

You can't front on that

But little do you know about something that I talk about  
I'm tired of driving it's due time that I walk about  
But in the meantime, I'm wise to the demise  
I've got eyes in the back of my head so I realize

Well I'm Dr. Spock, I'm here to rock y'all I want you off the wall  
If you're playing the wall so whatcha want?  
Y'all suckers write me checks and then they bounce  
So I reach in my pocket for the fresh amount  
See I'm the long leaner victor the cleaner

I'm the illest motherfucker from here to Gardenia  
I'm as cool as a cucumber in a bowl of hot sauce  
You've got the rhyme and reason but no cause  
So if you're hot to trot you think you're slicker than grease  
I've got news for you crews you'll be sucking like a leach

You can't front on that, so whatcha want?