

# Super Disco Breakin'

Beastie Boys

Well, it's...

Fifty cups of coffee and you know it's on  
I move the crowd to the break of break of dawn  
Can't rock the house without the party people  
Cause when we're gettin down we are all equal  
There's no better or worse between you and me  
But I rock the mic so viciously  
Like pins and needles and words that sting  
At the blink of an eye I will do my thing  
It's like a needle in the cartridge when the record spins  
Like diggin' down deep in the record bins  
Everybody gettin' down make no mistake  
Nothing sounds quite like an 8...0...8

Money makin', money money makin (Manhattan!)  
Super disco, disco breakin'  
Money makin', money money makin (Manhattan!)  
Super disco, disco breakin'

Sometimes I like to brag, sometimes I'm soft spoken  
When I'm in Holland I eat the pannenkoeken  
I got the spice you bring the sauce  
And you can kiss my ass you funky boss  
Now that you got what you want, you want more  
Well I'll be with the hammer and the nail at your door  
With these funky beats I be goin' head huntin'  
Shouts to my peeps let me know if you feel something  
Cause I can give you all you need  
A little beat for the rhythm and some words to read  
Let me tell you now that's my favorite shit  
"And when I got a new rhyme I just say..."  
So!

Money makin', money money makin (Manhattan!)  
Super disco, disco breakin'  
Money makin', money money makin (Manhattan!)  
Super disco disco breakin'

("Is Manhattan in the house?  
[Scratching "uh-huh, uh-huh"]  
Is Manhattan in the house?  
[Scratching "uh-huh, uh-huh"]  
[Scratching continues]  
Man-man-Manhattan  
Man-Manhattan  
Man-man-Manhattan  
Manhattan)