

Lee Majors Come Again

Beastie Boys

Hold up, goddammit, this thing
Alright, wait, hold on, Adam
This thing keeps falling off

Woo, doing it big, ah-ah
I'm the lyrical, mathematical genius
Splashing like lime juice, you've never seen this
Internationally known, the longest, the leanest
Shout-out to one José Nenis

I hit 'em with the rhyme and the rhyme don't stop
We got the beat and the beat go drop
The ping pong paddle make the battle go pop
Now take a look around this spot

I'm seeing every detail like an over-cranked camera
Sleestaks in the back say, "Damn ya"
You say, "I can't" and I say, "Why can't ya?"
Chopping the track in the in the land of [unverified]

You wanna buy this, you wanna take that
Wanna, wanna try this, wanna, wanna make that
You can't abide this, you wanna fake that
Take a look around you

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There's a bird in here
That's my DJ, not Doctor Brassiere
Dropping bombs like a bombardier
Like cacao, it's a chocolatier

We're giving y'all a lil' slice of heaven
B Boys bringing it back to A7
Deal with the schism, ride on the rhythm
Sweet like pie and the pie's what I give 'em

I'll stage a coup and usurp your position
'Cause, 'cause like a Mormon, I'm on a mission
We're audible-visible, cadence is lyrical
Got the mental and physical when the moment is critical

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Ruff
Uh, Lee Majors come again

Like the Six Dil-Million Dollar Man
Woo, watch out
In the back of the bus, gonna bust
Lee Majors style

I said stop, watch how I flip
Bill Piedmont with the Kung-Fu grip
Haymaker, roundhouse, show can't continue
At the roller rink down in Virginia

Oh yeah, did I spill the beans?
I see your grandpa in Apple Bottom jeans
A Von Dutch cap, UGG boots to match
The word gets out, you can't take it back

I'm just a pause tape competition expert winner
Just a doggone long-armed tall yarn spinner
You want a battle? Easy now, star
My DJ's so nasty, he needs a sneeze guard

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