

Root Down - Prunes

Beastie Boys

It's not a put-down
I put my foot down
And then I make-a some love, I put my root down
I'm like "Sweetie Pie" by the Stone Alliance
Everybody know I'm known for dropping science
'Cause I'm electric like Dick Hyman
I guess you'd expect to catch the crew rhymin'
Never let you down with the stereo sound
So, Mike, get on the mic and turn it out

We're talking root down, I put my boot down (boot down)
And if you want to battle me, you're putting loot down (loot down)
I said it's root down, it's time to scoot down (scoot down)
I'm-a step up to the mic in my goose down (goose down)
Come up representing from the upper west
Money making putting me to the test
Sometimes I feel as though I've been blessed
Because I'm doing what I want so I never rest (yeah, Mike it, Mike it)

Well, I ain't going out goofy like the Fruit of the Loom guys
Just strutting like The Meters with the "Look-ka Py Py"
Cause downtown Brooklyn is where I was born
But when the snow is fallin', then I am gone (oh weee)
You might think that I'm a fanatic
A phone call from Utah and I'm throwing a panic
So break it to the root when we kick it on down
Jimmy Smith is my man, I want to give him a pound

I kick it root down

Well, Adrock (huh)
Don't stop, come on
Just get on the mic with the tic and the toc

I'll fill you to the fuckin' rim like Brim
I'm walking down your block and you say, "That's him
There goes the guy with the funky sound"
The Beatsie Boys, you know we come to get down
Because I've got the flow where I grab my dick
And say "Oh my god, that's the funky shit!"
So I'm-a pass the mic and cause a panic (yeah)
The original nasal kid is doing damage

Every morning I took the train to High Street Station
Doing homework on the train, what a fucked up situation
On the way back up, hearing battle tapes
Through the underground, underneath the sky scrapes
It's like Harlem World Battles on the Zulu Beat Show
It's Kool Moe Dee vs. Busy Bee
There's one you should know, (yeah)
Enough of that, I just want to give some respect due
MCA, grab the mic and Ma Bell will connect you

Bob Marley was a prophet for the freedom fight
"If dancin' prays to the lord then I will feel alright"
I'm feelin' good to play a little music (music)
Tears running down my face 'cause I love to do it (love to do it)

And no one can stop this flow from flowing on
A flow master of disaster with a sound that's gone (yeah)
Tick a little shout out to my dad and mom (yeah)
For bringing me into this world and so on

I kick it root down