

Slow Ride

Beastie Boys

They got a committee to get me off the block
'Cause I say my rhymes loud and I say 'em nonstop
Because being bad news is what we're all about
We went to White Castle and we got thrown out

I got my boy Mike D, I got the King Ad Rock
I got the Jammy with the ammo inside my sock
I shot homeboy, but the bullet was a dud
So I reached in the miller cooler, grabbed a cool bud

Slow riding, gun hidin' on the go
I fly like an eagle and I drink Old Crow
I'm the king of the classroom, coolin' in the back
My teacher had beef so I gave her a smack

She chased me out of class, she was strapped with a ruler
Went to the bathroom, rolled myself a wooler
With bottle in hand at the microphone stand
Hey yo, homeboy, what you drinkin' man?

I got money, I got juice
I got to the party and I got loose
I got rhythms, I got rhymes
I got the girlies with the Def behinds

I got ill, I got busted
I got dust and I got dusted
I got gold, I got funky
Got the new dance they calls the Brass Monkey

Because I'm hard hittin', always bitten, cool as hell
I got trees on my mirror so my car won't smell
Sittin' around the house, gettin' high watchin' tube
I'm eating Colonel's chicken, drinkin' Heineken brew

I'm a gangster, I'm a prankster, I'm the King of the Ave
I'm hated, confrontated for the juice that I have
All the fine ladies are makin' a fuss
But I can't pay attention, 'cause I'm on that dust