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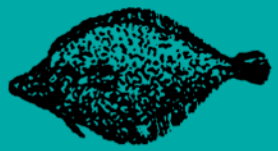

ONE WAY
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TAILOR SHOP


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LUDLOW ST
ONE WAY
ONE WAY
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UR PRICES
ANT BE BEAT


Paul's
BOUTIQUE







now Randy listen I rock a house party at the drop of a hat I beat a biter down with an aluminum bat a lot of people they be Jonesin' just to hear me rock the mic in the right car at the right price in mint condition they'll be staring at the radio staying up all night so like a pimp I'm pimpin' I got a boat to eat shrimp in nothing wrong with my leg just B-Boy limpin got arrested at the Mardi Gras for jumping on a float my man M.C.A.'s got a beard like a billy goat oowah oowah is my disco call M.C.A. hu-huh. I'm gettin' rope y'all routines I bust. rhymes I write. and I'll be busting routines and rhymes all night like eating burgers or chicken or you'll be picking your nose I'm on time and that's how it goes you heard my style I think you missed the point that's the joint Mike D with your badself running things what's up with your bad breath onion rings I'm Mike D and I'm back from the dead chillin' with Pig Pen down at Club Med make another record 'cause the people they want more of this suckers they be saying they can take out Adam Horovitz Hurricane you got clout other DJ's. he'll put your head out a puppet on a string payed to sing or rhyme or do my thing I'm in a lava lamp inside the brain hotel I might be peakin' or freakin' I'm known to rock well the Patty Duke the wrench and then I bust the tango got more rhymes than Jamaica got Mango Kangols I got the peg leg at the end of my stump shake your rump never been dumped 'cause I'm the most mackinest never been jumped 'cause I'm the known most packinest yeah we've got beef chief we're knocking out teeth chief and if you don't believe us you should question your belief Keith like Sam the Butcher bringing Alice the meat like Fred Flintstone driving around with bald feet should I have another sip. no skip it in the back of the ride and bust with the whippet rope a dope Dookies all around the neck woo hah. yo garcon. the cheque running from the law the press and the parents "is your name Michael Diamond?" no mine's Clarence from downtown. Manhattan. the Village my style is wild and you know that it still is disco bag schlepping and you're doing the bump shake your rump



Johnny Ryall is the bum on my stoop I gave him 50¢ to buy some soup he knows the time with the fresh Gucci watch he's even more over than the Mayor Ed Koch washing windows on the Bowery at a quarter to 4 'cause he ain't gonna work on Maggie's farm no more living on borrowed time and borrowed money sleepin' on the street there ain't a damn thing funny hand-me-down food and hand-me-down clothes a rockabilly past of which nobody knows makes his home all over the place goes to sleep by falling down on his face sometimes known as the leader of the homeless sometimes drunk he's always phoneless sleepin' on the street in a cardboard box he's better off drinkin' than smokin' the rocks Johnny Ryall he drinks where he lies he's covered with flies he's got the hand-me-down Pumas and the tie-dyes go upstate and get your head together Thunderbird is the word and you're light as a feather detox at the flop house no booze allowed remember the good old days with the rockabilly crowd Memphis is where he's from he lives in the street but he's no bum a rockabilly star from the days of old he used to have teeth all filled with gold a platinum voice but only gold records on the bass was boots on the drums was checkers Louis Vuitton with the Gucci guitar Johnny Ryall who do you think you are? Johnny Ryall Donald Trump Donald Tramp living in the Men's Shelter Wonder Bread bag shoes and singing Helter Skelter he asks for a dollar you know what it's for bottle after bottle he'll always need more he's no less important than you working class stiffs drinks a lot of liquor but he don't drink piss paid his dues playing the blues he claims he wrote the Blue Suede Shoes Elvis shaved his head when he went into the army that's right y'all his name is Johnny Johnny Ryall



I looked out the window and seen his bald head I ran to the fridge and pulled out an egg scoped him with my scopes he had no hair launched that shot and he was caught out there saw the convertible driving by loaded up the slingshot and let one fly he went for his to find he didn't have one put him in check correct with my egg gun the egg. a symbol of life go inside your house and bust out your wife pulled out the jammy he thought it was a joke the trigger I pulled his face the yoke reached in his pocket took all his cash left my man standing with an egg moustache suckers they come a dime a dozen and when I say dozen you know what I'm talking about Humpty Dumpty was a big fat egg he was playin the wall and then he broke his leg tossed it out the window 3 minutes hot hit the Rastaman he said, "bloodclot!" which came first the chicken or the egg I egged the chicken and then I ate his leg riding the trains in between cars when I pull out the station you're gonna get yours drive by eggings plaguing L.A. yo they just got my little cousin ese sometimes hard boiled sometimes runny it comes from a chicken not a bunny dummy people laugh it's no joke my name's Yauch and I'm throwing the yoke now they got me in a cell but I don't care it was then that I got caught catching people out there we all dressed in black we snuck up around the back we began to attack the eggs did crack on Haze's back Sam I am down with the program green eggs and ham Yosemite Sam come Halloween you know I come strapped I throw it at a sucker K-Pap you made the mistake you judge a man by his race you go through life with egg on your face you woke up in the morning with a peculiar feeling you looked up and saw egg dripping from the ceiling families. punk rocks. the businessman I'll dog anybody with an egg in my hand not like the crack that you put in a pipe but crack on your forehead here's a towel now wipe



they can't catch me never gonna find me they're never gonna know that I'm the High Plains Drifter pulled over to the river to take a rest pulled out a pair of pliers and pulled the bullet out of my chest fear and loathing across the country listening to my 8-track reached behind the seat and grabbed a Kool from the pack long distance from my girl and I'm talking on the cellular she said that she was sorry and I said the hell you were check my rear view mirror check the gold teeth display check the odometer and I was on my way 'cause I'm a high plains drifter the best that you can get a strapped shop lifter a pirate on cassette bust a Travis Bickle when I feel that I'm getting pushed don't step to me 'cause you're gonna get mushed doing 120 plowing over mail boxes radar detector to tell me where the cops is spend another night at the Motel 6 it's five dollars extra get the porno flicks concoct a black and tan in my brandy snifter I'm a kleptomaniac K-Mart shoplifter cash flow getting low so I had to pull a job found a nice place to visit but a better place to rob left the car outside with the engine still revin' time to get busy at 7-Eleven went inside to make my withdrawal I would've took what he had had had I had to take it all knuckle head deli tried to gyp me on the price so I clocked him off the turban with the bag of ice mellow like jello cool like lemonade made my get away and I thought that I had it made I feel like Steve McQueen a former movie star look in my rearview mirror seen a police car Ballantine quarts with the puzzle on the cap couldn't help to notice I was caught in a speed trap Dirty Mary Crazy Larry on the run from Dirty Harry stash the cash in the dash but my gun I did carry I'm seeing blue and red flashing deep in the night I got my alibi straight and I pulled over to the right cop knocked on my window and said cop #1 (good cop): boy where's the fire? you've got a mailbox on your bumper and a bald front tire cop #2 (bad cop): outta the car long hair! cop #1: your goose is cooked read me my rights finger printed and booked makin' like a D.T. driving a Gran Fury wherever I hang my hat's my home and my past is kind of blurry every dog will have its day and mine will be in front of a jury I'm

the High Plains Drifter and I'm never in a hurry read me my rights as if I didn't know this threw me in the tank with a drunk called Otis with his 5-o'clock shadow he smelled of 3-day-old beer my man turned to me and said, Otis (much to his own chagrin): why are you here? I said I'm charming and dashing, I'm rental car bashing phony paper passing at Nix Check Cashing went before the judge he sent me to the Brooklyn House of D. he said, "you behave son, or we'll throw away the key." Harry Houdini'd out the cuffs I kicked the screw in the knee took the bailiff's wallet and went straight to O.T.B. I had a good feeling easy come easy go I bet on one horse to win and your mother to show and sure enough that nag came in brought my ticket to the window and collected my win broke into my new car with a wire coat hanger hot wired hot wheeled and Suzy is a headbanger



here we go dropping science dropping it all over like bumping around the town like when you're driving a Range Rover expanding the horizons and expanding the parameters expanding the rhymes of sucker m.c. amateurs Naugels, Isaac Newton, Scientific E.Z. Ben Franklin with the kite getting over with the key rock shocking the mic as many times times the times tables rock well to tell dispel all of the old fables all of this time I've been dropping the new science and the new knowledge an m.c. to a degree that you can't get in college the dregs of the earth and the eggs that I eat I've got pegs through my hands and one through my feet Shea Stadium the radium E M D squared got kicked out of the Palladium you think that I cared? it's the sounds of science public service announcement time and money for girls covered with honey you lie and aspire to be as cunning reeling and rockin and rollin B size D cup order the quarter deluxe, why don't you wake up? my mind is kinda flowin like an oil projector had to get up to get the Jimmy protector went berserk and worked and exploded she woke up in the morning and her face was coated buddy you study the man on the mic, D. do what you like drunk a skunk am I, from the celebration to peep that freak unique penetration I figured out who makes the crack it's the suckers with the badges and the blue jackets a professor of science 'cause I keep droppin it I smell weak 'cause you keep poppin it people always asking, what's the phenomenon? "yo what's up?" know what's going on no one really knows what I'm talking about yea, that's right my name's Yauch Ponce De Leon constantly on the fountain of youth not Robotron peace is a word I've heard before so move and move and move upon the dance floor I'm gonna die gonna die one day 'cause I'm goin' and goin' and goin' this way not like a roach or a piece of toast I'm going out first class ain't going out coach rock my Adidas never rock Fila I do not sniff the coke I only smoke the sinsemilla with my nose I knows and with my scopes I scope what I live I write and that is strictly rope I've got science for any occasion postulating theorems formulating equations Cheech wizard in a snow blizzard eating chicken gizzards with a girl named Lizzy drop- ping science like when Galileo dropped his orange stay up all night go to sleep watching Dragnet never sleep alone 'cause Jimmy's the magnet I'm so rope they call me Mr. Roper when the troubles arise I'm the cool coper on the mic I score just like the Yankees get over on Ms. Crabtree like my main man Spankee excuse



me young lady I don't mean to trouble ya' but you're looking real fine inside your B.M.W. I got lucky I brought home a kitten before I got busy I schlepped on my mitten can't get better odds because I'm a sure thing Proud Mary keeps on turning rolling like a Ring Ding jump the turnstile never pay the toll doo-wah-diddy bust with the pre-roll customs jail me over an herb seed don't rat on your boy over some rat weed not perfect grammar always perfect timing the Mike stands for money and the D is for Diamonds out of your back door and into another your boyfriend doesn't know about me and your mother roses are red the sky is blue I got my barrel at your neck so what the fuck ya gonna do it's just two wheels and me the wind in my eyes the engine is the music and my nine's by my side 'cause you know why a you see H. I'm takin' all M.C.'s out in the place takin' life as it comes no fool am I I'm goin' off gettin' paid and I don't ask why playin' beats on my box makin' music for the many know alota funky girls who love to do their thing a lot of parents like to think I'm a villain I'm just chillin' like Bob Dylan I smoke cheeba it helps me with my brain I might be a little dusted but I'm not insane people come up to me and they try to talk shit man, I've been making records since you were sucking on your mother's limp dick girl you're walking tall now in your fancy clothes you got fancy things going up your nose you get fancy gifts from expensive men you're a dog on a leash like a pig in a pen mothership connection getting girl's affection if your life needs correction don't follow my direction you got your 8 by 10 your agent your Harley you be drivin' around Hollywood yes sorry Charlie 'cause I'm running things like some Mack motherfucker your only claim to fame is you're a false fake sucker you slip you slack you clock me you lack while I'm reading on the road by my man Jack Kerouac my veins are like vines filled with red wine poetry in motion coconut lotion I had to dis the girl because she got too emotional are you experienced little girl I want to know what goes on in your little girl world give time for your mind it's hard to forget me I'll take your pride for a ride if you let me so peace out now, and just keep peacing out full throttle to the bottle and full full clout



hey ladies in the place I'm callin' out to ya there never was a city kid truer and bluer there's more to me than you'll ever know and I got more hits than Sadaharu Oh Tom Thumb, Tom Cushman, or Tom Foolery dating women on T.V. with the help of Chuck Woolery words are flowing out just like the Grand Canyon and I'm always out looking for a female companion I threw the lasso around the tallest one and dragged her to the crib I took off her moccasins and I put on my bib I'm wheelin' and dealin' I make a little bit of a stealing I'll bring you back to the place and your dress I'm peeling your body's on time and your mind's appealing staring at the cracks up there upon the ceiling some such nonsense is the bass that I'm throwing talking to a girl telling her I'm all knowing she's talking to the kid, to the who? I'm telling her every lie that you know I never did me in the corner with a good looking daughter I dropped my drawers and it was welcome back Kotter we were cutting up the rug she started cutting up the carpet in my apartment I begged her please stop it the gift of gab is the gift that I have and that girl aint nothing but the blue plate crab special at Woodman's in Essex, Mass. educated no stupid yes and when I say stupid I mean stupid fresh I'm not James at 15 or Chachi in charge I'm Adam and I'm adamant about living large with the white sassoons and the looks that kill makin' love in the back of my Coupe De Ville I met a little cutie she was all hopped up on zootie I liked the little cutie but I kicked her in the bootie 'cause I don't kinda go for that messin' around you be listening to my records' a number one sound step to the rhythm step step to the ride I've got an open mind so why don't you all get inside tune in turn on to a tune that's live girls flock like fish to my line she's got a gold tooth you know she's hardcore she'll show you a good time and then she'll show you the door break up with your girl it ended in tears Vincent Van Gogh and mail that ear I call her in the middle of the night when I'm drinking the phone booth on the corner is damp and it's stinking she said come on over it was me that she missed I threw that trash can through her window 'cause you know I got dissed your old lady left you and you went girls (x3) insane you blew yourself up in the back of the 6 train take my advice at any price a gorilla like your mother is mighty weak sucking down pints until I didn't know woke up in the morning at the Won-Ton-Ho 'cause I announce I like girls that bounce with a weight that pays about a pound per ounce girls with curls and big long locks and beatnik chicks just wearing their smocks walking high and mighty like she's #1 and she thinks she's the passionate one





rolling down the hill snowballing getting bigger an explosion in the chamber the hammer from the trigger I seen him get stabbed I watched the blood spill out he had more cuts than my man Chuck Chillout 24 is my age 22 is my gauge writing rhymes on a page going off in a rage out on a mission a stolen car mission had a small problem with the transmission 3 on the tree in the middle of the night I have this steak on my head 'cause I got into a fist fight life comes in phases take the good with the bad you bought those coins on the street and you got had * it's all high spirit you know you gotta hear it don't touch the mic baby don't come near it it's gonna get you it's gonna get you it's gonna get you girl it's gonna get you looking down the barrel of a gun son of a gun, son of a bitch getting paid getting rich ultra violence running through my head fuzzy navel y'all making me see red rapid fire Louie like Rambo got bullets I'm a gonna die harder like my kid Bruce Willis Drummond I love girlies waxing and milking got more excuses than my man Dave Scilken predetermined destiny is who I am you got your finger on the trigger like the Son of Sam I am like Clockwork Orange going off on the town I've got posse bonanza to beat your ass down I'm mad at my desk and I'm writing all curse words expressing my aggressions through my schizophrenic verse words you're a headless chicken chasin a sucker free basin looking for a fist to put your face in get hip get hip don't slip knuckle heads racism is schism on the serious tip



some static started in the pool hall hit a motherfucker's face with the cue ball then I met this girl she tried to gank me so I smacked her in the pocket with M.C. Plank Bee me and my crew out breaking windows the bingo the lotto you know I'll never win those possession is half the law I had my routines before all y'all your whole life is coming apart at the seams you ain't nothing but a car thief biting routines I'm a city slicker I ain't no townie right now I wish I had another hash brownie like Ricky always said you've got to toke and pass or Mookie's gonna kick your fuckin ass you try to take what isn't yours like a God damn rat see. I personally wouldn't want to go out like that I'm a writer a poet a genius I know it I don't buy cheeba I grow it. I'm a farmer people always trying to get next to me but I'm down with Jalil, Donkey, and Ecstasy smoked up a bag of elephant tranquilizer because I had to deal with a money hungry miser had a 'caine-filled Kool with my man Rush Rush saw my teeth fall in the sink when I started to brush you be doing nose candy on the Bowie Coke Mirror my girl asked for some but I pretended not to hear her you can't deny me you always want to try me you're just gonna get your ass kicked homeboy, throw in the towel your girl got dicked by Ricky Powel the Godfather of Soul is in the belly of the beast for smoking that dust at St. Anthony's feast sometimes you've got to let someone trip on their own shoelace before you tell them to tie their shoe all the wife beaters and all the tax cheaters sitting in the White House pulling their peters buy me cheeba from the cop down the street only cop with a rope chain walking the beat like a sneaky pouch time bomb tickin' like the beat to my rhyme just kickin' space cake cookies I discover who I am I'm a dusted old bummy Hurdy Gurdy Man Five-O caught me now I'm going to the mountains said good-bye to my girl my lawyers and accountants my mind is kinda rhymin and I think I oughta think so I'm rockin all my rhymes and I'll have another drink so the lights are flashing my mind is spinning I feel like it is always the beginning of another rhyme I'm rapping m.c.'ing I rock you ain't nothing but a car thief who must be stopped soft overripe fresh skeezed California females with 3-inch cherry red press-on Lee nails reach into my mind for the rhymes I'm seeking like a garbage bag full overflowing now it's leaking Rapunzel Rapunzel let down your hair so I can climb up and get into your underwear rat soup eating test cheating no business punk you're insecure born in the junkyard with the junk you've gone wet look crazy and messed with your head you fucked around and wound up with the bald skin head you're all mixed up like pasta primavera why'd you throw that chair at Geraldo Rivera 'cause one man's ceiling is another man's floor so get that money out of your ass you whore I brought her upstairs onto the roof I dogged your wife and she is a doofus Clean B cleaning the G spot you know that we've got dolomite's house and you have not look out my window look over the city with 2 black eyes your girl ain't that pretty why you wanna beat that brat with a bat why you wanna treat your girl like that living in the rat race smoking rat weed you reap what you sow when you plant the seed bum cheese on rye with ham and prosciutto got more Louie than Phil Rizzuto riddle me this my brother can you handle it your style to my style you can't hold a candle to it equinox symmetry and the balance is right smokin' and drinkin' on a Tuesday night it's not how you play the game it's how you win it I cheat and steal and sin and I'm a cynic for



those about to rock we salute you the dirty thoughts for dirty minds we contribute to I once was lost but now I'm found the music washes over and you're one with the sound who shall inherit the earth the meek shall I think I'm starting to peak now Al from S.S. Decontrol and the man upstairs I hope that he cares if I had a penny for my thoughts I'd be a millionaire we're just 3 m.c.'s and we're on the go SHADRACH, MESACH, ABEDNEGO (REFRAIN) only 24 hours in a day only 12 notes a man can play music for all not just one people and now we're gonna bust with the Putney Swope sequel more Adidas sneakers than a plumbers got pliers got more suites than Jacoby & Meyers if not for my vices my bugged-out desires my year would be good just like Goodyear's tires so I'm out pickin pockets at the Atlantic Antic and nobody wants to hear you 'cause your rhymes are so frantic I mix business with pleasure way too much you know wine and women and song and such I don't get blue I gotta mean red streak you don't pay the band your friends and that's weak get even like Steven like pulling a Rambo SHADRACH, MESACH, ABEDNEGO (REFRAIN) steal from the rich and I'm out robbing banks give to the poor and I always give thanks got more stories than J.D. Salinger I hold the title and you are the challenger I've got money like Charles Dickens got the girlies in the Couple like the Colonel's got the chickens always go out dapper like Harry S. Truman I'm madder than Mad's Alfred E. Newman never gonna let them say that I don't love you my noggin is hoggin all kinds of thoughts Adam Yoggin is Yauch and he's rockin of course smoke the holy chalice got my own religion rally round the stage and check the funky dope musicians Jerry Lee Swaggart or Jerry Lee Falwell you love Mario Andretti 'cause he always drives his car well vicious circle of reality since the day you were born and we love the hot butter, on what? the popcorn sippin on wine and mackin rockin on the stage with all the hands clappin ride the wave of fate it don't ride me being very proud to be an m.c. and the man upstairs I hope that he cares if I had a penny for my thoughts I'd be a millionaire amps and crossovers under my rear hood the bass is bumpin from the back of my Fleetwood Brougham D'elegance they tell us what to do, hell no SHADRACH, MESACH, ABEDNEGO (REFRAIN)





get on the mic Mike let's be real and don't cloud the issue the rhymes are rope an M.C. you must listen to people say that they been missin' me and missin' you get on the mic and let's show them like we used to you say fuck that I say fuck this the king Ad Whammy

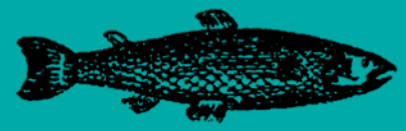
has never been limp Dick Butkus one half science and another half soul his name's Mike D not Fat Morton Jelly Roll M.C. Busy Le Disco fooled around in Fresno got over on your girl 'cause you know she never says no well Mike D is a special individual pulling out knots, pulling in residuals go to the movies get the Rollos, the cholos riding slow and low Mike on the mic and bust with the solo Mike my stromy don't be so selfish get on the mic 'cause you know you eat shellfish



it's 4:00 a.m. I've got the Dr. Hfuhruhurr Ale I've got nothing to lose so I'm pissin on the 3rd rail groggy eyed and fried I'm headed for the station D Train ride Coney Island vacation dedicated to the boofers in the back of the 1 train they'll be kicking out windows high on cocaine jump the turnstyle I lost my last token riding between the cars pissing smoking also finger popping two bums fuckin I seen them rockin head for the last car fluorescent light blackout policeman told my homeboy "put that crack out" you know you light up when the lights go down read the New York Post, Fulton St., downtown the same faces every day but you don't know their names party people going places on the D train French trench coat wing tip going to work pulling a train like Captain Kirk pick- pocket gangsters paying their debts caught a bullet in the lung from Bernie Goetz overworked and underpaid staring at the floor prostitutes spandex caught in the ding dong doors stuck between the stations it seems like an eternity sweating like sardines in a flophouse fraternity $50.00 fine for disturbing the peace the neck turtle the Lees creased hot cup of coffee and the donuts are Dunkin Friday night and Jamaica Queens funkin elevated platform never gonna conform riding over the diner where I always get my toast warm bust into the conductor's booth and busted out rhymes over the loud speaker about the hard times sat across from a man reading El Diario riding the train down from El Barrio went from the station straight to Orange Julius I bought a hot dog from my man George Drakoulias*



he goes by the name of a Disco Dave New York New York it's a hell of a town the Bronx is up and I'm Brooklyn down they don't know my name they only know my initials building bombs in the attic for elected officials I quit my job I cut my hair I cut my boss 'cause I don't care you tried to get slick you bust a little chuckle you're gonna get smacked with my gold finger knuckle 'cause being as fly as me is something you never thought of you'll be sticking up old ladies with the hand gun or the sawed-off like a buffalo soldier I'm broader than Broadway keep keepin on I don't care what they say I play my stereo loud it disturbs my neighbor I want to enjoy the fruits of my labor I am the holder of the 3-pack Bonanza if you open the book then you will get your hand slapped I am the keeper of the 3-pack Bonanza if you ask a question you shall get the answer her breast I saw I reached I felt money belt I stay at home just like a hermit I got the jammy but I don't got the permit yes you got a boyfriend and indeed his name is Slick Nick that is why, Annabelle, you're caught with the shrimpy limp dick trick I ride around town 'cause my ride is fly I shot a man in Brooklyn just to watch him die



He thrusts his fists against the post and still insists he sees a ghost she's slippin through his fingers as she's moving out to the coast if your world was all black and if your world was all white then you wouldn't get much color out of life now right nicknamed Shamrock my name is not Shamus girlies on the tippy 'cause my homey is famous my name is not O'Houigheighi Norisit Brian if I said that I was weak then you'd know I'd be lyin' suckers try to bite they try to pursue it if you explain to a musician he'll tell that he knows it but he jus, can't do it



Chinese eyes and Chinese suits smokin' much Buddha smokin' much boots more updated on the Hip Hop lingo my favorite New York Knick was Hawthorne Wingo met a girl at a party and I gave her my card you know that it said Napolean Bonaparte peepin' out the colors I be buggin' on Cezanne they call me Mike D Joe Blow the Lover Man your face turns red as your glass of wine that you spilled on my lyrics as you wasted my time girl you should be with me you should drop that bum 'cause I got more flavor than Fruit Striped Gum with that big round butt of yours I'd like to butter your muffin I'm not bluffin' serve you on a platter like Thanksgiving stuffin'



I met this girl last night with a peculiar cackle I laid the bait and then she took the tackle had too much to drink at the Red Lobster now the room is spinning around like the blades of a helicopter I never met a girl that was too finicky if the press has their way then they're going to finish me you might know this but you've never been this see if I ate spinach then I'd be called Spinach D I shed light like cats shed fur I ride around town like Raymond Burr I'm so high that they call me Your Highness if you don't know me then pardon my shyness I live in the Village wherever I go I walk to keepin' my friends around so I have someone to talk to I play my music loud 'cause you know it's got clout to it it's a trip it's got a funky beat and I can bug out to it



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BROOKLYN DUST MUSIC

Beastie Boys

Paul's Boutique — 20th Anniversary Edition

Digitally Remastered

1. TO ALL THE GIRLS
2. SHAKE YOUR RUMP
3. JOHNNY RYALL
4. EGG MAN
5. HIGH PLAINS DRIFTER
6. THE SOUNDS OF SCIENCE
7. 3-MINUTE RULE
8. HEY LADIES
9. 5-PIECE CHICKEN DINNER
10. LOOKING DOWN THE BARREL OF A GUN
11. CAR THIEF
12. WHAT COMES AROUND
13. SHADRACH
14. ASK FOR JANICE

    B-BOY BOUILLABAISSE

    15) 59 Chrystie Street
    16) Get On The Mic
    17) Stop That Train
    18) A Year And A Day
    19) Hello Brooklyn
    20) Dropping Names
    21) Lay It On Me
    22) Mike On The Mic
    23) A.W.O.L.

Remastered by Beastie Boys
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