

# Beastie Boys, B-boys Makin?with The Freak Freak

Beastie Boys

Ill Communication

B-boys Makin?with The Freak Freak (beastie Boys)

Putting songs together ain't no puzzle like yahtzee

Sending this out to k-rob and rahmalzee

Let me introduce myself on this cut

I'm ad rock, i'm lit like a motherfuck

Well, i'm brewing up rhymes like i was using a still

Kickin' an old school flow like mike mcgill

'cause yauch's on the upright, the shit just ain't funny

Got fat bass lines like russel simmons steals money

Got clientele, you know i rock well

And then you're on my dick because i'm d.f.l.

Yeah, mike 'cause playing the bass is my favorite shit

I might be a hack on the stand up but i'm working at it

I get my hair cut correct like anthony mason

Then i ride the i.r.t. right up to penn station

Penn station up on 8th ave.

Listen all y'all you get the ball bath

He's got the savior faire because he's debonair

Mike d with the vinyl with the grooves so rare

And the rhymes that we're are doo doo

Shit, if it's going to be that kind of a party

I'm gonna stick my dick in the mashed potatoes

Been makin' with the freak freak, so unique

I been learning from the elders now it's time to speak

Oh that shit sounds nice

Mike d come on and get it on y'all

Talking shit about a mile a minute

Put the wax on the table and let the d.j. spin it

Excuse me motherfuckers, can i beg your pardon

I'm gonna see the knicks at madison square garden

And like the knicks i got game like i worked at hasbro

On the mic i bug, like i was prince jazzbo

The rhymes are stupid to make you go coo-coo

You can't sleep 'cause you're little cindy loo hoo

Down with the hurra since the raising hell tour

Just listen to his cuts there's no reason to tell more

Cindy what i didn't catch the last one

That shit sounded kinda nice, but bust a fast one

Well i'm not known for my speed raps

So grab the microphone and cut out the claps

Ah yea, i like that shit is kind of rough

I'll grab the microphone and fuck it up

I might seem out there, a little deranged

I've got to cool off, catch me on the driving range

Well i'm the ladies' choise like i was j.j. evans

Legalize the weed and i'll say thank heavens

I'm talking p.g.a. pro tour 2

I'm doctor beppers in my t.v., in my golfing shoes

Pass me an iron and i'll bust a chip shot

Then you throw me off the green because i'm strictly hip-hop

I'll grab the tee, i'll tee off

I'll grab the golf clubs and i'm off, i'm audi- so check me

I've got the timbos on my toes when i'm not on the green

I've got the costom made boots with the spikey things

I'm working on my driving 'cause i'm going pro

I've got the funky fly golf gear from head to toe

Yea, the b-boys makin' with the freak freak  
Mario's nagging nonni's about the pesto pizza  
And then he's on a mission and he's checking for peacha