

# The Beastie Boys, Alright Hear This (Beastie Boy

Because I Grab The Microphone And I Pick It Up  
And Then I F\*\*k It Up And Then I Turn It In  
And Then I Turn It Out, Got The Body Rockin' Sound  
And Then You Know I'm Gonna Get Down And  
Eat A Scooby Snack And Take Disco Nap  
Because I'm Shopping At Sears, 'Cause I Don't Buy At The Gap  
Sending This One Out To All The Funky Inspirations  
Pretty Purdie On The Drums With The Beat Relations  
Well, I'm Working On Rhymes, They're Coming Line By Line  
Trying To Put What I Feel Into Word And Rhymes  
I've Got A Feeling Coming On, I've Got To Make Some Shit  
A Little Something Stupid, For The Twisted And Sick  
Because I Drive Like A Maniac On The Streets  
And I Don't Give F\*\*k 'Cause I've Got The Beats  
Got My Nuts Swingin' From Left To Right And  
Right To Left And I'm Death Defying  
(Chorus)  
I Spin My Fortune On A Wheel Like Sajak  
Here's The Payback Keep Going Strong Like Since The Way Back  
I Try To Be Myself But I Lose Track  
'Cause The Shit Gets Complicated Now I've Got To Get Back  
As We Learn To Breed Love For One Another  
In These Times Of Melding Cultures  
I Give Respect For What's Been Borrowed And Lent  
I Know This Music Comes Down From African Descent  
Because I Don't Need A Magic Potion  
Let Me Talk About Back Field In Motion  
My Girls Got Cheeks For Weeks And I'm Happy  
You Know I'm A Sneak Like My Old Grand Pappy  
I Gotta Give Thanks To My Man Archie Sheep  
For Staying True To Inspiration And I Don't Half Step  
So I Kick Out The Jams And Tell You Who I Am  
And I Talk To The People Like Les Mccann  
(Chorus)  
I Ask God For A Rhyme Or Two  
A Little Something For The Wise As Well As The Fool  
A Little Something To Affect A Little Taste Of Change  
For The Together And The Strong As Well As the Dearanged  
I'll Do You Right Like Bobby Knight  
And Then I'm Rapping On The Mic To The Broadway Light  
Stomp My Hands, I Clap My Feet And  
I'm Bugging Off Yusef Lateef  
I Got A Match To My Ass And I'm A Keep It Lit  
I Need To Get Some Cash, Call My Accountant Britt  
I'm Rushing Around Town Taking Care Of My Functions  
Always Got One More Thing So Forget About Function  
We Create This World And The Problems Go On  
Create Our Lives And The Things That Gor Wrong  
So To The Deaf, The Blind, Look Around And Listen  
To What It Is You Want And For What You're Wishing  
(Chorus)