

The Beastie Boys, Time To Get Ill

I'm not the type of person who likes to waste my time
And when I'm on the mic - I just say my rhymes
Because I'm out on bail - the check is in the mail
They can sentence me to life - but I won't go to jail
I'm cool calm collected - from class I was ejected
Just me, Mike D., and M.C.A. - we're rarely disrespected
I got all the time that I need to kill
What's the time? - it's time to get ill

You been fully captivated by that funky ass bass
Your girlfriend screams when M.C.A.'s in the place
He stumbles in the room with the Chivas in his hand
Cold chillin' on the spot at the microphone stand
I'd have the pedal to the metal if I had a car
But I'm chiller with the Miller - cold coolin' at the bar
I can drink a quart of Monkey and still stand still
What's the time? - it's time to get ill

Went outside my house - I went down to the deli
I spent my last dime to refill my fat belly
I got rhymes galime - I got rhymes galilla
And I got more rhymes than Phillis Diller
M.C.A. takes a stand - man you're in command
Homeboy, turn it out and don't give a damn
My name is M.C.A. - I've got a license to kill
What's the time? - it's time to get ill

Riding down the block with my box in my hand
Today I feel like chillin' just as chill as I can
Coolin' on the corner with a forty of O.E.
'Cause me and M.C.A. we're down with Mike D.
When I run a jam - I don't give a damn
When I'm throwing bass - I say, "Thank you ma'am."
Fuel injected, rhyme connected - running things
I'm the King Adrock and I'm the king of all kings
I'm looking for a spot - things are gettin' hot
I'm M.C.A., I'm here to stay - and you sir, are not
Oh no, it could not be - it's such a sight to see
It's such a trip - you're on my tip so listen to Mike D.
My work is my play - cause I'm playing when I work
My name's Mike D., as you can see and I can dot the jerk
M.C.A., Adrock, Mike D. - it's chill
What's the time? - it's time to get ill