Beastie Boys & Cypress Hill, So Whatcha Want

You don't stop, you keep on

And you don't stop, you can't front on that

To the S K B, you don't stop

Well, just plug me in just like I was Eddie Harris

You're eating crazy cheese like you'd think I'm from Paris

You know I get fly, you think I get high

You know that I'm gone and I'm a tell you all why

So tell me who are you dissing, maybe I'm missing

The reason that you're smiling or wilding so listen

In my head I just want to take 'em down

Imagination set loose and I'm gonna shake 'em down

Let it flow like a mud slide

When I get on I like to ride and glide

I've got depth of perception in my text y'all

I get props at my mention 'cause I vex y'all

So what'cha, what'cha, what'cha want?

(What'cha want?)

When you're so funny with the money that you flaunt

I said where'd you get your information from?

You think that you can front when revelation comes?

I said so what'cha, what'cha, what'cha want?

(So what'cha want?)

I said so what'cha, what'cha, what'cha want?

(So what'cha want?)

Ì said so what'cha, what'cha, what'cha want?

(So what'cha want?)

Ì said so what'cha, what'cha, what'cha want?

(So what'cha want?)

Ì said so what'cha, what'cha, what'cha want?

(So what'cha want?)

Well, they call me Mike D, the ever loving man

I'm like Spoonie Gee, I'm the metro politician

(Y-v-veah)

You scream and you holler about my Chevy Impala

But the sweat is getting wetter than the ring around your collar

But like a dream I'm flowing without no stopping

Sweeter than a cherry pie with ready whip topping

Goin' from mic to mic, kickin' it wall to wall

Well, I'll be calling out you people like a casting call

Oh well, it's wacked when you're jacked in the back of a ride

With your know, with your flow when you're out gettin' by

Believe me, what you see is what you get

And you see me, comin' off as you can bet

Well, I think I'm losin' my mind this time

This time I'm losin' my mind, that's right

I said, I think I'm losin' my mind this time

This time, I'm losing my mind

(This time)

I said so what'cha, what'cha, what'cha want?

(So what'cha want?)

I said so what'cha, what'cha, what'cha want?

(So what'cha want?)

I said so what'cha, what'cha, what'cha want?

(So what'cha want?)

I said so what'cha, what'cha, what'cha want?

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(So what'cha want?)

But little do you know about something that I talk about I'm tired of driving, it's due time that I walk about But in the meantime, I'm wise to the demise I've got eyes in the back of my head, so I realize Well, I'm Dr. Spock, I'm here to rock y'all I want you off the wall if you're playing the wall I said what'cha, what'cha, what'cha want?

(What'cha want?)
I said what'cha, what'cha want?

(What'cha want?)

Suckers write me checks and then they bounce So I reach into my pocket for the fresh amount

See I'm the long leaner victor the cleaner

I'm the illest motherfucker from here to Gardena

Well, I'm as cool as a cucumber in a bowl of hot sauce

You've got the rhyme and reason but no cause

So if you're hot to trot, you think you're slicker than grease

I've got news for you crews, you'll be suckin' like a leech

I said so what'cha, what'cha, what'cha want?

(So what'cha want?)

I said so what'cha, what'cha, what'cha want?

(So what'cha want?)

Ì said so what'cha, what'cha, what'cha want?

(So what'cha want?)

I said so what'cha, what'cha, what'cha want?

(So what'cha want?)

I got the big brown boots

When you wanna get kicked like a rhyme

From the heart and the mind

There was a time when the blunt got licked

I take a hit of the weed and then blew a smoke screen

No Visine, just a little Afro-Sheen

And a High Times magazine

I like to smoke y'all but the pigs come sweating

They like the smell of the weed that I'm smoking

They can't have none of the number one sess-stash

So keep your hands off the hash, don't act rash

'Cause if you move too fast, I'll pull out my gat and blast your sorry ass

And you can kiss my ass, that was the M

To the I to the K to the E to the D y'all, Ghetto Block