

No sleep 'til... Brooklyn!

Foot on the pedal never ever false metal  
Engine running hotter than a boilin' kettle  
My job ain't a job, it's a damn good time  
City to city I'm running my rhymes  
On location, touring around the nation  
Beastie Boys always on vacation  
Itchy trigger finger but a stable turntable  
I do what I do best because I'm illing and able  
Ain't no fakin', your money I'm takin'  
Going coast to coast to watch all the girlies shakin'  
While you're at the job working nine to five  
The Beastie Boys at the Garden cold kickin' it live

No sleep 'til...

Another plane another train, another bottle in the brain  
Another girl another fight, another drive all night  
Our manager's crazy he always smokes dust  
He's got his own room at the back of the bus  
Tour around the world you rock around the clock  
Plane to hotel girls on the jock  
Trashing hotels like it's going out of style  
Getting paid along the way 'cause it's worth your while  
Four on the floor Ad-Rock's out the door  
M.C.A.'s in the back 'cause he's skeezin' with a whore  
We got a safe in the trunk with money in a stack  
With dice in the front and Brooklyn's in the back, white boys got more rhymes

No sleep 'til... No! Sleep! 'til Brooklyn! No! Sleep! 'til Brooklyn!

Ain't seen the light since we started this band  
So M.C.A., get on the mic my man  
Born and bred in Brooklyn, USA  
They call me Adam Yauch but I'm M.C.A.  
Like a lemon to a lime; a lime to a lemon  
I sip the def ale with all the fly women  
Limos, arenas, and TV shows  
Autograph, pictures and classy hos  
Step off homes get out of my way  
Taxing little girlies from here to L.A  
Waking up before I get to sleep  
'Cause I'll be rocking this party eight days a week

No sleep 'til... No! Sleep! 'til Brooklyn! No! Sleep! 'til Brooklyn!  
No! (No!) Sleep! (Sleep!) 'til Brooklyn! (Brooklyn!)  
No! (No!) Sleep! (Sleep!) 'til Brooklyn! (Yeah!)

[Guitar Solo]

No (No!) Sleep! (Sleep!) 'til Brooklyn (Brooklyn!) [6x]