

No sleep 'til... Brooklyn!

Foot on the pedal never ever false metal
 Engine running hotter than a boiling kettle
 My job's 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 faking, your money I'm taking
 Going coast to coast to watch all the girlies shaking
 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 MCA, get on the mic my man
 Born and bred in Brooklyn, USA
 They call me Adam Yauch but I'm MCA
 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]