

Say It

Beastie Boys

Say it!

[MCA:]

To the heart of the matter the mic I shatter
Say cold in the mic and make your teeth chatter
You climb the corporate ladder to make your pocket's fatter
We be flipping styles like pancake batter

[Mike D:]

Lookin through your vinyls spying on me
I'm running like a rhino on a chicken spree
Call yourself an mc but's what's your truth?
You gotta another noose inside the toll booth

[Ad-Rock:]

Suckas sniffing on socks chewing on rocks
My competition has the combination to the lock
You wanna get inside and then you best not knock
And then you get on you got to rock the spot

[Chorus:]

Once it hits your mind what you gonna do?

Don't keep it inside... You got to...

Say it! let it out. Let it out.

Scream. Run and shout run and shout

Scream. Gotta put it out. Put it out.

Say it. Gonna get it out. Get it out.

[MCA:]

Now I can feel it in my blood stream see it in the eyes
People lining up with their own demise
They have the man made troubles to monetize
Corporate violence we can't reply

[Mike D:]

You could keep em out of service and your a complainer
You bust your ass jones like you slipped on a banana
Like nick nack paddy wack you got to let it out
From the vine to line to the world give a shout

[Ad-Rock:]

Line to the line paper to the pen
A brand new dance called david rodigan
You sure really wanna let me begin
You can't stop me rhyming when I let go

[Mike D:]

Life is good and then it gets you
Stuff you thought it comes true

[Chorus:]

Once it hits your mind what you gonna do?
Don't keep it inside... You got to...
Say it! let it out. Let it out.
Scream. Run and shout run and shout
Scream. Gotta put it out. Put it out.
Say it. Gonna get it out. Get it out.

Suckers

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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