

# So What'Cha Want

## Beastie Boys

[Intro: Ad Rock]

To Mario C—you can't front on that

[Verse 1: Ad Rock]

Well just plug me in just like I was Eddie Harris  
You're eating crazy cheese like you would 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

[Verse 2: Mike D]

So tell me who are you dissing; maybe I'm missing  
The reason that you're smiling or wyling, so listen  
In my head, I just want to take 'em down  
Imagination set loose and I'm gonna shake 'em down

[Verse 3: MCA]

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

[Verse 4: Ad Rock]

So what'cha, what'cha, what'cha want? (what'cha want?)  
I get so funny with my money that you flaunt  
I said, "Where'd you get your information from, huh?  
You think that you can front when revelation comes?"

[Hook:]

(Yeah, you can't front on that)

[Verse 5: Mike D]

Well they call me Mike D, the ever-loving man  
I'm like Spoonie Gee (whoo ooh), I'm the metropolitan (yeyeyeyeah)  
You scream and you holler about my Chevy Impala  
But the sweat is getting wet around the ring around your collar

[Verse 6: MCA]

But like a dream I'm flowing without no stopping  
Sweeter than a cherry pie with Reddi Whip topping  
Going from mic to mic, kickin' it wall to wall

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

[Verse 7: Ad Rock]

Ah, well, it's wack when you're jacked in the back of a ride  
With your know, with your flow, when you're out getting by  
Believe me, what you see is what you get  
And you see me, I'm coming off as you can bet

[Verse 8: Mike D]

Well I think I'm losing my mind, this time  
This time I'm losing my mind; that's right  
I said I think I'm losing my mind, this time  
This time, I'm losing my mind

[Hook:]

Yeah, you can't front on that

[Verse 9: MCA]

But little do you know about something that I talk about  
I'm tired of driving, it's due time that I walkabout  
But in the meantime, I'm wise to the demise  
I've got eyes in the back of my head so I realize

[Verse 10: Ad Rock]

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, what'cha want (what'cha want)

[Verse 11: Mike D]

Y'all 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

[Verse 12: MCA]

Well I'm as cool as a cucumber in a bowl of hot sauce  
You've got the rhyme and reason, but got no cause  
But if you're hot to trot, you think you're slicker than grease  
I've got news for you crews, you'll be sucking like a leech

[Hook:]

Yeah, you can't front on that

[Outro:]

So what'cha, what'cha, what'cha want (what'cha want)  
So what'cha, what'cha, what'cha want (what'cha want)  
I said so what'cha, what'cha, what'cha want (what'cha want)

I said so what'cha, what'cha, what'cha want (what'cha want)

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