

# Root Down

## Beastie Boys

I kick it root down I put my root down  
I kick it root down  
I put my root down  
So how we gonna kick it? Gonna kick it root down  
Yeah how you wanna kick it?  
Gonna kick it root down  
So how you gonna kick it? Gonna kick it root down  
Gonna break it all down  
Gonna kick it root down  
It's not a put down, I put my foot down  
And then I'm makin' some love, I put my root down  
I'm like sweetie pie by the stone alliance  
Everybody know I'm known for dropping science  
I'm electric like Dick Hyman I guess you'd expect to catch the crew rhyming  
Never let you down with the stereo sound  
So Mike, get on the mic and turn it out  
We're talking root down, I put my boot down And if you want to battle me, you're putting loot  
down  
I said it's root down, it's time to scoot down  
Until I step up to the mic in my goose down  
Come up represent from the upper west Money makin' put me to the test  
Sometimes I feel as though I've been blessed  
'Cause I'm doing what I want so I never rest  
Well I'm ain't coming out goofy like the fruit of the loom guys  
Just strutting like the meters with the lookin in py py  
'Cause downtown Brooklyn is where I was born  
But when the snow is falling then I'm gone  
You do might think that I'm a fanatic A phone call from Utah and I'm throwing a panic  
So bring it to the root where we kick it on down  
Jimmy Smith is my man I want to give him a pound  
I kick it root down I put my root down  
I kick it root down  
I put my root down  
So how you wanna kick it? Gonna kick it root down  
So how we gonna kick it?  
Gonna kick it root down  
So how we gonna kick it? Gonna kick it root down  
Break it all down  
Gonna kick it root down Ad Rock, don't stop, just get on the mic with the tic and the toc  
I'm gonna fill you with the f\*\*\*\*\*' rim like brim  
I'm walking down your block and you say that's him  
There goes the guy with the funky sound

The Beastie Boys you know we come to get down  
 Because I've got the flow where I grab my  
 dick and say  
 "Oh my God that's the funky shit"  
 So I'm a pass the mic and cause a panic  
 The original nasal kid is doing damage  
 Every morning took the train to the high street station  
 Doing homework on the train, what a f\*\*\*\*\* up situation  
 On the way back up hearing battle tapes  
 Through the underground, underneath the sky scrapes  
 It's like Harlem world battles on the Zulu  
 beat show  
 It's kool moe D's busy bee there's one you should know  
 Enough of that just want to give some respect due M.C.A.  
 Grab the mic and the ma bell connect you  
 Bob Marley was a prophet for the freedom fight  
 If dancin' prays to the Lord then I will feel alright  
 I feel a good to play a little music  
 Tears running down my face 'cause I love to do it  
 And no one can stop this flow from flowing on  
 A flow master of disaster with a sound that's gone  
 I'll take a little shout out to my dad and mom  
 For bringing me into this world and so on  
 I kick it root down  
 I put my root down  
 I kick it root down  
 I put my root down  
 So how we gonna kick it?  
 Gonna kick it root down  
 How you wanna kick it?  
 Gonna kick it root down  
 So how we gonna rock it?  
 Gonna kick it root down  
 Break it all down  
 Gonna kick it root down, down  
 And that's a record, that's a record  
 And that's a record, that's a record  
 And that's a record, that's a record  
 Oh now that's a record

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