

## Beastie Boys, "[Rock Hard](#)" Lyrics

First! First! First!  
We're the b-boys, we don't regret  
There's nothing wrong with your TV set  
We're a gettin' loose  
We couldn't be harder  
Our beats are bigger and better and longer  
Got real rock shit  
You must admit  
Not fake, not false, not counterfeit  
I can play the drums, I can play guitar  
Not just b-boys, but real rock stars  
Rock, rock rock...

When we blow up your ship, you better hit the deck  
You'll walk the plank for your dis  
Respect, respect, respect...  
If you front on the Rock, best run and hide  
If you got static, we'll take it outside  
And you start to get dulled by the Beastie Boys  
Use real rock beats, show off big toys  
Like claps of thunder from a cumulus cloud  
Double R pump the beat and make it real loud  
Loud...  
A, then scratch it...

[Scratching]

Heavy metal tension running through your blood  
Too much rock, step off the pud  
Too much treble, mid-range, and bass



# ONMUSIC ROCK

The beat's so hard, it'll dick your face  
You'll crush out hard rock, hard beats  
Hard rock, cold rhythms for fanatic freaks  
Some people say, "This has been done"  
We're here, we're now  
And the battle's won

Fists! Fists! Fists!

Fists of fury in an MC bout  
Rock so hard it'll knock you out  
The very first blow is the kick and the snare  
The beat's so def that you better beware  
When you're talkin' bass right in your face  
The walls crumble down, destroying the place  
The finishing touch is the vocals that slam  
The final blow in the five finger jam

Some! Some! Some! Some!  
Sometimes I write rhythms  
Sometimes I write rhymes  
He writes his, and I write mine  
Rock 'n roll rhythms are raunchy and raucous  
We're from Manhattan, you're from Secaucus  
Mike D, Ad-Rock, and MCA  
Not before long I can hear you say  
In a way these boys got juice  
They're goin' off you know they love to get loose  
Get loose get loose...  
Poose  
Gettin' the Ad-Ad-Ad-Rock

MCA Mike D. in the place to be  
The Beastie Boys showin' off the toys



# ONMUSIC ROCK

That's right  
Uh, Uh  
In the place to be  
You know it, you know it  
AdRock, uh uh  
When the party gets loose  
Slop one, slop one  
And your goin' the boots  
Everybody gettin' trouble  
LOV on the New York C  
Double R double R  
Better off the by  
Just takin' off the jile  
Like I lost my style  
Gonna' grab my rhyme  
All the Negros the got style  
Oh...  
[Ad libs continue]