

ICIBILLET

## Paroles de chanson

03/05/2026

# Too Many Rappers (New Reactionaries Version)

Par Beastie Boys

*Album : Hot Sauce Committee Part Two (Vinyl) (LP1)*

Mic check, mic check

One, one, two, two, three, three

Too many rappers, and there's still not enough emcees

It goes three, three, two, two, one, one

MCA, Ad-Rock, Mike D, that's how we get it done like

Ladies and gents attention, Nas in the house

With Beastie Boys, we can turn it out

Perpetrators, we can point 'em out

So if you got somethin' on your mind, let it out

Like a Nexus 6 comin' home to roost  
Handheld 58 when it's time to get loose  
Don't need the ear goggles, just put me through the speakers  
Like a scientist with tubes and beakers  
Have MCs over my house and fix'em brunch  
But you rappers? We goin' out, goin' dutch  
So pass me the sword, I'll start swingin'  
Just randomly chopping on a crazy ass mission

Because I'm back with a bang boogie, oogie oogie  
Strawberry letter 23 like Shuggie  
Oh, my God, just look at me  
Grandpa been rappin' since '83  
Oh, I'm supersonic like J.J. Fad  
Got crazy ass shit pullin' out the bag  
Don't forget the tartar sauce, yo, 'cause it's sad  
All these crap rappers, they're rappin' like crabs

I have carte blanche, the vagabond  
Nas is the narcissist, my pockets are rotund  
I'm no killa, but compared to you, I'm more real'a  
You ain't a shot, a mobster, or a drug dealer  
A slug peeler, you're not, mafioso, no  
You ain't got the cutthroat in ya, beginner  
I ain't tryin' to hear your racket  
You work with police dog, you snitch, you rat, you wear that jacket

How many rappers must get dissed

Gimme eight bars, and watch me bless this

I start to reminisce, oh, when I miss

The real hip hop with which I persist

Like rum in mojitos, bullets and banditos

Matzoh balls in soup, jackets and troop

Yes, y'all, this is one for the history books

Nasty Nas, what's the word, count it off on the hook

Let's go! One, one, two, two, three, three

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'Cause this the type of lyric goes inside your brain  
To blow you bullshit rappers straight out the frame  
My lyrics spin round like a hurricane twister  
So get your hologram on off of Wolf Blitzer  
Too many rappers to shake a stick at  
I outta charge a tax for every weak rap  
I had to listen to 'cause we be makin' stacks  
Like Stax Records, my squad we gotta pack, we never coming whack  
  
To all you crab rappers and hackers  
And Circuit Fenders, two-tone splendor  
I take the cake, I stole the mold  
The golden microphone, well that's mine to hold  
And why all these biters all up in my crotch space?  
Sniffin', puffin', huffin', and mean muggin' with a Blimpie Bluffin'  
Back up off me, sucka, you ain't sayin' nothin'  
  
I'm broader than Broadway, I was in project hallways  
Dual tape recorder, lacin' oratorials all day  
I'm just getting started on this beat, this is foreplay  
And when this song finished, y'all can sing along with this  
By the way, I have a strong fetish for Christian Louboutin steppers  
I hear Russian blonde's the wettest  
But anyway, I better pay homage to my fellas  
And that's what's on my mind and the rhyme, who's next up?

Mike D, the man of mystery

History in the makin', and now we're takin'

Titles, awards, and accolades

Scar in' the competition as I sharpen my blades

We come together like peanut butter and sandwiches

Like pen and paper, like Picasso and canvases

Rockin' stadiums and shitty bars

Go back in time, send a fax from my car

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That was dope!