

ICIBILLET

Paroles de chanson

04/05/2026

Too Many Rappers (New Reactionaries Version) [Feat. Nas]

Par The Beastie Boys

Album : *Hot Sauce Committee Part Two*

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

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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

Scarin' 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!