

Steppin' to the A.M.

3rd Bass

At the sound of the tone, the time will be twelve A.M."

* about a dozen alarm clocks and grandfather clocks go off *

Ready in the intro, cue up the Serch-lite
Point us to the center stage (I'll grab the first mic)
Projectin the voice with this mic that I'm cuffin
You ain't my nucka, SUCKER I'm snuffin
The word of the 3rd stands true, so no panickin
(Man verse man) you freeze up like a mannequin
Petrol, you let go, the wax for the new jacks
to dwell upon you're steppin on the trigger as the tune smacks
(Square in the butt) Pete gave me the cue
So I'ma put up or shut up until my jam is through
But for now I wanna freak em, so I'll embark
to spark your mission posse, til way past dark
(Don't park there's no standin) or I'll play the five-oh
You don't stop movin until the Serch says so
To keep the tribe open, shootin out to play em
Three the hard way'll keep you steppin to the A.M.

"What's the time??" -> Beastie Boys
"It's about that time" -> Schoolly D
"What's the time??" -> Beastie Boys
"Time to get stupid!" -> Chuck D ("At the sound of the tone")
"What's the time??" -> Beastie Boys ("The time will be one A.M.")
"It's about that time" -> Schoolly D
"WHAT TIME IS IT?????????" -> The Time
"Shootin for the A.M."

My mind has a question, I respond
to a silver domed microphone (one step beyond)
Straight to eighty-eight to the curves of the 90's
I'm universal, I set a line free
Behind me, the three the hard way, the jackpot
(Awaitin Satan's, tryin to take cheap shots)
We groove crowds, the three stand proud
The brothers round the way sit down and say
(How'd you do this?) Ludicrous rhythm of rhyme
Anticipate like a bottle of Heinz.. KETCHUP
(No catch up!) Cause you fell behind
I'm steppin to the A.M. -- dickin down swine
Pete Nice skims over lyrics, I pick em
Strong and long, you're wrong, I stick em
(He's the law with the sword) with my cable swingin
(Like _The Pit or the Pendulum_) Pete Nice bringin
the sunrise with no lies, legitimate (and you despise)
Envy this MC's magnitude (so realize)
The MC emceed (The DJ deejayed em)
Until the next time I keep you steppin to the A.M.

"Two for the time" (repeat 2X)

"What's the time??" -> Beastie Boys
"It's about that time" -> Schoolly D
"What's the time??" -> Beastie Boys
"Time to get stupid!" -> Chuck D ("At the sound of the tone")

"What's the time??" -> Beastie Boys ("The time will be two A.M.")
"It's about that time" -> Schoolly D
"WHAT TIME IS IT???????" -> The Time
"Shootin for the A.M."

No weight on the felt plate, deep bass below rise
Needle torture groove, move the record til the wack stride
(Schoolin the swine on the strength of my vocab)
Bet you wonder you're a goner
(You're thinkin that you had)
Lyrics to the A.M. but the house needs a swinger
You st-st-st-st-stutter, but I'm a stinger
(My rhymes so potent, I wrote em and it's evident)
You're just a stunt, seekin a settlement
The lyrical line (The artical original)
Afflict like a convict, I ain't no criminal
Scheamin on a cable or slobbin the knob
You played me like a foul ball
(How you livin Hobbes?!?!!)

Now groove into the A.M., the master spoon feedin
out a jumper, you're bumpin a freak while I'm G'n
Peter let the record spin (Serch'll get a second wind)
MOTIVATE THE CROWD, til it's steppin to the A.M.

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"What's the time??" -> Beastie Boys
"Time to get stupid!" -> Chuck D ("At the sound of the tone")
"What's the time??" -> Beastie Boys ("The time will be three A.M.")
"It's about that time" -> Schoolly D
"WHAT TIME IS IT???????" -> The Time
"for.. for the A.M."

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I slide swiftly, keep a brother steppin
(loungin, strength in my throat)
Sweatin as you get hit with the rhythm
My lines sustain like a crane, so uplift them
(slow and smooth) Flowin like fluid
The mass did worship the lyrics the three did
(amid all crisis) Drop it like a guillotine
(You're moist) fearing the voice of the rhyme fiend
Scene is zipped, Pete Nice is your worst dream
Fulfilled your illed I thrilled (I heard a LOUD scream)
My mind is cued, so I run down a menu
that downgrades the weak as my lyrics tend to
(the needs of a shaker, sweatin to the point of exhaust)
so listen to the mission horse
Blinded by the science, my mind starts flexin
Sexin down females to the A.M., perplexin
a complex reflex (you wonder if we slumber)
The three don't sleep (Aiiyo Pete Nice take em under!)

Steppin to the A.M., I'm steppin to the mic
to snatch up and smash up the club until daylight!

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