

## 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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"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 three A.M.")  
"It's about that time" -> Schoolly D  
"WHAT TIME IS IT???????" -> The Time  
"for.. for the A.M."

..

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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