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“You Have Heard It Said... But I Say to You...”:

Beastie Boys, the Bible, and a Theology of Sampling

I.

“But God don't ever give me nothing I can't handle,

So please don't ever give me records I can't sample.”

--Kanye West, from Common's “They Say”

Although I am reluctant to label myself a member of the hip hop generation, I am proud to say that I grew up as hip hop was growing up. I was born the day before Michael Diamond (a.k.a. Mike D of Beastie Boys) turned fifteen, in that shifting, shifty era when John Lennon was still alive and Ronald Reagan was the President-elect. The Sixties had become two decades in the past, the disco era was taking its last breath, and the UK's punk scene was transforming into the post-punk/new wave sound of artists like the Police and Elvis Costello. Within a few years, Mike D and his partners in crime—Adam Horovitz (a.k.a. Adrock) and Adam Yauch (a.k.a. MCA)—would begin their first of many transformations as they outgrew their own post-punk skins and came to embrace the irresistible hip hop scene of their home, New York City. Beastie Boys (allegedly an acronym for “Boys Entering Anarchistic States Towards Internal Excellence”) found themselves reborn before they even had their first record deal. Every subsequent record

was an opportunity to be reborn once more, in an ongoing attempt to grow a little bit closer to that internal excellence.

My parents knew a world without TV; I have never known a world without MTV. I was in Kindergarten when those three white, Jewish boys became hip hop's overnight success with the release of *Licensed to Ill* in 1986. I remember being entranced by the music video for *(You've Gotta) Fight For Your Right (To Party)* and I dressed up like MCA, using purple marker on a strip of masking tape to make my own five-o'clock shadow. Although I hardly followed their career or any other rappers' careers during that time, I have come back to Beastie Boys again and again and their music has been the window for my entry into many other areas of music—hip hop, rock, punk, and funk.

Nowhere is their love for all types of music more evident in the Beasties' canon than in their seminal 1989 album *Paul's Boutique*. Arguably the greatest sophomore effort in the history of popular music since *The Freewheelin' Bob Dylan*, Beastie Boys created a patchwork-quilt masterpiece of overlapping samples that simultaneously tipped a hat to hip hop's varied musical roots as well as permanently transformed what the future of hip hop could—and could not—become. In his concise and illuminating book *Paul's Boutique* for the *33 1/3* series, Dan LeRoy documents MCA's attitude at the genesis of the group's second album: "Let's just go completely over the top and sample everything. Let's make this the nail in the coffin for sampling" (47).

Paul's Boutique is a rare piece of art, providing listeners with a kind of aural rear-view mirror, telescope, and kaleidoscope. The album's opening rap track, *Shake Your Rump*, was a slap-in-the-face to preconceived notions of beats and sampling arrangements (with the DJ duo The Dust Brothers combining samples from at least 13

different songs) as well as an assault on preconceived notions of rapping (with the Beasties abandoning the typical “old school” style of swapping verses for a more aggressive, frenetic style of swapping words and sometimes syllables). In *Shadrach*, arguably the greatest lyrical accomplishment of the album, the Beasties momentarily abandon their hip hop mantles and assume the identities of the three Hebrew children from the Book of Daniel; using these meta-identities as their mouthpiece, the Jewish rappers enter their own fiery furnace with questions of God’s/their own undeniable existence as seen in light of God’s/their own unchangeable attributes, and then emerge from this furnace with the answers they wanted but also with newer, deeper questions. They sample bluegrass banjo music in *5-Piece Chicken Dinner*. They parody the emergence of gangsta rap in *High Plains Drifter*. They decry homelessness in *Johnny Ryall*. And as if all this wasn’t enough to cement their place among hip hop’s elite, they end the album with an epic 12-minute free-styling masterpiece, *B-Boy Bouillabaisse*.

Never before attempted, *Paul’s Boutique* was an experiment never to be repeated. LeRoy estimates that somewhere between 100 and 300 samples were used to comprise the album’s 15 tracks. As listeners were running for cover from the album’s thunderstorm of sound, lawyers and music business executives were finally galvanizing a closing argument against copyright infringement. MCA’s dream to be “the nail in the coffin for sampling” came true, with more adverse effects than any of them may have originally considered. Under continued threat of lawsuits nearly twenty years after the album’s release, Beastie Boys still cannot perform some of these songs live. They and the album’s original producers, seeking to let sleeping dogs lie, still won’t discuss some of the more nebulous samples that may or may not be on *Paul’s Boutique*. And if

royalties were paid to clear the samples that are undeniably used on the album, the costs would be so prohibitively high that no record company would ever agree to produce an album like *Paul's Boutique* today (47). The album, at once a mercurial reminiscence of music's past and a wild vision of music's future, is now a moment forever frozen in time.

What, then, can be gleaned from this album and its exceedingly unique use of sampling? How might we glean a theology of sampling from these songs and obtain a clearer vision of God and God's coming Kingdom? How might God or Jesus or the Bible be using sampling to bring us closer to salvation? How might hip hop, more than any other musical form or even art form, push the body of Christ to a truer confrontation of its own inadequacies and deeper reliance on God's faithfulness and saving grace?

II.

"It ain't the melodies that are important, man. It's the words."

--Bob Dylan

A common and understandable reaction upon hearing a song based on samples is, "This artist isn't original or creative; they're just stealing from other artists who are original and creative." For example, when Sean Combs (a.k.a., Puff Daddy or P. Diddy) borrows the main riff from Led Zeppelin's *Kashmir* for his song *Come with Me*, it is easy to accuse hip hop artists of a lack of creativity. This song certainly isn't a cover version but it also doesn't try to hide the fact that it relies heavily on source material. Jimmy Page may have joined Puff Daddy onstage for live versions of *Come with Me* but that did little to quell resentment among listeners who felt that one of rock's greatest bands had been ripped off.

I can empathize with this reaction and I freely admit that I've never been able to make it all the way through Puff Daddy's *I'll Be Missing You*. But having grown up during the proliferation of sampling, my generation and I may have a very inverted approach to sampling. As a fifth-grader I was more immediately familiar with MC Hammer's *U Can't Touch This* and Vanilla Ice's *Ice Ice Baby*; when I heard *Superfreak* by Rick James and *Under Pressure* by David Bowie/Queen for the first time, I assumed that these artists were stealing from MC Hammer and Vanilla Ice. When I was corrected my musical world was turned upside-down. Originality, then, was no longer seen on a linear scale or a timetable, and the question, "Which artist is being more original with a tune that actually originated with only one of them?" was now up for debate. In other words, Rick James may have invented that riff, but then MC Hammer came along eight years later and finally discovered it.

This is the fundamental question that sampling asks of us: what is originality and what is the original source? Where do we draw the line between muse-like inspiration and plagiarism, between creativity and copyright infringement? In his book *Hip Hop Matters*, S. Craig Watkins mentions the originality/creativity debate in a discussion about DJ pioneer Grandmaster Flash:

Flash wanted to capture and extend the break beat because it was usually only a few seconds long. What he really wanted was to take sections of songs from vinyl and reinvent them by producing newer, longer, and funkier versions: essentially, making new musical soundscapes from previously recorded materials. Some characterized his efforts as

innovative while others dismissed them as thievery and lacking creativity (27-28).

Originality and creativity don't always go hand in hand. When Coolio threatened to sue "Weird Al" Yankovic for stealing from *Gangsta's Paradise* in his parody *Amish Paradise*, anyone who had heard Stevie Wonder's original 1976 song *Pastime Paradise* may have wondered why Wonder didn't threaten to sue Coolio for the exact same reason. This is not to suggest, however, that neither Yankovic nor Coolio were creative with their re-imagined versions of Wonder's original; inspiration and influence are the essential foundations of any creative endeavors. But to take this argument a step further, how can we even declare that *Pastime Paradise* is a truly original work? Where would Stevie Wonder have been without the influence of artists like James Brown? And where would James Brown have been without early rock and roll, without the blues, without spirituals? Where do we draw a line in the sand? Which influences are acceptable and which inspirations are not?

To take the originality/creativity debate out of the musical realm for a moment, let's turn our critical eyes to the Bible. The Gospels of Luke and Matthew both draw heavily from the Gospel of Mark and possibly from the mysterious *Q* document. This means that half of the authors of the Gospels can be accused of plagiarism. Every Gospel depicts Jesus teaching from the Hebrew Scriptures; large chunks of the Septuagint, then, were copied and inserted directly into the Gospels. And the Hebrew Scriptures themselves might fail to pass any test of a quintessentially original work as it is believed to have been composed and compiled by dozens of different authors and editors over hundreds of years. When we read Matthew's account of Jesus quoting from the Torah

during the Sermon on the Mount, it is harrowing to think that we are potentially four or five layers/retellings/samples away from the original source. The Bible, our sole instrument for uncovering truth in this world, is, itself, a holy and wholly sampled text. This leaves God and God alone as the sole and ultimate Originality. And perhaps it serves us well at this juncture to consider whether God is always an entirely original Being: after all, we are made in God's image. After creating everything from nothing and exercising life-giving creativity and originality, God chose to sample Himself when He made us—female and male human beings—as the crowning example of His creative powers. The very stuff of our existence, our past and present and future, our divine brokenness and grounded transcendence, our human condition itself is a sample. We are nothing more and nothing less than a sample of the Ultimate One. And if God can't be truly original and truly creative all the time, then how can we?

Consider this: Luke 4:16-21 recounts the story of Jesus as He commences His public ministry. He enters Nazareth, enters the synagogue, and in front of the people He begins to read from Isaiah 61:1-2. But instead of proclaiming His ministry with His own original words, it is important to note that Jesus chooses instead to convey His new message via an extant text. Jesus quotes the text as such:

The spirit of the Lord is upon Me, because He anointed Me to preach the gospel to the poor. He has sent Me to proclaim release to the captives, and recovery of sight to the blind, to set free those who are oppressed, to proclaim the favorable year of the Lord (Luke 4:18-19, NASB).

Do we notice anything missing? Let's compare this new text with its original source:

The Spirit of the Lord GOD is upon me, because the LORD has anointed me to bring good news to the afflicted; He has sent me to bind up the brokenhearted, to proclaim liberty to captives and freedom to prisoners; to proclaim the favorable year of the LORD *and the day of vengeance of our God* (Isaiah 61:1-2, NASB, emphasis added).

Jesus intentionally omits the last phrase from Isaiah and, with that omission, says something very important about what his ministry will look like. In front of an audience that would notice such an omission and immediately understand the significance of referring to that original source and re-interpreting it this way, Jesus crafts a message that is much more powerful than any original words would have been. Just as God created everything out of nothing, here Jesus does the same when He says more by saying less. By omitting the words “and the day of vengeance of our God,” Jesus is actually adding the most crucial element to His vision of His ministry.

Do we accuse Jesus of not being original? Do we accuse Him of not being creative? In his article “Was Foucault a Plagiarist? Hip Hop Sampling and Academic Citation,” Mickey Hess compares sampling guidelines with the guidelines commonly expected of academic writing. He writes, “Hip hop values creativity in finding unique sources, recombining unlikely sources, and putting recognizable material into new contexts. By recombining and recontextualizing sources, hip hop producers create powerful juxtapositions. . . . Sampling, at its best, uses sources to create new meaning” (280-295, source found online). Jesus recontextualizes the familiar words of the prophet and transforms the old into something new. He effectively samples and remixes the

Book of Isaiah, like a DJ sampling and remixing a familiar song. How, then, can we accuse DJs of stealing music when they “create new meaning” out of existing sources?

A theology of sampling begins to emerge here. Just as Christ prefaces the Sermon on the Mount with, “You have heard it said... But I say to you...,” so does sampling speak to us on the terms of what has already been spoken to us. The DJ says, “You have heard James Brown/Aerosmith/The Beatles say... but now I say to you...” Like any holy teaching or piece of art, sampling is an apocalyptic revelation that makes us pause and forces us to rethink what we think we already know. A theology of sampling, then, suggests that there is just as much power in transformation as there is in formation. A theology of sampling says, “Leave the creation to God and leave the re-creation to us.” A theology of sampling reminds us that the remixed samples from an old song are themselves a message just as important as any lyrics. To refer back to the Bob Dylan quote at the beginning of this section, we realize now how hip hop has caused a fundamental shift in our approach to music: the music finally became just as important as the words and a DJ was just as crucial as an MC.

How does the music speak to us before the MCs even open their mouths? How does the beat inform and enhance the words we hear? What would be lost if the DJ left and only the MC remained (and if we believe today’s hip hop focuses too much on MCs, what has been lost)? How do both the music and the words rely on each other and combine to create one unified message? What are Beastie Boys saying by building a new song on an intricate web of Beatles samples before they even rap one syllable (to be discussed further in the next section)? Like Jesus prefacing the Sermon on the Mount in

Matthew 5:17, how are the Beasties assuring us that they have not come to abolish the Beatles but to fulfill them?

In his book *Making Beats: The Art of Sample-Based Hip Hop*, Joseph G. Schloss quotes Afrika Bambaataa, another one of hip hop's DJ pioneers:

I'd throw on Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band—just that drum part. One, two, three, BAM—and they'd be screaming and partying. I'd throw on the Monkees . . . and they'd start going crazy. I'd say, “You just danced to the Monkees.” They'd say, “You liar. I didn't dance to no Monkees.” I'd like to catch people who categorize records. (32)

The music that a DJ creates and an MC raps over—the sampled beats, riffs, and vocals—is a challenge to those on the outside looking in as well as those on the inside looking out. No one's prejudices about “good music” and “bad art” are safe; the Chosen can be just as prejudiced and broken as the Other—and both sides need just as much revelation and grace.

To return to *Paul's Boutique*, Beastie Boys' *Egg Man* is just one example of sampled tracks that are recontextualized to create a new, transformed song that challenges both those in the hip hop community and those outside of the hip hop community. Underneath seemingly superficial and juvenile lyrics about the Beasties terrorizing Los Angeles with “drive-by eggings,” the masterful *Egg Man* is intricately built upon a drumbeat from Elvis Costello from 1978, percussion from ex-Last Poet Lightnin' Rod from 1973, the famous bassline from Curtis Mayfield from 1972, the famous strings from Bernard Herrman from 1960, vocals from Public Enemy from 1988, additional bass and horns from Tower of Power from 1975, and Drew Barrymore's

scream from the film *E.T.* from 1982, not to mention many other samples that we can't recognize and will never be revealed. The Beasties even sample themselves when they rework lyrics from their own pre-*Licensed to Ill* punk song *Egg Raid on Mojo* from 1981, and their lyrics sample America's collective unconscious with numerous pop culture references ranging from Dr. Seuss and Looney Tunes to *Cheech and Chong's Next Movie* and *Taxi Driver*.

In three minutes this one song spans three decades, re-creating and recontextualizing the work of musicians who could have never played together and would have never collaborated with each other. It destroys the tenuous boundaries that classify genres of music as funk, punk, new wave, classical, or hip-hop. This, then, is yet another crucial aspect to our emerging theology of sampling: whether Bambaataa is tricking people into dancing to the Monkees or the Beasties are sampling the Eagles in *High Plains Drifter* (LeRoy quotes Mike D: "We just thought it was hilarious, sampling the Eagles. You wouldn't have thought an Eagles record would have this incredible beat" (84).), sampled music takes us out of our comfort zones in a comfortable way. There is theological power in this, for as the collection of vastly different songs is transformed so are we, the vastly different children of the one God, transformed. In its layers and its reliance upon artists who never made music together during their brief times on this planet, a track like *Egg Man* can give us a tangible vision of what the Kingdom of God should—and someday will—be like. Revelation 7:9-10 reads, "Behold, a great multitude which no one could count, from every nation and all tribes and peoples and tongues, ... cry out with a loud voice" (NASB). When all tribes and all tongues from across Earth's history of space and time are combined and recontextualized into one voice to sing

praises God, and when God's people look around and are amazed to see which people "made the cut" and to realize that God doesn't speak just English, I wonder if some will realize that hip hop music—almost in spite of its preoccupation with materialism, sexism, and murder—provided us with one of the best possible images of life after death.

III.

"There's nothing you can sing that isn't sung."

--John Lennon

When the Beatles announced in 1966 that they would stop touring and only release studio albums, they proceeded to create a series of records that would rival any artist's creative or experimental output before or since: *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band* (1967), *Magical Mystery Tour* (1967), *The Beatles* (commonly known as *The White Album*) (1968), *Abbey Road* (1969), and *Let It Be* (1970). A crowning achievement at the end of *Magical Mystery Tour* is the song *All You Need Is Love*, a piece notable for many reasons, not the least of which is its use of sampling. True, the Beatles aren't sampling beats or riffs directly from other records; instead, they (or other hired musicians) are playing familiar tunes in conjunction with a new tune. Still, I would argue this counts as sampling and, as such, the Beatles have the distinct honor of being one of the first bands ever to use sampling to create new music. The national anthem of France, *La Marseillaise*, opens the track and by the end we can hear elements of the traditional *Greensleeves* and Glenn Miller's *In The Mood*. The Beatles even sample themselves as Paul McCartney begins singing lyrics from *She Loves You* while the song fades out. Just like Jesus' saying more by omitting part of the Isaiah passage, it is a loud and clear

statement for an English band to open their ultimate love anthem with the French national anthem.

In *The Sounds of Science*, Beastie Boys build their track on distinct samples from four songs from the Beatles' most experimental albums. The song opens with the airplane sound effect from *Back in the U.S.S.R.* (from *The White Album*), slightly edited and looped. Next is the familiar bass line and oboe melody from *When I'm 64* (from *Sgt. Pepper*). During the interlude between the song's two halves, we hear the orchestra tuning and crowd noise from *Sgt. Pepper's* title track. And as the song finally explodes and the Beasties rap faster than the ear can hear, George Harrison's guitar riff from *The End* (from *Abbey Road*) plays over Ringo Starr's drumbeats from both *Sgt. Pepper* and *The End*. Not content to recontextualize only the Beatles, the Beasties also throw in samples from Isaac Hayes, KRS-One, Pato Banton, and James Brown.

The song is split into two distinct halves, starting with Beastie Boys plodding their way through the opening lines in unison and then slowly swapping syllables after that. After Adrock's throwdown during the interlude, all three resume rapping in unison at the start of the second half, but this time at break-neck speed. They blaze their way through the rest of the song before it screeches to a halt with MCA's *a cappella* declaration. A perfect example of music that informs words and lyrics that simultaneously inform the beat, *The Sounds of Science* is a split-personality romp set on a sturdy stage of samples from the Beatles' most experimental albums. LeRoy writes, "When *Paul's Boutique* was released, it became fashionable to compare the album to *Sgt. Pepper* because of its evident ambition and air of psychedelia. ... Just as George Martin and the Beatles had taken four-track recording as far as it could go on their 1967 magnum opus, the team

behind *Paul's Boutique* was testing the absolute limits of still-embryonic technologies like computer recording and automation” (36). If Beastie Boys ever had any concern that *Paul's Boutique* wouldn't be recognized for its ambition and experimentation, this song alone might have set those fears to rest.

LeRoy writes, “Perhaps the best gauge of the difference between *Licensed to Ill* and *Paul's Boutique* is provided by the first half of this track. In the infamous video for *Fight for Your Right*, the Beasties pushed around bespectacled nerds. On *The Sounds of Science*, they have become—for a few lines, at least—those nerds instead” (85-86). Not many hip hop tracks have ever name-dropped Isaac Newton and Ben Franklin, and lines like “I've been dropping the new science/And I've been kickin' the new k-knowledge/An MC to a degree that you can't get in college” seem to suggest a prior dedication to scholarly pursuits but also admit that academia might be no match for street smarts—dangerous ground for three white rappers who have already had a hard enough time gaining acceptance in the hip hop community. Many rappers have claimed to be dropping science; very few are willing to go so far as to equate themselves with actual scientists. LeRoy continues: “In typical Beastie fashion, something serious was lurking beneath that nonsense. ... Hip hop had never been so deliberately square. ... The song momentarily drops the gangsta façade the Beasties had toyed with since their inception and reveals them in all their middle-class whiteness” (86). Playing off strange beeps and mooing noises, rapping over the most recognizable samples from two of the Beatles' most superficial novelty songs, they go so far as to compare themselves with the crucified Christ when they rap, “I've got pegs through my hands and one through my feet.”

The veil seems to drop during the interlude—labeled a “public service announcement” in the album’s liner notes—and before we know it we are struggling to make out the lyrics, only to discover that they are furiously freestyling about bras, condoms, and an explicit sexual encounter. This time around, though, the gangsta façade seems to be so exaggerated and overplayed that we aren’t inclined to believe their rhymes any more than we did during the first half. They continue to tear through the second half, rapping over some of the most rocking, in-your-face riffs from the two least-recognized Beatles. We are forced to consider which façade provides us with a truer identity of Beastie Boys: the slower, coherent musings on the times tables and Radium (played out on a stage that seems to poke fun at John and Paul’s weaker moments as songwriters) or the faster, jumbled rants about dance floors and Adidas sneakers and accusations that the NYPD is behind New York’s crack epidemic (played out on a stage that showcases the unsung talents of George and Ringo)?

Before we can make a decision, though, the veil drops again. The song abruptly cuts off; the familiar Beatles clips disappear and we only hear MCA shouting, “Dropping science like Galileo dropped the orange!” With this intellectual name-drop the song has now come full circle and we’re back where we started, and more confused than ever. The themes of “science” and “dropping science” are the only common motif that bridges the two halves of this song, but are we any more knowledgeable about the Beasties or the Beatles for having sat through this three-minute class? Which beats and samples are to be trusted? Which lyrics and rhymes speak the truth? If sampling is a hip hop artist’s way of saying, “You have heard it said... But I say to you...,” then what is it that we’ve heard said about the Beatles and Beastie Boys that needs to be transformed? What is it

that we've heard about our own identities that needs transformation? If the Beasties were ever berated by high school teachers for being lousy students who would never amount to anything, and if they were heckled by law enforcement officials for being trouble-makers who would never amount to anything, in *The Sounds of Science* they are able to take the risk—with a safety net of the Beatles' own successful experimentations from the past underneath them the whole time—and shake off such false identities. By playing such fake roles to the hilt they are able to destroy those roles and then emerge as transformed beings at the end of the song. And if we desire for Beastie Boys to “postulate a theorem” or “formulate an equation” so that we, too, might know how to be reborn or transformed, their song leads us back to its beginning and begs us to listen to their serious nonsense just one more time.

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Additional resources

www.beastiemania.com

www.paulsboutique.info/songs.php

Conversations with Dr. Ralph Watkins, my TC 511 classmates, and Courtney Tinnan

A partial list of songs known to be sampled on *Paul's Boutique* (1989):

Disc One:

1. *All You Need Is Love* – The Beatles (1967)
(Not sampled on *PB*, or at least we haven't discovered a sample from it yet. Included here as an example of one of the earliest uses of sampling.)
2. *Shake Your Rump* – Beastie Boys (1989)
 3. *33% God* – Beastie Boys (1989)
(Instrumental remix of *Shake Your Rump*. Included here to aid the listener in distinguishing the wide variety of samples used in *Shake Your Rump*.)
 4. *Tell Me Something Good* – Ronnie Laws (1975)
(Opening guitar riff is used throughout *Shake Your Rump*, starting at 0:11)
 5. *That's the Joint* – Funky Four + 1 (1980)
(Drums and vocals from 0:16 are sampled at 0:37 in *Shake Your Rump*)
(*Vocal from 6:27 is also sampled at 3:12 in *Shadrach*)
 6. *Six O'Clock DJ (Let's Rock)* – Rose Royce (1976)
(Moog synthesizer throughout is sampled at 0:39 and 2:40)
 7. *Yo Yo* – Rose Royce (1976)
(Opening bass riff is sampled at 1:03)
 8. *Born to Love You* – Rose Royce (1976)
(Opening guitar riff is sampled at 2:08)
 9. *8th Wonder* – The Sugarhill Gang (1980)
(Vocal from 1:52 or 3:59 is sampled at 2:23)
 10. *Jazzy Sensation* – Afrika Bambaataa (1982)
(Percussive cuica noises throughout are sampled at 2:07 and 3:02)
11. *Egg Man* – Beastie Boys (1989)
 12. *Superfly* – Curtis Mayfield (1972)
(Opening bass riff is sampled throughout *Egg Man*)
 13. *Drop It in the Slot* – Tower of Power (1975)
(Bass and horns throughout are sampled at 0:22, 0:47, 1:36 and 1:55)
 14. *Bring the Noise* – Public Enemy (1988)
(Vocal from 0:32 is sampled at 1:34)

15. *Pump It Up* – Elvis Costello and the Attractions (1978)
(Drums during the chorus are sampled at 1:38)
16. *Egg Raid on Mojo* – Beastie Boys (1981)
(Lyrics from 0:35 are rewritten at 1:55)
17. *The Murder* – Bernard Herrmann (1960)
(Strings throughout are sampled at 0:49, 1:38, 2:11 and 2:27)
18. *High Plains Drifter* – Beastie Boys (1989)
 19. *Those Shoes* – The Eagles (1979)
(Bass and drums throughout are sampled throughout *High Plains Drifter*)

Disc Two:

1. *The Sounds of Science* – Beastie Boys (1989)
 2. *Back in the U.S.S.R.* – The Beatles (1968)
(Airplane sound effects from 0:05 are sampled in the first half of the song)
 3. *When I'm 64* – The Beatles (1967)
(Bass and oboe throughout are sampled in the first half)
 4. *Walk from Regio's* – Isaac Hayes (1971)
(Beeping noises throughout are sampled in the first half)
 5. *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band* – The Beatles (1967)
(Drums and crowd noise are sampled in the interlude and second half)
 6. *My Philosophy* – KRS-One (1988)
(Vocal from 0:45 is sampled at 1:27)
 7. *Golden Slumbers/Carry That Weight/The End* – The Beatles (1969)
(Guitar riff from 3:43 is sampled throughout the second half and drums from 3:28 are sampled at 2:30)
8. *Shadrach* – Beastie Boys (1989)
 9. *Do Your Dance* – Rose Royce (1977)
(Intro drums are sampled at the intro of *Shadrach*)
 10. *Loose Booty* – Sly and the Family Stone (1974)
(Almost everything is sampled throughout, including the “Shadrach, Meshach, Abednego” chant)

11. *Hot and Nasty* – Black Oak Arkansas (c. 1975)
(Drums and bass throughout are sampled throughout)

12. *Sugarhill Groove* – The Sugarhill Gang (1980)
(Drums and guitar at 1:18, 1:27, etc. are sampled at 0:16, 0:26, etc.)

* See track five on disc one for an additional sample from Funky Four + 1

13. *Funky Drummer* – James Brown (1970)
(Famous drum solo at 5:35 is sampled at 4:05. It is important to note that *Funky Drummer* is considered by many to be the most sampled song ever.)

14. *Johnny Ryall* – Beastie Boys (1989)

15. *Sharon* – David Bromberg (1972)
(Electric guitar and drums are sampled throughout)

16. *Momma Miss America* – Paul McCartney (1970)
(Drums are sampled throughout, notably at 2:22)

17. *Mr. Big Stuff* – Jean Knight (1971)
(Vocal from chorus is sampled at 1:48)

18. *The New Style* – Beastie Boys (1986)
(Intro vocal is sampled and remixed at 2:55. The intro “Kick it!” vocal from *(You’ve Gotta) Fight for Your Right (To Party)* is also sampled at 2:38)

Paul’s Boutique track list:

1. *To All the Girls*
2. *Shake Your Rump*
3. *Johnny Ryall*
4. *Egg Man*
5. *High Plains Drifter*
6. *The Sounds of Science*
7. *3-Minute Rule*
8. *Hey Ladies*
9. *5-Piece Chicken Dinner*
10. *Looking Down the Barrel of a Gun*
11. *Car Thief*
12. *What Comes Around*
13. *Shadrach*
14. *Ask for Janice*
15. *B-Boy Bouillabaisse*

Egg Man by Beastie Boys
(lyrics from beatiemania.com)

I looked out the window and seen his bald head
Ran to the fridge and pulled out an egg
Scoped him with my scopes, he had no hair
Launched that shot and he was caught out there
Saw the convertible driving by
Loaded up the slingshot, let one fly
He went for his to find he didn't have one
Put him in check correct with my egg gun
The egg a symbol of life
Go inside your house and bust out your wife
I pulled out the jammy and he thought it was a joke
The trigger I pulled, his face the yolk
Reached in his pocket took all his cash
Left my man standing with an egg moustache
Suckers they come a dime a dozen
When I say dozen you know what I'm talking about, boy

Yeah that's right, I'm the Egg Man
Driving around
King of the town
Always got my windows rolled down
Ready to throw
You know I'm the Egg Man

Once upon a time
Humpty Dumpty was a big fat egg
He was playing the wall then he broke his leg
Tossed it out the window three minutes hot
Hit the Rastaman and he said "bloodclot"
Which came first the chicken or the egg
I egged the chicken and then I ate his leg
Riding the trains in between cars
When I pull out the station, you're gonna get yours
Drive-by eggings plaguing L.A.
"Yo they just got my little cousin ese"
Sometimes hard-boiled sometimes runny Ray
It comes from a chicken, not a bunny dummy
People laugh, it's no joke
My name's Yauch and I'm throwing the yolk
"Now they got me in a cell" but I don't care
It was then that I caught catching people out there

Up on the roof in my car up all night
 I'm going through science like Dolemite
 The Mack. Who?
 I'm the Egg Man, taxi driver
 I'm the Egg Man

We all dressed in black, we snuck up around the back,
 We began to attack, the eggs did crack on Haze's back
 Sam I Am, down with the program
 Green Eggs and Ham, Yosemite Sam
 Come Halloween you know I come strapped
 I throw it at a sucker K-pap
 You make the mistake and judge a man by his race
 You go through life with egg on your face
 Woke up in the morning peculiar feeling
 Looked up and saw egg dripping from the ceiling
 Family, punk rock, the business man
 I'll dog everybody with an egg in my hand
 Not like the crack that you put in a pipe
 But crack on your forehead, here's a towel now wipe

The Sounds of Science by Beastie Boys
 (lyrics from beastiemania.com)

Now here we go dropping science dropping it all over
 Like bumping around the town like when you're driving a Range Rover
 Expanding the horizons and expanding the parameters
 Expanding the rhymes of sucker MC amateurs
 And Naugels, Isaac Newton, and Scientific E.Z.
 Ben Franklin with the kite, gettin' over with the key
 Now rock shocking the mic as many times times the times tables
 Rock well to tell dispel all of the old fables
 'Cause I've been dropping the new science
 And I've been kicking the new knowledge
 An MC to a degree that you can't get in college
 Now the dregs of the earth and the eggs that I eat
 I've got pegs through my hands and one through my feet
 Shea Stadium, the radium, E M D squared
 Kicked out of the Palladium you think that I cared
 It's the sound of science
 The sounds of science
 Science

Rope a dope
 The newest in new
 "Right up to your face and dis you"
 Waxin' and milkin'
 All of y'all square heads

Time and money for girls covered with honey
 You lie and aspire to be as cunning
 Reelin' and rockin' and rollin' B-size D-cup
 Order the quarter deluxe why don't you wake up
 My mind is kinda flowin' like an oil projector
 Had to get up to get the Jimmy protector
 Went berserk and worked and exploded
 She woke up in the morning and her face was coated
 Buddy you study the man on the mic
 D. do what you like huh D.
 Well drunk a skunk am I from the celebration
 To peep that freak unique penetration
 Well I figured out who makes the crack
 It's the suckers with the badges and the blue jackets
 A professor of science cause I keep droppin' it
 I smell weak cause y'all keep poppin' it
 And people always asking what's the phenomenon
 Yo what's up, yo what's goin' on
 No one really knows what I'm talking about
 Yeah that's right, my name's Yauch

Ponce De Leon constantly on
 The fountain of youth, not Robotron
 Peace is a word I've heard before
 So move and move and move upon the dance floor
 'Cause I'm gonna die, gonna die one day
 Cause I'm goin' and goin' and goin' this way
 Not like a roach or a piece of toast
 I'm goin' out first class ain't goin' out coach
 Rock my Adidas, never rock Fila
 "I do not sniff the coke I only smoke the sinsemilla"
 Well, with my nose I knows and with my scopes I scope
 What I live I write and that is strictly rope
 I've got science for any occasion
 Postulating theorems, formulating equations
 Well, Cheech wizard in a snow blizzard
 Eating chicken gizzards with a girl named Lizzy
 Dropping science like Galileo dropped the orange!