

Shake Your Rump

Barenaked Ladies

[Verse 1]

Now I rock the house party at the drop of a hat,
Yeah, I beat a biter down with an aluminum bat,
A lot of people may be Jonesin' 'cause they hear me rock the mic,
They'll be staring at the radio,
Staying up all night.
Like a pimp I'm pimpin',
Got a boat to eat shrimp in,
Nothing wrong with my leg just B-boy limpin'.
Got arrested at the Mardi Gras for jumping on a float,
My man MCA's got a beard like a billy goat.
"Oowah-oowah" is my disco call,
MCA hu-huh, get tough y'all.
Routines I bust rhymes I write,
I've been busting routines and rhymes all night.
Like eating burgers or chicken or you'll be picking your nose,
I'm on time homie that's how it goes.
You heard the style I think you missed the point,
It's the joint.

[Verse 2]

Mike D? Yeah? With your bad self running things,
What's up with your bad breath, onion rings?
Well I'm Mike D and I'm back from the dead,
And I'm chillin' at the beaches down at Club Med.
Make another record 'cause the people they want more of this,
Consumers they be saying they can find out David Horovitz.
Hurricane, you got clout.
Other DJ's, he'll put your head out.
A puppet on a string I'm paid to sing and rhyme,
I do my thing I'm,
In the lava lamp inside the brain hotel,
I might be freakin' or peakin' but I rock well.
The Patty Duke the wrench and then I bust the tango,
Got more rhymes than Jamaica's got Mangos.
I got the peg leg at the end of a stump-ah!
Shake your rump-ah!

[Bridge]

Full Clout y'all,
Full Clout y'all,

And when the mic is in my mouth I turn it out y'all,
A full Clout.

[Verse 3]

Never been dumped because I'm the most mackinest,
Never been jumped 'cause I'm known the most packinest.

Yeah we've got beef chief,

We're knocking out teeth chief,

And if you don't believe us you should question your belief Keith.

Like Sam the butcher bringing Alice the meat,

Like Fred Flintstone driving around with bald feet,

Should I have another sip? Nah, skip it.

In the back of the ride and bust with the whippet,

Rope a dope dookies all around the neck,

Whoo ha got them all in check-ah!

Cause I'm running from the law the press and the parents.

Is your name Michael Diamond?

No man, my name's Clarence.

From downtown Manhattan the village,

My style is wild and you know that it still is,

Disco bag schlepping and you're doing the bump,

Shake your rump-ah!

Ahhhh, oohhhhhh,

Disco bag schlepping,

Disco bag schlepping,

Disco bag schlepping,

Disco bag schlepping.

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