

# Professor Booty

## Beastie Boys

Yes, I got more bounce than the fucking bump  
And then you want to know why because I'm motherfuckin' truckin'  
I'm in the pocket just like Grady Tate  
Got supplies of beats so you don't have to wait  
'Cause I'm the master blaster, drinking up the shasta  
My voice sounds sweet 'cause it has to (looking good!)  
So light a match to my ass 'cause I'm blowin' up  
I'd like to thank the people for just showin' up  
But now I want y'all to move it  
Put your point on the floor and just prove it  
And I'm smurfin', not rehearsin', gettin' live, y'all  
A little puffy, so you know what, I'm doin' right  
'Cause that's the kind of frame of mind I'm in  
I got this feelin' that it's back again  
So don't touch me, 'cause I'm electric  
And if you touch me, you'll get shocked  
You got, you got, you got, you got, you got  
You've got the boomin' system, but it's sloshing out doo-doo  
You think it's chocolate milk, but it's watered down Yoo-hoo  
I've been through many times in which I thought I might lose it  
The only thing that saved me, has always been music  
We've got our own studio, the Son of the G  
It's no question, life's been good to me  
'Cause life ain't nothing but a good groove  
A good mixtape to put you in the right mood  
This one goes out to my man, the Groove Merchant  
Coming through with beats for which I've been searching  
Like two sealed copies, of Expansions  
I'm like Tom Vu with yachts and mansions  
The logo I sport is the face of the monkey  
Union made, Ben Davis-quality, it's no junk, see?  
My chrome is shining, just like an icicle  
I ride around town in my low-rider bicycle  
So many wack emcees, you get the TV bozak  
Ain't even gonna call out your names, 'cause you're so wack  
And one big oaf, who's faker than plastic  
A dictionary definition of the word spastic  
You should have never started something that you couldn't finish  
'Cause writin' rhymes to me is like Popeye to spinach  
I'm bad ass, move ya' fat ass, 'cause you're wack, son  
Dancing around like you think you're Janet Jackson

Thought you could walk on me to get some ground to walk on  
I'll put the rug out under your ass as I talk on  
I'll take you out like a sniper on a roof  
Like an emcee at the fever in the DJ booth  
With your headphones strapped, you're rockin' rewind/pause  
Tryin' to figure out what you can do to go for yours  
But like a pencil to a paper, I got more to come  
One after another, you can all get some  
So you better take your time, and meditate on your rhyme  
'Cause your shit'll be stinkin' when I go for mine  
And that's right, y'all, don't get uptight, y'all  
You can't say shit because you're biting what I write, y'all  
And that's wrong, y'all, over the long haul  
You can't cut the mustard when you're fronting it all

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