

# Flute Loop

## Beastie Boys

So, just sit back and max and relax  
Off tracks that I kick, come on and give it up  
'Cause I get funky like diaper rash  
And you know I'm mad punky and I'm making cash  
I've got sex rhymes like Victoria's got secrets  
To all you porn peepers who are trying to peep this  
I'm like Al Goldstein, I'm all about screwing  
Lead my team to sixty wins like my man Pat Ewing  
Like getting shot out the barrel of a wave  
Like virgin pow on the peaks of a.k.  
Like a sound that to the depths of the soul  
Well that's the feeling that I make my goal  
A little wine with my dinner so I'm in my grape ape  
I feel like a winner when I make a mix tape  
Because I get ill when I'm on the pause button  
And I get my fill and you can't say nothing  
More soul on this train than Don Cornelius  
Got the mad subwoofer pumping bass for your anus  
Just getting on the mic at the monthly function  
Wires hitting switches connecting at the junction  
Perlman's got beats and it ain't no secret  
Dante found his shit but you know he freaked it  
And so the story goes on and on  
Down in S.D. 50 'till early morning

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