

# Shake Your Rump

## Beastie Boys

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Now I rock a house party at the drop of a hat  
And I beat a biter down with an aluminum bat  
A lot of people, they be jostlin' just to hear me rock the mic  
They'll be staring at the radio, staying up all night  
So like a pimp, I'm pimpin', I 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 the disco call  
MCA hu-huh, I'm gettin' rope y'all  
Routines and the rhymes that I write  
And I'll be busting routines and rhymes all night  
Like eating burgers or chicken or you'll be picking your nose  
I'm on time, homies and that's how it goes  
You heard my style, I think you missed the point  
It's the joint Mike D 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  
Chillin' with pig pen down at Club Med  
Make another record 'cause the people they want more of this  
Suckers they be saying they can take out Adam Horovitz  
Hurricane you got clout, other DJ's, put take your head out A puppet on a string, I'm paid to sing or rhyme  
Or do my thing, I'm in a lava lamp  
Inside the brain hotel, I might be peakin' or freakin', but I rock well  
The patty duke, the wrench and then I bust the tango  
Got more rhymes than Jamaica got Mango Kangols  
I got the peg leg at the end of my stump  
Shake your rumpa A full flap Joe, a full flap Joe  
And when the miker's in my mind then turn it out Joe  
A full flap Never been dumped 'cause 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? No skip it  
In the back of the ride and bust with the whippet  
Rope a dope dookies all around the neck  
Whoo ha, yo garcon the cheque  
Running from the law, the press and the parents  
Is your name Michael Diamond?  
No mine'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 rumpa

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