

# Professor Booty

## Beastie Boys

Yo I don't hang out with those guys  
Man I ain't got nothing to do with those dudes  
Man I saw your female with them too, what's up wit her?  
I been hearin' that she's been giving that stuff out to all them graffiti guys  
Yo shut the fuck up Chico man  
I'd paint three of those murals for some of that ass  
Professor, what's another word for pirate treasure?  
Why I think it's booty? That's what it is  
Yes, I got more bounce to the fucking bumpin'  
And you wanna know why because I'm mother fucking truckin'  
I'm in the pocket just like Grady Tate  
I got supplies of beats, so you don't have to wait  
'Cuz I'm the master blaster, drinking up the shasta  
My voice sounds sweet 'cuz it hasta  
So light a match to my ass 'cuz I'm blowin' up  
I'd like thank you people for just showin' up  
But now I want y'all to move it  
Put your point on the floor and just prove it  
Said I'm smurfin' not rehearsin', getting live y'all  
A little puffy so you know what I'm doing right  
'Cuz that's the kind of frame of mind I'm in  
I got this feelin' and it's back again  
So don't touch me, 'cuz I'm electric  
And if you touch me you'll get shocked  
Well I think it's booty, booty  
You got, you got, you got, you got, you got  
You got the boomin' system but it's blastin' out doo  
Do you think it's chocolate milk, but it's watered down yoo hoo  
I been through many times for which I thought I might lose it  
The only thing that saved me, has always been music  
We got our studio, it's under the G, it's no question  
Life's been good to me 'cuz life ain't nothing but a good groove  
A good mix tape to put you in the right mood  
Said, this one goes out to my man the groove merchant  
Coming through with beats, for which I been searchin'  
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  
You think you know what you doin' [Incomprehensible]  
Booty, booty, booty  
[Incomprehensible] So many wack MC's, you get that TV bozak  
Ain't even gonna call out your names 'cuz ya' so wack  
And one big oaf, who's faker than plastic  
A dictionary definition of the word spastic  
You shoulda' never started something you couldn't finish  
'Cuz writing rhymes to me is like Popeye to spinach  
I'm bad ass, move ya' fat ass, 'cuz your wack son  
Dancing around like you think your Janet Jackson  
Thought you could walk on me to get some kinda' walk  
I'll pull a rug out from underneath your ass as I talk on  
I'll take you out like a sniper on a roof  
Like an MC at the fever in the DJ Booth  
With your head phones strapped, ya' rocking rewind pause  
Trying to figure out what you to 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  
'Cuz ya shit'll be stinking when I go for mine  
And that's right y'all, don't get uptight y'all  
You say shit when I bite, when I write y'all  
And that's wrong y'all, over the long haul  
You can't cut the mustard when fronting it on, it on

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