

Finger Lickin Good

Beastie Boys

So Mike D what's up? Yo yauch what's up? Come on Mike let's
Tear it up hear no evil see no evil talking no bullshit so many
Damn people are so damn full of it keyboard money mark you
Know he's not having it just give him some wood and he'll build
You a cabinet I'm convinced that Vince is ripping me off I think it's
His girdle that's tipping me off Mike D's out back and he's growing
Onions I've got bigger buns than my man Paul Bunyan's I've been
Going nuts gettin' all cooped up fully hermitizing but now I'm
Getting souped up it's time to turn the page to a brand new
Chapter setting my sights and you know what I'm after I'll be in
The paper the news with Ernie Ernesto they'll even print my
Recipe for pasta with pesto now here's another special of the day
I've got more spice than the frugal gourmet Well mike d what got for me show these good people what it
Means to be d well they call me mike d with the mad man style I put
The mic up to my lips and I can scream for a while created a sound
At which many were shocked I've got a million ideas that I ain't
Even rocked I've got the light bulb flashing at the top of my head
Never wake up on the wrong side of the bed you're an idea man
Not a yes man with a point to make you're bound to take a stand
'Cause I'm Pete the puma Minnie the Moocher got every type of
Flavor that will suit ya you know the bass is real fat because it's
Gotta be like that a snare on the funky tin and a taste of the high hat Yo Yauch what's up? mike d what's up?
come on Yauch, let's tear
It up I could catch a groove like a flash in the dark grab a hold of
Your attention like a thief in the park 'cause I can flip a rhyme
Off the tip of my tongue switching up the rhythm like the
Rhyme's a piece of chewing gum now I might chew but I don't bite
My ideas are mine when I begin to write in my sleep I'll be thinking
'bout beats and getting on the mic and busting some treats and
Sporting the crazy funky threads that you've never even seen
Before what I'm lacking from the macking I can find at the thrift
Store I won't scuff nor scuffle just grin as they walk by take time
To rhyme for a girl I hear talk fly down some papaya
Down with the revolution always wear my goggles 'cause there's
So much pollution I can do the freak, the patty duke and the spank
Gotta free the funky fish from the funky fish tanks
I'll sell my house, sell my car and I'll sell all my stuff
"I'm going back to new york city I do believe I've had enough"

Songwriters

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