

Hey Ladies

Beastie Boys

Hey ladies in the place I'm callin' out to ya
There never was a city kid truer and bluer
There's more to me than you'll ever know
And I've got more hits than Sadaharu Oh Tom Thumb, Tom Cushman, or Tom Foolery
Dating women on TV with the help of Chuck Woolery
Words are flowing out just like the Grand Canyon
And I'm always out looking for a female companion I threw the lasso around the tallest one and dragged her to
the crib
I took off her moccasins and put on my bib
Wheelin' and dealin' I make a little bit of stealing
I'll bring you back to the place and your dress I'm peeling Your body's on time and your mind is appealing
Staring at the cracks up there upon the ceiling
Such and such will be the bass that I'm throwing
I'm talking to a girl telling her I'm all knowing She's talking to the kid
(To the who?)
I'm telling here every lie that you know that I never did Hey ladies, get funky All the ladies in the house
The ladies, the ladies Well, me in the corner with a good looking daughter
I dropped my drawers, said "Welcome Back Kotter"
We were cutting up the rug, she started cutting up the carpet
In my apartment I begged her please stop it The gift of gab is the gift that I have
And that girl ain't nothing but a crab
Educated, no. Stupid, yep
And when I say stupid, I mean stupid fresh I'm not James at 15 or Chachi in charge
I'm Adam and I'm adamant about living large
With the white Sassoons and the looks that kill
Makin' love in the back of my Coupe De Ville
(Benz) I met a little cutie she was all hopped up on zootie
I liked the little cutie but I kicked her in the bootie
'Cause I don't kinda go for that messin' around
You be listening to my records' a number one sound Step to the rhythm step, step to the ride
I've got an open mind so why don't you all get inside
Tune in, turn on, to my tune that's live
Ladies flock like bees to a hive Hey ladies, get funky Hey, hey, hey, hey ladies
(Girls, girls)
Hey, hey, hey, hey ladies
(One more time)
(Ain't it funky now) Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey ladies
(Ain't it funky now) (You know that)
She's got a gold tooth you know she's hardcore

She'll show you a good time then she'll show you the door
Break up with your girl, it ended in tears
Vincent Van Gogh go and mail that ear
Call her in the middle of the night when I'm drinking
The phone booth on the corner is damp and it's stinking
She said come on over, it was me that she missed
I threw that trash can through her window 'cause you know I got dissed
Your old lady left you and you went
insane
You blew yourself up in the back of the 6 train
Take my advice, at any price
A gorilla like your mother is mighty weak
Sucking down pints till I didn't know
Woke up in the morning at the Won Ton Ho
'Cause I announce I like girls that bounce
With the weight that pays about a pound per ounce
Girls with curls and big long locks
And beatnik chicks just wearing their smocks
Walking high and mighty like she's number one
She thinks she's the passionate one
Hey ladies, get funky
Hey ladies

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