

Finger Lickin' Good

Beastie Boys

It's finger lickin', finger-lickin' good, y'all
Finger lickin', a-finger-lickin' good, y'all
It's finger lickin', finger-lickin' good, y'all
It's finger lickin', finger-lickin' good, y'all Well, Mike D, what's up?
Yo, Yauch what's up?
Come on, Mike, let's tear it up
Hear no evil, see no evil, talkin' no bullshit
So many damn people are so damn full of it
Keyboard Money Mark, you know he ain't havin' it
Just give him some wood and he'll build you a cabinet
I'm convinced that Vince is rippin' me off
I think it's his girdle that's tippin' me off
Well, Mike D's out back and he's growin' 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
Settin' 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
You see, I've got more spice than the frugal gourmet Finger lickin', finger-lickin' good, y'all
It's Finger lickin', a-finger-lickin' good, y'all
It's finger lickin', finger-lickin' good, y'all Well, Mike D, what you 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 at
I've got a million ideas that I ain't even rocked yet
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 or style 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 Finger lickin', finger-lickin' good, y'all
Finger lickin', a-finger-lickin' good, y'all
It's finger lickin', it's finger-lickin' good, y'all

A-finger lickin', finger-lickin' good, y'all
Ey yo, Yauch what up?
Mike D, what's up?
Come on Yauch, let's tear it up
Well, I could catch a groove like a flash in the dark
I grab a hold of your attention like a thief in the park
'Cause I can flip a rhyme off the tip of my tongue
Yeah, I be 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
Sport the crazy funky threads that you've never even seen before
What I'm lackin' from the mackin' 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"
We're gonna' be out of her in a minute
So this one goes out to my man, Mario C
My brother Adrock, cuttin' it up on the turntable
Yeah, finger lickin' good, y'all
DJ Hurricane is finger lickin' good, y'all

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