

# 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 gourmetWell 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 hatYo 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

DIAMOND, MICHAEL LOUIS / HOROVITZ, ADAM / YAUCH, ADAM NATHANIEL / FITE, WENDELL  
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