

# Hey Ladies (Paul Nice Remix)

## 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  
Date women on T.V. 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  
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 her 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 up on the ceiling  
Such and such'll be thr bass that I'm throwing  
I'm talking to the girl telling her I'm all-knowing  
She's talking to the kid, kid, to the kid  
I'm telling her 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 was 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 fifteen 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  
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  
Just 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 funkyHey, hey, hey, hey ladies (girls, girls, girls)  
Hey, hey, hey, hey, ladies  
One more time, ain't it funky now?  
Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey ladies  
(Ain't it funky now?) well, you know thatShe 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  
Phone booth on the corner is damp and it's stinking  
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 six train  
Take my advice at any price a gorilla like your mother is mighty weak  
Sucking down pints until I didn't know  
Woke up in the morning with a one-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  
Dance!  
Good god!  
Baby, baby, baby, baby  
Ain't it funky brother?  
Hey, hey, hey, hey ladies  
Hey ladies

Songwriters

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