

# Beastie Boys, Hey F\*?# You

Which one of you schnooks took my rhyme book?  
Look, give it back, you're wicky wack  
With your ticky tack calls didn't touch you at all  
I didn't touch your hand, man, you know it's all ball  
You sold a few records but don't get slick  
'Cause you used a corked bat to get those hits  
You've been in the game, your career is long  
But when you really break it down, you've only got two songs  
MC's are like clay pigeons when I'm shootin' skeet  
I just yell "Pull" and Mike drops the beat  
You people call yourselves MC's but you're garbage men  
Takin' out the trash when you pull out the pen  
And if you don't like it then, hey, f\*\*\*k you  
Now, I read about you up on page six  
They was trashin' your a\*\* it's sad you're getting dissed  
Now talk about your face, now don't get pissed  
But I suggest you see a dermatologist  
I keep that hot sauce hot not mild and weak  
It's gonna burn your mouth until you wet your beak  
I've got billions and billions of rhymes to flex  
'Cause I've got more rhymes than Carl Sagan's got turtle-necks  
Your rhymes are fake like a Canal Street watch  
You're hearing me and you're like, "Oh, my God, it's Sasquatch"  
I'm walkin' on water while you're stepping in s\*\*\*  
So put your sewer boots on before your a\*\* gets lit  
And if you don't like it then, hey, f\*\*\* you  
So put a quarter in your a\*\* 'cause you played yourself  
So put a quarter in your a\*\* 'cause you played yourself  
So put a quarter in your a\*\* 'cause you played yourself  
So put a quarter in your a\*\* 'cause you played yourself  
And if you don't like it then, hey, f\*\*\* you  
Sucker MC's it's me they're resenting  
In the animal kingdom they call it presenting  
With the dipsy doodle, the kit and caboodle  
The truth is brutal, your grandma's kugel  
Kings County is my stomping ground  
The Albee Square Mall, Brooklyn, Downtown  
So don't ask me to wine and dine ya  
I'm from Brooklyn, you're from Regina  
You're like Foghorn Leghorn, Yosemite Sam  
You're just yellin' and wildin', wondering who I am  
With those lies you're telling you look like Toucan Sam  
My style's impregnable like the Hoover Dam  
And if you don't like it then, hey, f\*\*\* you  
And if you don't like it then, hey, f\*\*\* you