

# Beastie Boys, Finger Licken' Good

Beastie Boys  
Miscellaneous  
Finger Licken' Good

Finger Licken, Finger Licken Good Y'all

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 Bunyon'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 Gourmet

Well 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 Hat

Yo 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