Beastie Boys, Flute Loop

So, so, so just sit back and max and relax.
Off the tracks that I kick come on and give it up cause
I get funky like diaper rash and
You know I'm mad spunky and I'm makin' cash
I've got sex rhymes like Victoria's got secrets
To all you porn peepers who are trying to peep this
I'm like Al Goldstein I'm all about screwin'
Lead my team to sixty wins like my man Pat Ewing
Like gettin' shot out the barrel of a wave
Like a virgin POW on the peaks of A.K.
Like a sound that goes the depths of the soul
That's the feelin' that I make my goal.

A little wine with my dinner so I'm in my grape Ape
I feel like a winner when I make a mix tape
Cause, I get ill when I'm on the pause button
And I get my fill and you can't say nothin'
More soul on this train than Don Cornelious
I got the mad subwoofer pumpin' bass for your anus
Just gettin' on the mic at the monthly function
Wires hittin' switches connectin' at the junction
Pearlman's got beats and it ain't no secret
Dante found his shit but you know he freaked it
And so the story goes on and on
Down in S.D. 50 till early mornin'