

Beastie Boys, Hey Fuck You

Which 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 its 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 break it down you've only got 2 songs
MC's are like clay pigeons and I'm shootn' skeet
I just yell pull and MMM 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 then hey fuck you!

I read about you up on page 6
They was trashin' your ass 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 turtles
Your rhymes are fake like a Canal Street watch
You're hearing me and you're like "oh my god its Sasquatch!"
I'm walkin' on water while you're stepping in shit
So put your sewer boots on before your ass gets lit

And if you don't like then hey fuck you!
So put a quarter in your ass cause you played yourself

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
But my style's impregnable like the Hoover Dam

And if you don't like then hey fuck you!