

# Beastie Boys, Professor Booty

Yes, I got more bounce to the fuckin' bump  
And then you want to know Why it's cause I'm motherfuckin' truckin'  
I'm in the pocket just like Grady Tate  
I got supplies of beats so you don't have to wait  
'Cause I'm the master blaster Drinking up the shasta  
My voice sounds sweet 'cause it has to  
So light a match to my ass 'cause I'm blown up  
I'd like to thank the people for just showin' up  
But now I want y'all to move it  
Put your point on the floor and just prove it  
And I'm smurfin not rehearsin' gettin' live y'all  
A little puffy so you know what I'm doin' right  
'Cause that's the kind of frame of mind I'm in  
I got this feelin' that's back again  
So don't touch me 'cause I'm electric  
And if you touch me you'll get shocked!

You've got the boomin' system But it's blasting out doo-doo  
You think it's chocolate milk But it's watered down yoo-hoo  
I've been through many times In which I thought I might lose it  
The only thing that saved me Has always been music  
We've got our own studio the son of the G  
It's no question life's been good to me  
'Cause life ain't nothing but a good groove  
A good mix tape to put you in the right mood  
This one goes out to my man the Groove Merchant  
Coming through with beats For which I've been searching  
Like two sealed copies of expansions  
I'm like Tom Vu with yachts and mansions  
The logo I sport is the face of the monkey  
Union made Ben Davis quality it's no junk see  
My chrome is shining just like an icicle  
I ride around town on my low-rider bicycle.

So many wack M.C.'s You get the T.V. bozack  
Ain't even gonna call out your names 'cause you're so wack  
But one big oaf whose faker than plastic  
A dictionary definition of the word spastic  
You should have never started something That you couldn't finish  
'Cause writin' rhymes to me is like Popeye to spinach  
I'm bad ass move your fat ass 'cause you're wack son  
Dancin' around like you think you're Janet Jackson  
Thought you could walk on me co get some ground to walk on  
I'll put the rug out under your ass as I talk on  
I'll take you out like a sniper on a roof  
Like an M.C. at the fever in the D.J. booth  
With your headphones strapped You're rockin' rewind pause  
Tryin' to figure out what you can do to go for yours  
But like the pencil to the paper I got more to come  
One after another you can all get some  
So you better take your time and meditate on your rhyme  
'Cause your shit'll be stinking when I go for mine  
And that's right y'all don't get uptight y'all  
You can't say shit because you're biting what I write y'all  
And that's wrong y'all over the long haul  
You can't cut the mustard when you're fronting it all