

# The 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'