

The Beastie Boys, Hey Ladies

Hey...

Hey ladies in the place I'm callin' out to ya
There never was a city kid truer and bluer
There's more to me than you'll ever know
And I've got more hits than Sadaharu Oh
Tom Thumb Tom Cushman or Tom Foolery
Date women on T.V. with the help of Chuck Woolery
Words are flowing out just like the Grand Canyon
And I'm always out looking for a female companion
I threw the lasso around the tallest one and dragged her to the crib
I took off her moccasins and put on my bib
I'm wheelin' and dealin' I make a little bit of stealing
I'll bring you back to the place and your dress I'm peeling
Your body's on time and your mind is appealing
Staring at the cracks up there upon the ceiling
Such and such will be the bass that I'm throwing
I'm talking to a girl telling her I'm all knowing well..
She's talking to the kid to the kid
I'm telling here every lie that you know that I never did

Hey ladies *a get funky*

All the ladies in the house

The ladies the ladies

Well...

Me in the corner with a good looking daughter
I dropped my drawers and said "welcome back Kotter"
We was cutting up the rug she started cutting up the carpet
In my apartment I begged her please stop it
The gift of gab is the gift that I have
And that girl ain't nothing but a crab
Educated no stupid yep
And when I say stupid I mean stupid fucked up
I'm not James at 15 or Chachi in charge
I'm Adam and I'm adamant about living large
With the white sassoons and the looks that kill
Makin' love in the back of my Coupe De Ville then
I met a little cutie she was all hopped up on zootie
I liked the little cutie but I kicked her in the bootie
Cause I don't kinda go for that messin' around
You be listening to my records' a number one sound
Just step to the rhythm step step to the ride
I've got an open mind so why don't you all get inside
Tune in tune on to my tune that's live
Ladies flock like bees to a hive

Hey ladies *a get funky*

Hey hey hey hey ladies

Girls girls

Hey hey hey hey ladies

One more time *ain't it funky now*

Hey hey hey hey hey hey hey hey ladies

Ain't it funky

You know that..

She's got a gold tooth you know she's hardcore
She'll show you a good time then she'll show you the door
Break up with your girl it ended in tears
Vincent Van Gogh go and mail that ear
Call her in the middle of the night when I'm drinkin'
The phone booth on the corner is damp and it's stinkin'
Said come on over it was me that she missed
I threw that trash can through her window cause you know I got dissed
Your old lady left you and you went (girls girls girls) insane

You blew yourself up in the back of the 6 train well...
Take my advice at any price a gorilla like your mother is mighty weak man
Sucking down pints till I didn't know
Woke up in the morning at the one Ton Ho
Cause I announce I like girls that bounce
With the weight that pays about a pound per ounce
Girls with curls and big long locks
And beatnik chicks just wearing their smocks
Walking high and mighty like she's number one
She thinks she's the passionate one

Hey ladies *a get funky*
What's that
Good god
Good god *Damn*
Good god
Baby baby baby baby
Is it funky brother
Hee ha ha ha
Hey hey hey hey ladies
Hey hey ladies