

The Beastie Boys, Shake Your Rump

Now I rock a house party at the drop of a hat
And I beat a body down with an aluminum bat
A lot of people they be Jonesin' just to hear me rock the mic
They'll be staring at the radio staying up all night
So like a pimp, I'm pimpin'
I got a boat to eat shrimp in
Nothing wrong with my leg just B-boy limp in'
Got arrested at the Mardi Gras for jumping on a float
My man MCA's got a beard like a billy goat
Oowah oowah is my disco call
MCA *hu-huh* I'm gettin' rope y'all
Routines I bust and the rhymes that I write
And I'll be busting routines and rhymes all night
Like eating burgers and chicken and you'll be picking your nose
Man, I'm on time, homie, that's how it goes
You heard my style I think you missed the point
It's the joint

Mike D (yeah?) with your bad self runnin' things
What's up with your bad breath onion rings
Well, I'm Mike D and I'm back from the dead
Chillin' at the beach down at Club Med
Make another record 'cause the people they want more of this
Suckers they be saying they can take out Adam Horovitz
Hurricane you got clout
Other DJs he'll put your head out
A puppet on a string I'm paid to sing or rhyme
Or do my thing I'm
In a lava lamp inside my brain hotel
I might be peakin' or freakin' I rock well
The Patty Duke Show, the wrench and then I bust the tango
Got more rhymes than Jamaicans got mangoes
I got the peg leg at the end of my stump
Shake your rump

Full clout y'all, full clout y'all
and when the mic is in my mouth I turn it out y'all
Full clout

Never been dumped 'cause I'm the most mackinest
Never been jumped 'cause I'm known the most packinest
Yeah we've got beef chief, we're knocking out teeth chief
And if you don't believe us you should question your belief Keith
I'm like Sam the butcher bringing Alice the meat
Like Fred Flintstone driving around with bald feet
Should I have another sip? no skip it
In the back of the ride and bust with the whippet
Rope a dope dookies all around the neck
Woo-ha got them all in check
Running from the law, the press, and the parents
*Is your name Michael Diamond?*No mine's Clarence
From downtown, Manhattan, The Village
My style was wild and you know that it still is
Disco bag schlepping and you're doing the bump
Shake your rump