

Vita**"Finger Lickin Good"**

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(Beastie Boys/Caldato/Fite/Hill)

So Mike D What's Up? Yo Yauch What's Up? Come On
Mike Let's

Tear It Up Hear No Evil See No Evil Talking No Bullshit
So Many

Damn People Are So Damn Full Of It Keyboard Money
Mark You

Know He's Not Having It Just Give Him Some Wood And
He'll Build

You A Cabinet I'm Convinced That Vince Is Ripping Me
Off I Think It's

His Girdle That's Tipping Me Off Mike D's Out Back And
He's Growing

Onions I've Got Bigger Buns Than My Man Paul
Bunyon's I've Been

Going Nuts Gettin' All Cooped Up Fully Hermitizing But
Now I'm

Getting Souped Up It's Time To Turn The Page To A
Brand New

Chapter Setting My Sights And You Know What I'm After
I'll Be In

The Paper The News With Ernie Ernesto They'll Even
Print My

Recipe For Pasta With Pesto Now Here's Another Special
Of The Day

I've Got More Spice Than The Frugal Gourmet

Well Mike D What Got For Me Show These Good People
What It

Means To Be D Well They Call Me Mike D With The Mad
Man Style I Put

The Mic Up To My Lips And I Can Scream For A While
Created A Sound

At Which Many Were Shocked I've Got A Million Ideas
That I Ain't

Even Rocked I've Got The Light Bulb Flashing At The
Top Of My Head

Never Wake Up On The Wrong Side Of The Bed You're
An Idea Man

Not A Yes Man With A Point To Make You're Bound To
Take A Stand

'Cause I'm Pete The Puma Minnie The Moocher Got
Every Type Of
Flavor That Will Suit Ya You Know The Bass Is Real Fat
Because It's
Gotta Be Like That A Snare On The Funky Tin And A
Taste Of The High Hat

Yo Yauch What's Up? Mike D What's Up? Come On
Yauch, Let's Tear
It Up I Could Catch A Groove Like A Flash In The Dark
Grab A Hold Of
Your Attention Like A Thief In The Park 'Cause I Can Flip
A Rhyme
Off The Tip Of My Tongue Switching Up The Rhythm
Like The
Rhyme's A Piece Of Chewing Gum Now I Might Chew
But I Don't Bite
My Ideas Are Mine When I Begin To Write In My Sleep I'll
Be Thinking
'Bout Beats And Getting On The Mic And Busting Some
Treats And
Sporting The Crazy Funky Threads That You've Never
Even Seen
Before What I'm Lacking From The Macking I Can Find
At The Thrift
Store I Won't Scuff Nor Scuffle Just Grin As They Walk
By Take Time
To Rhyme For A Girl I Hear Talk Fly Down Some Papaya
Down With The Revolution Always Wear My Goggles
'Cause There's
So Much Pollution I Can Do The Freak, The Patty Duke
And The Spank
Gotta Free The Funky Fish From The Funky Fish Tanks
I'll Sell My House, Sell My Car And I'll Sell All My Stuff
"I'm Going Back To New York City I Do Believe I've Had
Enough"

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