

## **Beastie Boys**

# **"Finger Lickin' Good"**

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Is finger lickin', finger lickin' good job?  
Finger lickin', a finger lickin' good job?  
Is finger lickin', is finger lickin' good job?  
Is finger lickin', is finger lickin' good job?

Look at, look at, uh, huh  
Look at, look at, uh, huh  
Look at, look at, uh, huh  
Look at, look at, uh, huh

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 talkin' no bullshit  
So many damn people are so damn full of it  
Keyboard money mark you know he's not havin' it  
Just give him some money and he'll build you a cabinet

I'm convinced that Vince is rippin' me off  
I think it's his girdle that's tippin' me off  
Mike D's out back and he's growin' onions  
I've got bigger buds than my man Paul Bunyon's

I've been goin' nuts gettin' all cooped up  
Fully hermitizin' but now I'm gettin' souped up  
It's time to turn on a brand new chapter  
Settin' 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  
You see I've got more spice than the frugal gourmet

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Look at, look at, uh, huh  
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Mike D? Huh?

What you 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 million ideas that I ain't even rocked

I've got the light bulb flashin' on 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  
See I snare on the funky chair and the taste of high hat

Finger lickin', finger lickin' good job  
Finger lickin', a finger lickin' good job?  
Is finger lickin', is finger lickin' good job?  
A finger lickin', a lickin', lickin' good job?

Yo, Yauch what's up? Mike D. what's up?  
Come on Yauch, well let's tear it up  
I'd like to catch a groove like a flash in the dark  
I'll grab a hold of your attention like a thief in the park

'Cuz I can flip a rhyme off the tip of my tongue  
Yeah, I'd be switchin' 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 thinkin' 'bout beats  
And gettin' on the mic and bustin' some treats

And sportin' the crazy funky threads that you never  
ever seen before  
What I'm lackin' from mackin' I can find at the thrift  
store  
I won't scuff nor scuffle just grin as I walk by  
Take time to rhyme for a girl I hear talk fly

Down some Papaya down with the revolution  
Always wear my goggles 'cuz 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 goin' back to New York city I do believe I've had  
enough"

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