

Beastie Boys

"Hey F*?# You"

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Which one of you schnooks took my rhyme book?
Look, give it back, you're wicky wack
With your ticky tack calls didn't touch you at all
I didn't touch your hand, man, you know it's all ball

You sold a few records but don't get slick
'Cause you used a corked bat to get those hits
You've been in the game, your career is long
But when you really break it down, you've only got two
songs

MC's are like clay pigeons when I'm shootin' skeet
I just yell "Pull" and Mike drops the beat
You people call yourselves MC's but you're garbage
men
Takin' out the trash when you pull out the pen
And if you don't like it then, hey, f***k you

Now, I read about you up on page six
They was trashin' your a** it's sad you're getting
dissed
Now talk about your face, now don't get pissed
But I suggest you see a dermatologist

I keep that hot sauce hot not mild and weak
It's gonna burn your mouth until you wet your beak
I've got billions and billions of rhymes to flex
'Cause I've got more rhymes than Carl Sagan's got
turtlenecks

Your rhymes are fake like a Canal Street watch
You're hearing me and you're like, "Oh, my God, it's
Sasquatch"
I'm walkin' on water while you're stepping in s***
So put your sewer boots on before your a** gets lit
And if you don't like it then, hey, f*** you

So put a quarter in your a** 'cause you played yourself
So put a quarter in your a** 'cause you played yourself
So put a quarter in your a** 'cause you played yourself
So put a quarter in your a** 'cause you played yourself
And if you don't like it then, hey, f*** you

Sucker MC's it's me they're resenting
In the animal kingdom they call it presenting
With the dipsy doodle, the kit and caboodle
The truth is brutal, your grandma's kugel

Kings County is my stomping ground
The Albee Square Mall, Brooklyn, Downtown
So don't ask me to wine and dine ya
I'm from Brooklyn, you're from Regina

You're like Foghorn Leghorn, Yosemite Sam
You're just yellin' and wildin', wondering who I am
With those lies you're telling you look like Toucan Sam
My style's impregnable like the Hoover Dam
And if you don't like it then, hey, f*** you
And if you don't like it then, hey, f*** you

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