

## **Beastie Boys "Hey Ladies"**

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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  
Dating women on TV 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  
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

She's talking to the kid  
(To the who?)  
I'm telling here every lie that you know that I never did

Hey leadies, 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, said "Welcome Back Kotter"  
We were 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 fresh

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  
(Benz)

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

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, turn on, to my tune that's live  
Ladies flock like bees to a hive

Hey ladies, 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 now)

(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 drinking  
The phone booth on the corner is damp and it's  
stinking  
She 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 insane  
You blew yourself up in the back of the 6 train  
Take my advice, at any price  
A gorilla like your mother is mighty weak

Sucking down pints till I didn't know  
Woke up in the morning at the Won 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, get funky

Hey ladies

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