

## **Beastie Boys**

# **"Shake Your Rump"**

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Now I rock a house party at the drop of a hat  
I beat a biter 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 rhymes I write  
And I'll be busting routines and rhymes all night  
Like eating burgers or chicken or you'll be picking your  
nose  
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 running 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 beaches 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 DJ's he'll take 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' but I rock well  
The Patty Duke the wrench and then I bust the tango  
Got more rhymes than Jamaica got Mango Kangols  
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  
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  
Whoo 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 is wild and you know that it still is  
Disco bag schlepping and you're doing the bump  
Shake your rump

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