

Boys Beastie

"Finger Lickin' Good"

Visit "[Finger Lickin' Good](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

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 money 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 buds than my man Paul Bunyon's
I've been going nuts gettin' cooped up
Fully hermitizing but now I'm getting souped up
It's time to turn on 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 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 flashing 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 'cause it's gotta be like
that
A snare on the funky tin and the taste of 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 thinkin' 'bout beats
And gettin' on the mic and busting some treats
And sporting the crazy funky threads that you never
ever seen before
What I'm lacking from macking 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 '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

Visit [Boys Beastie](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.