

# Hey Fuck You

Beastie Boys

Which 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 its 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 break it down you've only got 2 songs  
MC's are like clay pigeons and I'm shootn' skeet  
I just yell pull and MMM 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 then hey fuck you!

I read about you up on page 6  
They was trashin' your ass 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 its Sasquatch!"  
I'm walkin' on water while you're stepping in shit  
So put your sewer boots on before your ass gets lit

And if you don't like then hey fuck you!  
So put a quarter in your ass cause you played yourself

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  
But my style's impregnable like the Hoover Dam

And if you don't like then hey fuck you!