

# Hey Ladies

## Beastie Boys

Hey...  
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  
Date women on T.V. 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  
I'm 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, well.  
She's talking to the kid (to the kid)  
I'm telling her every lie that you know that I never did  
Hey ladies a get funky  
All the ladies in the houseThe ladies, the ladiesWell...  
Me in the corner with a good looking daughter  
I dropped my drawers and said "Welcome Back Kotter"  
We was 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 then  
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  
Just 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, tune on, to my tune that's live  
Ladies flock like bees to a hiveHey ladies a 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 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 drinkin'  
The phone booth on the corner is damp and it's stinkin'  
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 (girls girls girls) insane  
You blew yourself up in the back of the 6 Train, well...  
Take my advice at any price, a gorilla like your mother is mighty weak, man  
Sucking down pints till I didn't know  
Woke up in the morning with the One 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 a get funky  
What's that  
Good god  
Good god Damn  
Good god  
Baby baby baby baby  
Is it funky brother  
Hee ha ha ha  
Hey hey hey hey ladies  
Hey hey ladies

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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