

ICIBILLET

## Paroles de chanson

03/05/2026

# Shake Your Rump

Par Beastie Boys

*Album : Lollapalooza*

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 limpin'

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, man

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 beach, 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 put 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 freakin or peakin', but I rock well

The Patty Duke Show, the wrench and then I bust the tango

Got more rhymes than Jamaica got mango

I got the peg leg at the end of my stump-a

**Shake your rump-a**

**A full clout, y'all**

**A full clout, y'all**

And when the mic is in my mouth, I turn it out, y'all

A 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, chief

Like Sam the butcher bringing Alice the meat

Like Fred Flintstone, driving around with bald feet

Should I have another sip? Nah, skip it

In the back of the ride and bust with the whippet

Rope-a-dope dookies all around the neck

Who-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-a**

Eh