

Get Down

Biz Markie

Now that Biz Mark's inside the joint
Guaranteed to rock and always prove a point
Doin' what I do cause it gotta be done
About the Prince of Boogie and the Master of Fun
My rap technique is most very unique
Your toes start to squeak, by the way that I speak
My rhymes are more sporty than the ESPN
And the way that I spit, you like again and again
From here to the Hima', I'm like a Lil' Kim-ah
Notorious and glorious, way above the rim-ah
I'm not a gangster rapper, and I don't get freaky
Never drunk or high or don't a-smoke ciggys
I'm just self-assertive, born crazy
When I came out my momma they said, "A whoopsy daisy!"
As you see, you know I, I keep it goin'
So take it from me, HA, the king of disco'n

Get down, so get on down, get get on down
"I'm bound to wreck your body" get, you gotta get on down
Get down, get on down, get get on down
"I'm bound to wreck your body and say turn the party out"

I'm the type of guy that be keepin it hot
Wherever you see me, I be rockin the spot
Big belly and all, why'all be havin a ball
People gather round me like I'm Pope John Paul
We can't party like it's 1999 no more
'Cause it's two two baby, and the future's in store
So let, olden way-s be forgotten
And felt just grab a girl cause she's soft as cotton
Get on the dance floor, back that ass up girl
And act like you don't have a care in the world
Rock around the clock, hickory dickory dock
Shout to B.I.G., 'Pac, L, Tah and Scott LaRock
I'm glad I made it to the Y2K
So what can I say? Salate!
You look at me funny and say, "What do you say?"
I'm the B-I-Z Emezzah-A-are-K

Get down, get on down, withzzzah
Inhuman Orchestra that you would prefer
Singin' funky records for him or her
Only thing to say is I'm spectacular
Let me get busy so I can make you dance
Shake and bake and put you in a trance
Make you forget all your stress for five minutes or less
Like a vacation in Jamaica or France
Have you happy and jumpin' for joy
Whether you man, woman girl or a boy
You will agree, it ain't no other like the B-I-Z
I'm up with the Jones, like my name's Roy
But, yo, no, it's got to be the Original
Milky like cereal, funky fresh material
The L.I.'er for yo' desire

But right about now, I gotta retire

Your moms'll save this like your name is Sammy Davis
'Cause I'm guaranteed to rock the microphone
And hit you like ?
I don't gotta bald head
But I'm guaranteed to rock and spread love
Super educated from above
MC guaranteed to hold you just like a glove
I'm not Johnny Bench
But I hit yo' ass with a big-ass wrench
Biz!