

# I Hear Music

Biz Markie

One two, one two  
You're listenin to the grand groovin sounds  
Of the diabolical energetical B-I-Z  
Emmezah-A-Rrrah-K  
And this goes out to my DJ  
The cutmaster that no one cuts faster than  
C-double-oh-L V  
Drumroll V

It's a different kind of sound that's in the air  
It's not shots, firecrackers, or a car that's there  
A little different noise for your listenin' pleasure  
A sample from a record that's a four bar measure  
Adults think this music is just a big headache  
They think all this hard work, is just a piece of cake  
They must be buggin', right out of they socks  
Why don't they get up and try to do, the human beatbox  
'Cause back in the days when there was just block parties  
A DJ would set up his equipment, and start these  
live performances, and DJ tricks  
A lot of different DJ's was on the mix  
It is a proven fact, music is a universal language  
From the tip of Long Island to the Verrezano Bridge  
We won awards and served them by the millions  
The more more years go by, the more we be killin' 'em  
They said it's just a fad, it will never last a year  
All of a sudden, ten years later "I hear music"

"I hear music"

Cool V, give me a drum roll

I can't believe how hip-hop has progressed  
With more and more groups that have finesse  
We have groups on the East and West coast with different names  
We all play a part if we didn't we'd go in flames  
We all got to stick together as one  
But at the same time, still have fun  
'Cause you don't wanna lose the love for the music  
When you have it keep it, and make use of it  
This is a lesson from the S-K Biz  
'Cause nobody else is gonna tell you like it is  
Everyone thought that rap was just a phase  
But it still continue, to muse and amaze  
It gives people chance to show they true talents  
Instead of submittin' to the crime and violence  
People said to me the S-K-B  
Is rap gonna stay until infinity?  
As long as me and V be makin' up the beats  
You will hear people sayin' "I hear music"

Cool V, give me a drum roll

This is the ending, conclusion, kapiche?  
Of this new hip-hop masterpiece

About people countin' chickens before they're hatched  
Recollatin' on somethin' that they can't match  
They're creatin' sounds of a hip-hop human bein'  
Whether you're American or European  
Or even if you're from the West or East coast  
I'd like to thank all of you, save the most  
Don't diss each other by sayin' who's better  
Just do it the best way, and stick together  
With different rhyme techniques and DJ cuts  
And be crazy ambitious, and have a lot of guts  
And the people buyin', thanks for your support  
Cause if it wasn't for you, we'd all fall short  
As long as there's radio, cars and jeeps  
You know what you will hear?

What, what? What, what what what what?  
Yo V, yo yo what what what what what what what you hear?  
I can't hear you man, scratch it up one mo' time!  
Yo what you hear?  
Yo Paul Sea, yo yo, what wha-what you hear?  
Yo Godfather D, I ain't hear what he said, what you hear?