

# I'm the Biz Markie

Biz Markie

It's me the diabolical, Biz Mark symbolical  
I shakes from scripts of hits I made a while ago  
Now I'm on the run again starting other capers  
And people couldn't catch me even if I was "The Vapors"  
I leave you in trauma with my funky personna  
Cause I'm jamming just like Teddy but I'm nasty like Madonna  
Cause me without big strong thoughts for a Biz song  
Is like Patty LaBelle not singing with a wig on  
I don't give a damn if my record gets panned  
Cause my style stays fresh like I rap in Saran  
When I'm sure that I'm pure like Snapple  
Suppose when I write my rhymes like I'm the Big Apple  
Or New York or whatever you call it, I don't even care  
Cause if I can make it there, I can make it anywhere  
So, I walk the walk through the streets of New York  
More green I can hawk cause I can talk the talk  
So don't try to stalk cause my style brings more  
I rock it from the Billy Ocean to the Al B. Shore!  
People always want to give dap to everyone  
But I've been around the world so I ahhh [?]

"I'm the Biz Markie, the human beatbox and the rap king"  
"Have the people stomping to my beat you bet" [x4]

Take a pause for the cause, cause this is a recording  
If rap was a prison, then I be the warden  
I do the Gator in my snakeskin Jordans  
And when it comes to cash I flash more than Gordon  
You want me to rock the rhyme cause I got the type you crave  
And I heat up jams like I was MC Microwave  
And when I drop a style, call it def, call it cool  
As long as you don't call me when I'm on a toilet stool  
I stoke and swin in a room full of women  
When I drop the gold like Meadowlark Lemon  
Everywhere I've been I've seen 'em fat and thin  
Even girls with hair on their chinny chin chin  
But you can be just a friend if you're sporting your own look  
Or if you got more chins than a Chinese phonebook  
Women love my style from [?] Long Isle  
Even got my mother singing "Thanks for my Child"  
My temperature rises every time I'm near a stereo  
Cause I catch dance fever like my name was Danny Terio  
But I go, on and on and on and on and on and!  
From midnight point to the early morning, AHHHH!

"I'm the Biz Markie, the human beatbox and the rap king"  
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It's my way or the highway, I'm ahead of the slow lane  
But when I ride to Motown I jump on a Soul Train  
Rappers like to flow with all energy and action  
But I'd rather take it nice and slow like Freddy Jackson  
So don't try to stick to me like somebody's gearshift  
Cause I'll hit you so far west you'll come back Easter  
The style I display, but I say it a badder way  
I got more rhymes than cartoons on a Saturday  
You're still confused cause you don't know how bad he is

Like a pregnant \_ who don't know who the daddy is  
Just like a snap I can whip any rapper  
That's why probably my grandparents called me a whipper snapper  
You're lost in the sofa trying to cross my line  
Then run to the lost and found cause you lost your mind  
I'm coming on strong cause I'm dropping nothing soft  
Still had it going on when "The Biz is Going Off"  
I'm singing in the rain cause I got the audacity  
Or some kids want to sundance with Butch Cassidy  
You couldn't shine on my in the spotlight  
Cause your ass couldn't shine if you sat on a flashlight

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