

T.S.R. (Toilet Stool Rap)

Biz Markie

G-goobely-goo
Ah-h-h-hm

Ah yeah
Now check it out

I would walk into the bathroom to take a crap
I sit down, and then I write me a toilet stool rap
Whether I`m constipated or have diarrhea
I always come out with a funky fresh idea
Even if you don`t think it`s funky fresh, and
To all the little kids I`m makin a good impression
Cause a lot of my hits are written on the john
I hope my legendary style of rap lives on
This`s a hidden secret where classics come from
Everybody has done it, even my man Run
Only in there I am the king of the throne
Hey, hey, you know I can`t be alone
No girls, no guys, no dogs, no cats
No parents, no nieces, no nephews, no brats
That`s the only way that I can get privacy
And you know where I write my funky fresh rhymes live, you see...

Me sittin on a toilet
Waitin for my bowels to move
I got a doodoo rap
I got a doodoo...

Yo, bust it
Let me tell you a little something bout this episode
It was four in the morning, chillin on my commode
It was me, my pad, and pen, and my bad breath
All of a sudden I came up with somethin that was real def
I was thinkin, what a real beatbox could do
What if I put a hype beat with the "p-pf 1-2"?
Then I write some words, so I really can use it
I think I would name this one Make The Music
Like if I was the man that they call Clark Kent
Cause I go into the bathroom for rhymes I invent
Then I come out on stage like Superman
But never show the people my masterplan
Instead of movin towels, or movin vowels
Only think I`m doin, is movin bowels
A tv in the bathroom just might spoil it
Only thing I can say is...

I`m sittin on a toilet
Waitin for my bowels to move
I got a doodoo rap
I got a doodoo
Doodoo
Doo-oo-oo
Doo-doo-doo-doo
Rrrhaaa