

Making Noise

Fat Boys

Answer me one question: Can you serve any MC?

No!

1987, Markie Dee and Kool Rock - get'n busy

Prince of rap rhymin' - Any title I'll snatch
When I'm through with your crew, bring a brand new batch
Line 'em up and then the termination starts
Step aside if you're a sucka' that has no heart
'Cause I go to a party just to rap and dance
When I'm done, I play the [?] and strike the B-boy stance
Have my tool at my side for those I don't trust
And when the party gets boring, I call it a bust
'Cause I'm the prince of [?] and serving fear
Got a punch that'll knock ya' into next year
Gotta rhyme it when I say it - I'm sure you'll agree
That the prince of rap rhymin' is Markie Dee
So, bust that
Get'n funky
In the place get'n busy
B-r-rip... Bust it! B-r-r-r-ust it!

The power-lord of rap is about to speak
So, hail to the words of the mighty chief
And all duck MCs who thought I was soft:

Step back while the mighty Kool Rock goes off

Stimulatin', motivatin' with the rappin' skill
I can never be beaten; that's the way I feel
Try to take what's mine, you will be slain
My job is to rap and that's my claim

So, [?] he's the best you heard

I can speak with soft or duelin' words
I can act like a sucka', a punk, or a duck
Or I can act real hard and just rough you up
There ain't no tellin' what I'm gonna do next
So, don't you wink or even flex
Just glide with the rhythm and flow with the beat
And watch the Rock get busy on the m-i-c
Word!

Get'n funky - in the place!

Word!

Well, I... Well... B-r-rip-dip

Well, I climbed the highest mountain, swam the deepest sea
And I've yet to find a rapper that can deal with me
But, my position is [?] prince of rap rhymin'
Bustin' A's in skill, ability and timin'
Finesse and grace, with talent and poise
And ya' know, when at a party, Markie Dee makes noise

I'm a well-known rapper; B-boy style poet
And if ya' didn't know, then I'm lettin' you know it!
I'm droppin' MCs - Cold knockin' 'em out
And you'll never go the distance in a one-round bout
See, I recite a funky lyric - A rapper, I boast
I put eggs and bacon, and eat 'em like toast!
Perpetratin' [?] to use the name "Prince"
You're a duck and a sucka' without any sense
'Cause the prince of rap rhymin' - Who else could it be?
But, me... Mark... Markie... Markie Dee

Word!

In the place to be

But, uh... Well, I... Well, I

B-r-r... b-r-rip... Bust it!

Well, I'm a highly intellectual rhyme reciter
A verbally speakin' hip-hop professor
A super entertainer and original rhyme writer
My name is Kool Rock and I'm a lover, not a fighter
The top-o-the heap at the fullest peak
Gettin' stronger and stronger while the rest get weak
So, you better call the army [?]

'Cause Kool Rock-ski is on a rap rampage!

The darkest MC you ever saw
Got gold on my neck and rhymes galore
Got the power of a [?] and I can't be stopped
I'm a MC dream and the cream-o-the crop
Bust that!
Word!

In the place get'n busy

Know what I'm sayin'?

1987 makin' much noise!

Ya' know it, ya' know it

B-r-rip, b-r-rip, b-r-rip, b-r-rip... Bust it!