

# Biz Markie, I'm Singin'

[Cool V]

Yo Biz, let's send this out to the propmaster Kool DJ Red Alert  
Bring the beat in, Todd  
Yeah, this is how we're doing it for the '93, we're on the smooth tip  
Ha ha, yo Biz, kick something funky for 'em, word up

[BizMarkie]

Now people always want to know my strategy plan  
For me to use the weird name as "Diabolical Man";  
Well I got diabolical beats, raggedy clothes  
And aw hell, I'm even wearing diabolical drawers  
I'm not White as Barry cause I'm Dirtier than Harry  
With a rap that's big and fat that Mariah couldn't Carey  
So don't come to me with that same ol' same ol'  
Cause I'll knock your butt somewhere over the rainbow  
I write rhymes that jam more than jelly  
So call me the Arthur without the Fonzarelli, or Nelly  
Cause I am so bad when it comes to a rap jam  
Even robins scream, "Holy hip-hop Biz man!"  
I grab the microphone and go every which way but loose  
Cause I'm the ugly ducking that seduces Mother Goose  
And I don't be using flipping tounge twisters  
But I still get better in time like The Whispers  
But older crews you see can't stay as loose as me  
Cause old school rappers just ain't what they used to be  
So up your nose with a rubber hose  
And every brother knows that your style's older than my grandma's clothes  
But gray skies is going to clear up, so put on a happy face  
Take off that frown and chear up, and put on a happy face, cause