

Beatnuts, You're A Clown

(Biz Markie & little girl)

MM.... DROP!

Yes indeed, it's the Biz Markie with the Beatnuts

And I'm gonna count along with this girl like this

One, two we'll come for you

Three, four you better lock your door

Five, six beatnuts in the mix

Seven, eight now let's get it straight

Nine, ten for everybody that slept

YOU better watch your step

YOU better watch your step

(Psycho Les)

Now pull it out your pocket

Pull it out your pocket

Biz Mark Beatnuts we about to rock it

Now pull it out your pocket

Pull it out your pocket

Psycho Les baby, I'm about to drop it

I'm just a villain

Chillin in my gangster stand

I cop all my threes from Amsterdam

I make them Black Eyed Peas kids say 'That's the jam'

Beatnuts baby back by popular demand

Drop another jam

Sock you and your man

If you don't know by now, BLAM

Y'all small soldiers wanna blast back

Like a wedgie I'm gonna get up in that asscrack

Feet first

Whip a concert with no rehearse

You wanna spit you gotta talk to me first

The ringleader

Blow your cover

You think we cool 'cause I know your mother?

(Juju)

Yo, elegant flow, stomp you like an elephant tho

You only got a little money and you spendin it slow

Anything you gotta say is like irrelevant yo

I need money like I gotta let the President go

From a hostage situation that's surrounded by smoke

In a trailer in the middle of hell, nobody know

It's the junkyard hannibal lec

Snatch the first grabbable tec

And look for any catchable rep

Back in effect, slap you in the back of the neck

I've been holdin this down for a while, show me respect

Rainin the tec and all of that, breakin your neck

It's off the hook this year, two niggas called me collect

(Biz Markie)

phone rings

Who's this??

Who's this??

This is a collect call from... a clown

(CHORUS)

(Biz Markie)

YOU'RE A CLOWN!!!!

(Juju)

I saw you at a party uptown

Nobody even know you, you just standing around

(Biz Markie)

YOU'RE A CLOWN!!!!

(Juju)

Don't even try to step outta bounds

'cause if you drink and start a fight nobody holdin you down

(Biz Markie)

YOU'RE A CLOWN!!!!

(Juju)

Lookin through the records I found

It takes more than that for you to duplicate this sound

(Biz Markie)

YOU'RE A CLOWN!!!!

(Juju)

My heat'll lift your feet off the ground

Live niggas throw the bacon and move it around

(Psycho Les)

I follow recipe

Over on sesame

This time the kid.... Psycho Les'll be

On top of the industry

This one's for my niggas in the street

I'm lookin at the situation so I gotta flip a beat

Make your heart skip a beat

So we can all eat

Went from a project kid with a calculator watch

To a rollie, to cashin them royalties

You must be a fool playin with this hungry dog's food

Snap at you with a rude attitude

My troops landin parachutes I hit you with phatter loops

And y'all clowns better show us gratitude

Werd up

(Biz Markie)

Me & les rock the house

MC's rock the house

The Beatnuts rock the house

The rain with the tec rock the house

It's the Biz Markie as you can see

I got more rhymes than Muhammed Ali

I'm one in a million just like Aaliyah

You look at me and say Mama Mia!

I sing funky records most definitely

Ain't no other MC that can mess with me

I know my man Les you remember music factory

With rhymin big Sam rest in peace you see

I rock the mic and you will know

That I rock the mic and go ohohohohohoh

Sing a funky record MCs'll say

Ain't no other MC like B I Z M uza A

From New York york L I I

New Jersey z I am fly

Straight out the DC and Maryland

Gotta give a shout out to Virginia with the skins

Singin funky records most definitely

I like to go OOOOOOOOH Peace

beatboxin

CHORUS

Beatnuts

Beatnuts

Beatnuts

beatbox

Beatnuts

Beatnuts

Beatnuts
beatbox

Go Biz Mark
Go Beatnuts
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