

Big Daddy Kane, Just Rhymin' With Biz

Biz:

<Fonkee!

Ready?

Fonkee!

Fonkee! Ahhh...

One two, one two

We came here to just motherfucking do

You and a crew

Got my man Marley Marl in the house

Can forget my man, Lik, yll in the house

Got Fric and Frac in the house

Hey-hey-hey, you got Big Daddy Kane in the house

Juice Crew in the house

That right

And my name is the Biz Markie

And we gonna rock a little something like this...>

One, two, whatcha gonna do?

I say yes, yes yll

To the beat, all

Party-having people guaranteed to be like having a ball

H-h-h-hey

We gonna do a little something like this I say...

I the rap promoter

I start to motor

Tour from New York to South Dakota

Drink ginger ale or root beer soda

Never get the girls with the underarm order

Put me on water, I a good floater

When I run for prez, you best be a voter

Once knew a girl by the name of Rhoda

I watch Star Wars just to see Yoda

Or R2-D2 driving down the BQ

When I buy franks, I make sure theye Hebrew

When I entertain, and love to treat you

Love to see a girl in a nice tight see-through

Take her to the crib, turn on the Beta

Watch a good flick by Arnold Schwarzenegger

Maybe Commando or the Terminator

Peace party people, ha ha see you later!

Big Daddy, huh huh, my man my mellow

Get on the mic cause you know you eat Jell-O

Kane:

Check it out, yll

You don stop

Keep on

Well it the Kane in the flesh

Of course I fresh

Oh you thought that I was rotten?

Huh, I beg your pardon

To me getting paid and getting busy fall together

So a man of my ambiance...never!

Could I be weak, why I rather unique

I got style, flavor, grace, and plus a different technique

That I be using and not many can manage

So a brother like me, I do damage

Just by picking up the mic to go solo

I cold turn a party on out, and oh yo

I get physical, mystical, very artistic

Giving party people something funky to listen to

That why the other MC can swing long

I stomp them out just like I was King Kong

Stepping on roaches, I get ferocious
Supercalifragalisticxpealidocious
I go on and on and on and
Until the bright Shirley Murdock morning
Cause Ima pimp, hear the primp, yes the emp-
Error, bringing much terror in your era
I ready, willing and I able, so bust a move
Never use a barbershop I got my homeboy Smooth
Cooling out with the clippers right around the way
To keep my fresh Cameo cut every day
Like that yll, it like that yll
It like thata-the-that, it like that yll
Cause I the prosecutor taking a stand
And, I cross-examining you my man
The judge and jury, releasing my fury
The verdict that I reach for you is rather blurry
You see, the name Kane is superior to many people
It means King Asiatic Nobody Equal
I hate to brag, but damn I good
And if mics were a gun, I be Clint Eastwood
And if rap was a game, I be MVP
Most Valuable Poet on the M-I-C
Or if rap was a school, I be the principal
Aw fuck it, the Kane is invincible
To be specific, I may die one day
But my rhymes will remain like a hieroglyphic
It a certain special skill that takes much practice
I got it good, apparently you lack this
So in turn, sit back and learn
Listen close, this is for your own concern
Let me show you exactly how it properly done
Lights, camera, action!
A rap pro, do a show, good to go, also
Cameo afro, Virgo, domino, I go Rambo
Gigolo, Romeo, Friday night spend money on a ho-
Tel, to get a good night sleep
I keeping in step
Now do I come off?
Yep.