

# Biz Markie, I Need A Haircut

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