

# Biz Markie, Not A Freak

Artist: Biz Markie f/ Erick Sermon

Album: Weekend Warrior

Song: Not a Freak

Mad Jazz Represent B 9040 Ghentown...

[Biz Markie]

In what? In stereo

How long, until it's time to go? Baby doll

It's the Biz Mar-kie, and the Def Squad!

Oh see, we gotta do this again like this, check it out

[Verse One: Biz Markie]

You keep on knockin but you can't come in-ah

My way of rhymin, cause you're a beginner

You know with my flow, I bring the ill freak funk

I'm so unforgettable like Archie Bunker

I be catchin wreck like my name was Randy Moss

And always be flossin, my funky diamonds costin

My, my my repertoire

Is so bizarre you go hardy har har

My jingle bell-ah always Roc-A-Fella

Even if I go acapella it will still be a best seller

I got super sperm, eat wheat germ

Never had a cameo, never had a perm

I'm not Billy Dee, or R. Kelly

Or, Markie Dee or B.I.G.

I'm a, LITTLE somethin like Heavy D

Because "girls ah girls they love me"

[Chorus: Biz Markie]

I'm not a freak! But I can't help my-self

I'm not a freak! But I can't help my-self

I'm not a freak! But I can't help my-self

I'm not a frrrrreak! But I can't help my-self

[verse Two: Erick Sermon]

Yeah... yo

I'm that eighty-eight, 'It's My Thing' rapper

You that one year scream BLING rapper

Dapper than Dapper Dan, my interior's Gucci

Overdosin, call me John Belushi

Never liked Lucy and I beat Little Ricky

Made him +Cry a River+ like his name was Britney

I rock gold chains, I never wore the platinum

Unless records was jewelry and it come from rappin

(WOW!!) Like the Diabolical Biz

I'm followin his, style - how are you kids?

This here is real, Mobb Deep underground

Take me to funkytown, and drive around

I hop out the Hummer, the same color as the truck

Fake cats lookin Biz like "Hey whassup?"

I'm a vet, and never wore a green suit

The only army is Def Squad, believe troop!

[Chorus]

[Verse Three: Biz Markie]

Ah let's do it, let's do it

Work your mind, put your body in-to it

I rock the microphone, most definitely

I got mo' rhymes than Muhammad Ali

I got mo' toys than Mr. Spock

I put the party people in a state of shock

Listen listen listen to the Emmezah-A

Rrazah-K, always makin your day  
Without further adieux for you and yours  
Luckier than a gambler throwin 3's and 4's  
Just like {?} pageantry  
That I could turn the party out, make the ladies scream  
With the with the whoa quick unpredictable  
Like Daffy Duck, I'm diss-pic-a-ble!  
This is the end, and I'm lettin you know  
"I love it party people, but I got to go"

[Chorus]