

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 funkier
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]