

Biz Markie

"Do Your Thang"

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And you don't stop
And you can't stop
Yeah, yeah I like this

If you
If you
Wanna know
Wanna know
The real deal, about the Biz
A-say what, a-say what?
Well I'm the Biz Markie
And I'm the P. Diddy
So you know what time it is
A-come on

If you
If you
Wanna know
Wanna know
The real deal, about the Biz
A-say what?
And that's comin' from me, the P. Diddy
And you know what time it is, right

So come on Diabolical
Don't stop and don't you dare quit
Just get on the mic, sit on the mic
Spit on the mic and don't you dare quit!

When I get on the mic, I guarantee
There's no better MC than Biz Markie
Everything I say or anything I do
Will move yo' posse or your crew

When you me hear me say and what I play
Affects a lot of people in the strangest way
Well I'm too cold to freeze, too hot to burn
And I never miss a tag when it's my turn

'Cause I can, rock the mic if you give me a chance
Cool V'll cut the record, make you do the 'Biz Dance'
I can flip the crowd with a wave of my hand

I'm the Diabolical, "And you know this man"

You can do your thang and any-thang you choose
But please, please, leave my thang alone
You can do your thang, and any-thang you choose
So please, please, leave my thang alone

I'm the court jester, the manifester
I used to buy my clothes at A.J. Lester's
The rhymerator, the beat creator
Whack rappers get dropped like a hot potato

The dime repeater, the MC greeter
Knuckle bleeder, no need for a heater
The only MC in the history
Who didn't even have to R A P

The bum destroyer, I'm comin' for ya
Got took to court and didn't need a lawyer
Make James Brown get down
Made Beretta go get her
Made Laverne and Bill Cosby
Go change they sweaters

I fought Mike Tyson, dropped him in 4
Went to Fort Knox and kicked down the door
Rocked seven continents with all this flow
"And this is somethin' for the radi-oh "

You can do your thang and any-thang you choose
But please, please, leave my thang alone
You can do your thang, and any-thang you choose
So please, please, leave my thang alone

Got ladies screamin' stranje stranje
With the rhythm and rhymes and style that I display
If rap was sex, I'd be a porno star
With Sade, and Janet, in a menage-a-trois

Merrily merrily, life is just a dream-ah
First car, I ever had was a Beamer
First girl, I ever had was a screamer
I got out of breath and almost caught emphysema

Put the party people in a state of shock
While Biz compose songs like Sebastian Bach
This is the end of this scenario
Like Robin Harris, "I gotta go, gotta go!"

You can do your thang and any-thang you choose
But please, please, leave my thang alone

You can do your thang and any-thang you choose
So please, please, leave my thang alone

You can do your thang and any-thang you choose
But please, please, leave my thang alone
You can do your thang, and any-thang you choose
So please, please, leave my thang alone

Leave my thang alone
You leave my thang alone
Leave my thang alone

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