

## **Biz Markie**

### **"Get Down"**

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Artist: Biz Markie

Album: Weekend Warrior

Song: Get Down

Mad Jazz Represent B 9040 Ghentown...

[Verse One]

Now that Biz Mark's inside the joint  
Guaranteed to rock and always prove a point  
Doin what I do cause it gotta be done  
About the Prince of Boogie and the Master of Fun  
My rap technique is most very unique  
Your toes start to squeak, by the way that I speak  
My rhymes are more sporty than the ESPN  
And the way that I spit, you like again and again  
From here to the Hima', I'm like a Lil' Kim-ah  
+Notorious+ and glorious, way above the rim-ah  
I'm not a gangster rapper, and I don't get freaky  
Never drunk or high or don't a-smoke ciggys  
I'm just self-assertive, BORN crazy  
When I came out my momma they said, "A whoopsy  
daisy!"  
As you see, you know I, I keep it goin  
So take it from me, HA, the king of disco'n

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

Get down, so get on down, get get on down  
"I'm bound to wreck your body" - get, you gotta get on  
down  
Get down, get on down, get get on down  
"I'm bound to wreck your body and say turn the party  
out"

[Verse Two]

I'm the type of guy that be keepin it hot  
Wherever you see me, I be rockin the spot  
Big belly and all, y'all be havin a ball  
People gather round me like I'm Pope John Paul  
We can't party like it's 1999 no more  
Cause it's 2 2 baby, and the future's in store  
So let, olden way-s be forgotten  
And felt just grab a girl cause she's soft as cotton  
Get on the dance floor, back that ass up girl

And act like you don't have a care in the world  
Rock around the clock, hickory dickory dock  
Shout to B.I.G., 'Pac, L, Tah and Scott LaRock  
I'm glad I made it to the Y2K  
So what can I say? Salate!  
You look at me funny and say, "Whadda you say?"  
I'm the B-I-Z Emezzah-A-R-K

[Chorus]

[Verse Three]

Get down, get on down, withzzzah  
Inhuman Orchestra that you would prefer  
Singin funky records for him or her  
Only thing to say is I'm spectacular  
Let me get busy so I can make you dance  
Shake and bake and put you in a trance  
Make you forget all your stress for five minutes or less  
Like a vacation in Jamaica or France  
Have you happy and jumpin for joy  
Whether you man, woman girl or a boy  
You will agree, it ain't no other like the B-I-Z  
I'm up with the Jones, like my name's Roy  
But, yo, no, it's got to be the Original  
Milky like cereal, funky fresh material  
The L.I.'er for yo' desire  
But right about now, I gotta retire

[Chorus]

[Biz Markie]

Your moms'll save this like your name is Sammy Davis  
Cause I'm guaranteed to rock the microphone  
And hit you like {?}  
I don't gotta bald head  
But I'm guaranteed to rock and spread love  
Super educated from above  
MC guaranteed to hold you just like a glove  
I'm not Johnny Bench  
But I hit yo' ass with a big-ass wrench  
Biz!

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