

Biz Markie

"Like A Dream"

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[Chorus: Lil' Kal + possibly others]

It's my country, you can say what you, wanna say about me

But at the end of the day I'll be countin my mo-ney

It's like a dream - yeah, it's like a dream - yeah

cause at the end of the day I'll be countin my mo-ney

[Verse One: Biz Markie]

It's the Emzah-A, R-Rzah-Kayah

Like the internet, I am here to stay-ah

Been a long time, I know it's been years

"Oops! I Did it Again" like Britney Spears

Like +The Matrix+, I - Keanu Reeves

Ring around the collar and doo doo on the sleeves

I'm explosive, like, dynamite

I should be on "Entertainment Tonight"

Or "Access Hollywood" or "Soul Train"

I'm so on fire, I fart propane

Don't use Rogaine, got a head full of hair

Cause the brother on the mic is so debonnaire

I'm so cool, the Fonz say "EYY!"

Cause I'm the best MC from around my way

Never listen to what haters say

I just stay focused like Kobe in L.A.

[Chorus]

[Verse Two: Biz Markie]

I'ma do it, like I never have done it

Never got drunk and never got blunted

The {?} in my ear, they cost about a hundred

If the record's a hit, you know the Biz spun it

Super educated master rap techniquer

Ill funk freaker every day of the week-ah

Whether it's Kim, Agnes, Monique or Tamika

My unique physique make 'em all weaker and weaker

Cause I'm hung, like +Mighty Joe Young+

They all get sprung, from the joy that I brung

I drive a Hummer, I'm hot like Donna Summers

I'm one of the first human (rum-a-pum pummers)

No matter what they say, I always sound flyer

Than anyone you heard, or even de-sired

Yes it's me, I'm the Original B-I-Z
M-A-R-K-I with the E

[Chorus]

[Verse Three: Biz Markie]

The beat don't stop 'til everybody's gone
I'm old school like a bag of Bonton
Like the Mary Jane Girls I go "All Night Long"
Hit you in the head like El Kabong
My style is masculine, far from feminine
I got soul like James Brown and Rakim and them
I don't know what you came to do
I came to rock the house for you
From sunny California to Kalamazoo!
Been rockin parties since ninety-two
I know you heard that +Reality Bites+
But I'm +Liver+ than the show called +Saturday
Night+
I stay on, looks like, city lights
Chicks cling on me like ballerina tights
Like Minnie Mouse and Courageous Cat
You can't beat that with a baseball bat!

[Chorus]

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