Biz Markie "Make The Music With Your Mouth Biz"

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[Biz Markie]
Ah one two, ah one two
Ah one two, ah one two
I'd like to.. introduce myself..
My name is.. ah Biz Markie..

[Verse One]

Well I'm the human ultra called Biz Markie
Makin music orderly is my specialty
When I go {*BOOM* ah one two, girls get excited
When they hear my lyrics they wanna recite 'em
I know y'all in the mood, just go with the flow
And I can play rappin records and all disco
Like "Beat It," "Billie Jean," by Michael Jackson
Or the Treacherous 3 record, they call "Action"
When you hear me do it, you will be shocked and
amazed
It's the brand new thing they call the human beatbox
craze

[Chorus]

Make the music with your mouth, biz! {*Biz Markie beatboxes*
Make the music with your mouth, biz! {*Biz Markie beatboxes*
Make the music with your mouth, biz! {*Biz Markie beatboxes*

[Verse Two]

Well I don't just do the beatbox, I rock on the mic And all the rhymes that I say, all the people like I get the crowd jumpin, get the girl's hearts pumpin All the party people say, "Isn't he somethin?" Rock from New York City all the way down South Sayin rhymes and makin music, with my mouth I'ma tell you party people how I began It started when I'm livin in Long Is-land Hey when I was a kid I used to play in the streets Makin sounds with my mouth, all sorts of beats Grown people, used to say - WHAT'S..

.. wrong with that kid makin that strange noise

It was like, for all the fly girls and all the homeboys
Then I tried it at a homeboy's basement par-ty
They thought it was a record, they ain't know it was me
When they came by the DJ, and saw who it is
They said, "Make the music with your mouth, Biz!"

[Chorus]

{*song continues as just a beat for a while*

[Verse Three]

It may look and sound easy doin the human beatbox But it's real difficult, even knocked me out my socks It's a movement combination with your lip tongue and throat

Use your teeth and your nose for a mysterious high note

I like doin it as a hobby or a job

People treat me like a star and surround me in the mall It's not all the props, spittin, breathin hard and doin You need practice, be ambitious in the schoolin Let me tell you party people, you gotta admit Anything than you want you gotta work hard for it That's why I like doin sounds, that's hard to achieve Makin two or three sounds at one time you can't believe When I walk down the street, people crowd around me And say, "HOW YOU MAKE ALL THEM SOUNDS at one time Biz Markie?"

I tell 'em it takes a lot of practice, and lip control
I've been doin it since, fifteen years old
And everywhere I do it, the people say I'm good
I even get big respect in my own neighborhood
I'm tellin you a fact, and just like it is
Even moms pops and cops say, "Whattup Biz?"
Everywhere I go, I always rocked the boat
Gonna end this rhyme, with this one note
Not gonna act conceited and say I'm the best
But I'm guaranteed to pass any kind of test
I say def rhymes, with funky fresh lyrics
When I do the beat the party people go into HYSTERICS!

[Chorus]

[Verse Four]

You heard the proceedin, now here's the sequel All human beatboxes is not created equal That's why I'm here, to say today That I'm doin my beat in a special way Makin musical tunes, orally, I have perspective I'm very well known, and greatly respected I like to thank people, without no doubt

Peace hi party people it's time to break ou..

[Outro - singing while Biz beatboxes]
Make the music.. make the music..
MAKE THE MUSIC.. with your mouth!
Make the music.. make the music..
MAKE THE MUSIC.. with your mouth!
Make the music.. make the music..
MAKE THE MUSIC.. with your mouth!
Make the music.. make the music..
MAKE THE MUSIC.. with your mouth!

MAKE THE MUSIC.. with your mouth!

{*Biz continues beatboxing and scatting to the end*

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