

## **Biz Markie** **"The Dragon"**

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[ VERSE 1 ]

Now this is a difficult subject  
About something that's crazy - oh, what the heck  
They know they have something that people don't like  
And they still continue to disrespect  
The thing I'm talkin about is an essence  
A foreign fragrance with a presence  
That you can't see with the naked eye  
But to the nose it's a nuisance  
It comes in so many forms, it's camouflaged  
And it will sneak upon you like espionage  
You might not know it cause it won't show it  
And you will swear it's just a mirage  
It can be with you when you're talkin  
It will be so close, you think it's hawkin  
With a bit of a twang it got its own slang  
Is even known in New York, and  
Everybody know what I'm sayin  
>From here to the Himalayan  
If you don't know, you must be doo-doo  
This is what I'm sayin  
About the dragon

[ VERSE 2 ]

I think i should go more into depth  
About a secret that is quiet as kept  
If you have it like Richochet Rabbit  
It can ruin your rep  
There are ways of preventin this  
Check your hygenie and your dentist  
You might think I'm messin, but this is a lesson  
Godliness is cleanliness  
But if you think I'm misguiding you  
By sayin there's somethin inside of you  
That bothers everybody when you're at a party

And your reactions to it is: "pee you!"  
You're sittin there baffled and puzzled  
Whatever you have, you wish you was muzzled  
But if you want a clue, between me and you  
It could be the beverage you guzzle  
But if you listen to me

The diabolical energetical B  
The i-z Mza-Mza-a-r-k-i-e  
I'm tryina give you h-e-l-p  
So I'ma end it off like this  
Before you give somebody a kiss  
For the one you adore, check them before  
You get a crazy whiff  
Of the dragon

[ VERSE 3 ]

I once knew a guy by the name of Tock  
He was one of them kids from like around the block  
The kid was cool, had the right gear, and slim  
The only thing was wrong, he smelled like a gym  
In secret tellin rumours, his right guard went left  
And his band was playin a song that was funky to def  
He was kickin like Bruce Lee and Jim Kelly  
Word is bond, that kid was smelly  
Even if he would shower and shower  
Or sprinkle a day, wouldn't last for a hour  
He would always wanna like hang around  
His underarms had bass with scents around  
I tried to tell him, but he just wouldn't listen  
He thought from my heart I was tryin to diss him  
I started beatin around the bush cause he thought I was  
naggin  
I said, "Yo Tock, you got the dragon!"

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