

Morcheeba

"In the Hands of the Gods"

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In the Hands of the Godz

(feat. Biz Markie)

Bicka-bicka Biz, bicka- bicka Mark...

I'm the drunk dance rocker,
But don't drink Vodka.
Never sang a song called Frere Jacques.

Rap rhyme schooler,
Composition Ruler,
In seventh grade I had teacher named Mr. Dooler.

I'm very unique and you will agree-ah,
One in a million like Mohamed and Aliah.
A self-believer,
An over-achiever,
Have more stunts than Coronel Seavers.

Ain't no other like B-I-Z,
M-A-R, K-I with the E.
Hang at the Rucker,
Got a Hummer Truck-ah.
Wouldn't trade the busy-boy 'cause I'm no sucker.

I'll be bouncing like a ball,
When I say, "Yes, Y'all."
If you don't rock with me you won't rock at all.

So check me out,
With out no doubt,
I'm guaranteed to rock and turn the party out!
We gonna do right...

I'm on,
Like popcorn.
Like a Saturday nite at the Audubon.

Listen to the Brother,
Ain't no other can mess with.
The man with the plan,

With the most finesse.

I make you scream,
And I'll make you dance.
I'm guaranteed to rock the mike,
And put you all in a trance.

So listen to the Brother,
Ain't no other can stutter,
(unintelligable) "ah- whadda a-whadda ah-rock, rock"
MC-Butter.

The man to do the "Up, a one-two,"
Or "ah hah hah hah hah"
I rock with you.

So listen to me,
'cause I'm THE
Original B-I-Z-M-A-R-K-I
Out with the E!

BABY, BABY!
I'm guaranteed to rock and turn the party out!

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