

Esben And The Witch

"I'm The Bizmarkie"

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It's me the diabolical, biz mark symbolical
I shakes from scripts of hits I made a while ago
Now I'm on the run again starting other capers
And people couldn't catch me even if I was "the vapors"
I leave you in trauma with my funky persona
Cause I'm jamming just like teddy but I'm nasty like madonna
Cause me without big strong thoughts for a biz song
Is like patty labelle not singing with a wig on
I don't give a damn if my record gets panned
Cause my style stays fresh like I rap in saran
When I'm sure that I'm pure like snapple
Suppose when I write my rhymes like I'm the big apple
Or new york or whatever you call it, I don't even care
Cause if I can make it there, I can make it anywhere
So, I walk the walk through the streets of new york
More green I can hawk cause I can talk the talk
So don't try to stalk cause my style brings more
I rock it from the billy ocean to the al b. shore!
People always want to give dap to everyone
But I've been around the world so I ahhh ? ? ?

"i'm the biz markie, the human beatbox and the rap king"
"have the people stomping to my beat you bet" (repeat 4x)

Take a pause for the cause, cause this is a recording
If rap was a prison, then I be the warden
I do the gator in my snakeskin jordans
And when it comes to cash I flash more than gordon
You want me to rock the rhyme cause I got the type you crave
And I heat up jams like I was mc microwave
And when I drop a style, call it def, call it cool
As long as you don't call me when I'm on a toilet stool
I stoke and swin in a room full of women
When I drop the gold like meadowlark lemon
Everywhere I've been I've seen 'em fat and thin
Even girls with hair on their chinny chin chin

But you can be just a friend if you're sporting your own
look
Or if you got more chins than a chinese phonebook
Women love my style from ? ? ? long isle
Even got my mother singing "thanks for my child"
My temperature rises every time I'm near a stereo
Cause I catch dance fever like my name was danny
terio
But I go, on and on and on and on and on and!
>from midnight point to the early moring, ahhhh!

"i'm the biz markie, the human beatbox and the rap
king"
"have the people stomping to my beat you bet" (repeat
4x)

It's my way or the highway, I'm ahead of the slow lane
But when I ride to motown I jump on a soul train
Rappers like to flow with all energy and action
But I'd rather take it nice and slow like freddy jackson
So don't try to stick to me like somebody's gearshift
Cause I'll hit you so far west you'll come back easter
The style I display, but I say it a badder way
I got more rhymes than cartoons on a saturday
You're still confused cause you don't know how bad he
is
Like a pregnant _____ who don't know who the daddy is
Just like a snap I can whip any rapper
That's why probably my grandparents called me a
whipper snapper
You're lost in the sofa trying to cross my line
Then run to the lost and found cause you lost your
mind
I'm coming on strong cause I'm dropping nothing soft
Still had it going on when "the biz is going off"
I'm singing in the rain cause I got the audacity
Or some kids want to sundance with butch cassidy
You couldn't shine on my in the spotlight
Cause your ass couldn't shine if you sat on a flashlight

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