

Bizmarkie

"Nobody Beats The Biz"

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Now this may sound disgusting an' like very gross
But it's sure to have your trippin'
So y'all listen close
It's not bright as the sun or sweet like sugar
But it's rather on the bug tip and it's called Pickin'
Boogers
Now what I'm emceein' might not seem kosher to you
But it's still somethin' we all have to do
So go up your nose with a finger or two
And pull out one or a crusty crew
Yo, don't try to front like it's so gloomy and gray
'Cause we all pick our boogers sometime every day
Whether out in the open or on a sneak tip
With a finger, tissue, or even a Q-Tip
Take it from the Biz Markie because I'm jokin'
And also, remember this slogan
"Hey, ma, what's for dinner?
Go up your nose and pick yourself a winner"
Pickin' Boogers
Pickin' Boogers
Let me tell you what happened on the train, man
I was coolin' one say with my partner Kane
Headed up to the rooftop, ridin' the D train
When the man sittin' next to me was so profane
He'd stick his finger up his nose, then do a drain
(You should 'a moved)
I was just about, but al of a suddern, homeboy just
pulled out
A big, green, slimey - naw, I'm not even gonna say it
But it weighed a good pound if you tried to weigh it
He sat there for a while with it in his hand
So I tried to play cool like a normal man
So I laid my head back to catch a quick nap
All of a sudden he plucked it dead in my lap
Now Kane sat there laughin' like it was all a joke
But a brother like Biz Markie had almost choked
So I dug up my nose and pulled out about five
And plucked every last one of them dead in his eye
Then the man jumped up and said what's wrong with
you
And wiped 'em off his face and said I can't mess with

you

Like if I did somethin' that was so full of shame

But yo, you got to know the name of the game

Pickin' Boogers

Pickin' Boogers

Now let me take you trippin' d' memory lane

Back in public school with my partner Kane

When I was class clown and he was my brother

Sittin' at the desk, pluckin' boogers at each other

Never do our work as we were supposed

'Cause we was too busy diggin' up our nose

And in the lunch room, we would talk about rude

God forbid the person that had to leave his food

No matter who you are, we didn't give a damn

We even put teachers down with the program

Whether it was a woman or if you're a man

We put boogers in our fingers then shake your hand

Catch anyone from anywhere

But the best part about it's catchin' Kane out there

Especially we're out playin' ball in the gym

I put boogers on the basketball and pass it to him

Now we're grown up and things have changed

But we still be playin' the Pickin' Boogers game

Just last night when Kane was gettin' ready

I slipped a litte green one inside his spaghetti

Pickin' Boogers

Pickin' Boogers

Let me tell you what happened with this girl

One night at Latin Quarters, I was standin' at ease

And saw a gorgeous young lady that I wanted to

skeeze

I didn't show enough that I really did want it

So, no half-steppin', I pushed up on it

Pulled out the gold cable and a knot that was fat

Had a spotlight beamin' on my Biz Markie hat

But when she stepped in the light and she got real

close

I saw a teeny-weenie booger on the tip of her nose

She was dressed real def and her body was hook

But that dried-up booger just ruined the look

I wanted to tell her about it but I couldn't be bold

So I played it off and said, "That's a cute green mole"

I was hopin' from that she wuld wipe it away

But she didn't do nothin', I guess she wanted it

displayed

I said, "Before you get my number I don't mean to dis

you

but write it in your hand because you're gonna need

the tissue"

