

## The Five Satins

### "Do Your Thing"

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[Biz + P. Diddy]  
And you don't stop  
And you can't stop

[P. Diddy] Yeah, yeah - I like this

[B-I-Z] If you  
[Diddy] If you  
[B-I-Z] Wanna know  
[Diddy] Wanna know  
[B-I-Z] The real deal, about the Biz  
[Diddy] A-say what, a-say what?  
[B-I-Z] Well I'm the Biz Markie  
[Diddy] And I'm the P. Diddy  
[B-I-Z] So you know what time it is  
[Diddy] A-come on  
[B-I-Z] If you  
[Diddy] If you  
[B-I-Z] Wanna know  
[Diddy] Wanna know  
[B-I-Z] The real deal, about the Biz  
[Diddy] A-say what?  
[Diddy] And that's comin from me, the P. Diddy  
[Diddy] And you know what time it is, RIGHHHT

[P. Diddy]  
So come on Diabolical  
Don't stop and don't you dare quit  
Just get on the mic, sit on the mic  
Spit on the mic and don't you dare quit!

[Biz Markie]  
When I get on the mic, I guarantee  
There's no better MC than Biz Markie  
Everything I say, or anything I do  
Will move yo' posse or your crew  
When you me hear me say, and what I play  
Affects a lot of people in the strangest way  
Well I'm too cold to freeze, too hot to burn  
And I never miss a tag when it's my turn  
Cause I can, rock the mic if you give me a chance

Cool V'll cut the record, make you do the 'Biz Dance'  
I can - flip the crowd with a wave of my hand  
I'm the Diabolical, "And you know this MAAAAAN!"

[Chorus]

You can do your thang, and any-thang you choose  
But please, please, leave my thang alone  
You can do your thang, and any-thang you choose  
But please, please, leave my thang alone

[Biz Markie]

I'm the court jester, the manifester  
I used to buy my clothes at A.J. Lester's  
The rhymerator, the beat creator  
Whack rappers get dropped like a hot potato  
The dime repeater, the MC greeter  
Knuckle bleeder, no need for a heater  
The only MC in history  
Who didn't even have to R-A-P  
The bum destroyer, I'm comin for ya  
Got took to court and didn't need a lawyer  
Make James Brown get down (yeah yeah)  
Made Beretta go get her (yeah yeah)  
Made Laverne and Bill Cosby (yeah yeah)  
Go change they sweaters (yeah yeah)  
I fought Mike Tyson, dropped him in 4  
Went to Fort Knox and kicked down the door  
Rocked seven continents with all this flow  
"And this is somethin for the radi-ohhhh"

[Chorus]

[Biz Markie]

Got ladies screamin STRANJE STRANJE  
With the rhythm and rhymes and style that I display  
If rap was sex, I'd be a porno star  
With Sade, and Janet, in a menage-a-trois  
Merrily merrily, life is just a dream-ah  
First car, I ever had was a Beamer  
First girl, I ever had was a screamer  
I got out of breath and almost caught emphysema  
Put the party people in a state of shock  
While Biz compose songs like Sebastian Bach  
This is the end of this scenario  
Like Robin Harris, "I gotta go - gotta go!"

[Chorus] - repeat 2X w/ ad libs

[sung ad libs before a quick fadeout]

