

# Just Rhyming With Biz

Big Daddy Kane

Funky!  
Ready?  
Funky! Funky!  
One two, one two  
We came here to do the motherfucking do  
You and the crew  
Got my man Marley Marl in the house  
Can't forget my man, Lik, y'all in the house  
Got Fric and Frac in the house  
Hey-hey-hey, you got Big Daddy Kane in the house  
Juice Crew in the house  
That's right  
And my name is the Biz Markie  
And we gonna rock a little something like this

One, two, whatcha gonna do?  
I say yes, yes y'all, to the beat, all  
Party-having people guaranteed to be like having a ball  
H-h-h-hey, we gonna do a little something like this I say

I'm the rap promoter, I start to motor  
Tour from New York to South Dakota  
Drink ginger ale or root beer soda  
Never get the girls with the underarm odor  
Put me on water, I'm a good floater  
When I run for prez, you best be a voter  
Once knew a girl by the name of Rhoda  
I watched Star Wars just to see Yoda  
Or R2-D2 driving down the BQ  
When I buy franks, I make sure they're Hebrew  
When I entertain, and love to treat you  
Love to see a girl in a nightie that's see-through  
Take her to the crib, turn on the Beta  
Watch a good flick by Arnold Schwarzenegger  
Maybe Commando or the Terminator  
Peace party people, ha ha see you later  
Big Daddy, huh huh, my man my mellow  
Get on the mic cause you know you eat Jell-O

Check it out, y'all  
You don't stop, keep on  
Well it's the Kane in the flesh, of course I'm fresh  
Oh you thought that I was rotten? Huh, I beg your pardon  
To me getting paid and getting busy fall together  
So a man of my ambiance never!  
Could I be weak, why I'm rather unique  
I got style, flavor, grace, and plus a different technique  
That I be using and not many can manage  
So a brother like me, I do damage  
Just by picking up the mic to go solo  
I cold turn a party on out, and oh yo  
I get physical, mystical, very artistic  
Giving party people something funky to listen to  
That's why the other MC's can't swing long  
I stomp them out just like I was King Kong  
Stepping on roaches, I get ferocious  
Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious

I go on and on and on and  
Until the bright Shirley Murdock morning  
Cause I'mma pimp, hear the primp, yes the emp-  
Error, bringing much terror in your era  
I'm ready, willing and I'm able, so bust a move  
Never use a barbershop I got my homeboy Smooth  
Cooling out with the clippers right around the way  
To keep my fresh Cameo cut every day  
Like that y'all, it's like that y'all  
It's like thata-the-that, it's like that y'all  
Cause I'm the prosecutor, taking a stand  
And, I'm cross-examining you my man  
The judge and jury, releasing my fury  
The verdict that I reach for you is rather blurry  
You see, the name Kane is superior to many people  
It means King Asiatic, Nobody's Equal

I hate to brag, but damn I'm good  
And if mics were a gun, I'd be Clint Eastwood  
And if rap was a game, I'd be MVP  
Most Valuable Poet on the M-I-C  
Or if rap was a school, I'd be the principal  
Aw fuck it, the Kane is invincible  
To be specific, I may die one day  
But my rhymes will remain like a hieroglyphic  
It's a certain special skill that takes much practice  
I got it good, apparently you lack this  
So in turn, sit back and learn  
Listen close, this is for your own concern  
Let me show you exactly how it's properly done  
Lights, camera, action  
A rap pro, do a show, good to go, also  
Cameo afro, Virgo, domino  
I go Rambo, gigolo, Romeo  
Friday night spend money on a ho-  
Tel, to get a good night's sleep, I'm keeping in step  
Now do I come off? Yep