

# Do Your Thang

Biz Markie

And you don't stop  
And you can't stop  
Yeah, yeah I like this

If you  
If you  
Wanna know  
Wanna know  
The real deal, about the Biz  
A-say what, a-say what?  
Well I'm the Biz Markie  
And I'm the P. Diddy  
So you know what time it is  
A-come on

If you  
If you  
Wanna know  
Wanna know  
The real deal, about the Biz  
A-say what?  
And that's comin' from me, the P. Diddy  
And you know what time it is, right

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!

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 man"

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  
So please, please, leave my thang alone

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 the 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  
Made Beretta go get her  
Made Laverne and Bill Cosby  
Go change they sweaters

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-oh "

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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!"

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So please, please, leave my thang alone

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So please, please, leave my thang alone

Leave my thang alone  
You leave my thang alone  
Leave my thang alone