

I'm Singin'

Biz Markie

Yo biz, let's send this out to the Propmaster Cool DJ Red Alert
Bring the beat in, Todd
Yeah, this is how we're doing it for the '93, we're on the smooth tip
Ha ha, yo biz, kick something funky for 'em, word up

Now people always want to know my strategy plan
For me to use the weird name as "diabolical man"
Well I got diabolical beats, raggedy clothes
And aw hell, I'm even wearing diabolical drawers
I'm not white as Barry 'cause I'm dirtier than Harry
With a rap that's big and fat that Mariah couldn't Carey
So don't come to me with that same ol' same ol'
'Cause I'll knock your butt somewhere over the rainbow
I write rhymes that jam more than jelly
So call me the Arthur without the Fonzarelli, or Nelly
'Cause I am so bad when it comes to a rap jam
Even robins scream, "holy hip-hop biz man!"
I grab the microphone and go every which way but loose
'Cause I'm the ugly ducking that seduces mother Goose
And I don't be using flipping tongue twisters
But I still get better in time like the whispers
But older crews you see can't stay as loose as me
'Cause old school rappers just ain't what they used to be
So up your nose with a rubber hose
And every brother knows that your style's older than my grandma's clothes
But gray skies is going to clear up, so put on a happy face
Take off that frown and cheer up, and put on a happy face, 'cause

I'm sing-ing-ing-ing in the rain ain ain

Ah ah ah ah ah

I start with a rhyme as I enter your mind
I hit so hard even Michael Jackson won't remember the time
So here I come a bombing every time I home in to
Off a funky drummer boom I get hot as Donna Summers
'Cause I reign supreme as a rap brainstorm
from corner to corner, I'm dropping some more on ya
Not Tony Toni Tone, cause I came to warn you
That I even reign in southern California
Everybody talking bout biz is hype
'Cause I make Dirty Harry's day, hell I even make Gladys Knight's
Soon I star on Abc because rapping def is the best way to the g
Alphabetically I have to lead you through
Since I'm the m-izza I know to watch my p's and q's
Like the emt's but the be-I-z
I rap so picture perfect I should just stop and say "cheese"
So if I step up, who's gonna move me back?
'Cause Scooby Doo can't even do that for a scooby snack
You think you can, you think you can, don't even try it
'Cause instead you need to can it like the Jolly Green Giant
'Cause trying to step to biz, you know I'm a diss them fast
So play like 98.7 and kiss my ass!
Cause me and rap is like peanut butter and jelly
Which reminds me of a song by my man Gene Kelly

I'm sing-ing-ing-ing in the rain ain ain

Ah ah ah ah ah

Now it's the universal language that the Biz Mark is speaking
I'm down with blacks, whites, Indian, and Puerto Rican
I'm an African descendant, myself would have say
But I was "Boooooorn in the U.S.A.!"
I spent the 80's duking ladies without making babies
So I guess I'm over like a fat rat that never caught rabies
Went from messing around like Tonto with no woman in three years
I had one little two little three little Indian
Be-I-z Markie is what it is
And if it's hard for you to spell, then just say "biz"
I'm down with the zoo crew, some kids who act nutty
Be-danks, Cool V, Everett, Todd, and Jeff
They're my buddies, ha, my buddies, ha
Wherever I go, we go
I pass my April fools in monster may
I pass by so much bull I should say "ole!"
I got friends named raggedy Ann and Andy
Call my "bon appetite" cause I'm sweeter than John Candy
Don't even knock it, till you try me
'Cause the proof is in the pudding, you can ask Bill Cosby
Some think I'm bragging, some think I'm boasting
But even Smokey Robinson would second that emotion
That's why I take through the sky on a natural high
'Cause I'm fly-y-y-y-ying

I'm sing-ing-ing-ing in the rain ain ain

Ah ah ah ah ah