

# 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