

# Pickin Boogers

Biz Markie

Now this may sound disgusting an' like very gross  
But it's sure to have your trippin'  
So y'all listen close  
It's not bright as the sun or sweet like sugar  
But it's rather on the bug tip and it's called Pickin' Boogers  
Now what I'm emceein' might not seem kosher to you  
But it's still somethin' we all have to do  
So go up your nose with a finger or two  
And pull out one or a crusty crew  
Yo, don't try to front like it's so gloomy and gray  
'Cause we all pick our boogers sometime every day  
Whether out in the open or on a sneak tip  
With a finger, tissue, or even a Q-Tip  
Take it from the Biz Markie because I'm jokin'  
And also, remember this slogan  
"Hey, ma, what's for dinner?  
Go up your nose and pick yourself a winner"  
Pickin' Boogers  
Pickin' Boogers  
Let me tell you what happened on the train, man  
I was coolin' one say with my partner Kane  
Headed up to the rooftop, ridin' the D train  
When the man sittin' next to me was so profane  
He'd stick his finger up his nose, then do a drain  
(You should 'a moved)  
I was just about, but al of a suddern, homeboy just pulled out  
A big, green, slimey - naw, I'm not even gonna say it  
But it weighed a good pound if you tried to weigh it  
He sat there for a while with it in his hand  
So I tried to play cool like a normal man  
So I laid my head back to catch a quick nap  
All of a sudden he plucked it dead in my lap  
Now Kane sat there laughin' like it was all a joke  
But a brother like Biz Markie had almost choked  
So I dug up my nose and pulled out about five  
And plucked every last one of them dead in his eye  
Then the man jumped up and said what's wrong with you  
And wiped 'em off his face and said I can't mess with you  
Like if I did somethin' that was so full of shame  
But yo, you got to know the name of the game  
Pickin' Boogers  
Pickin' Boogers  
Now let me take you trippin' dow memory lane  
Back in public school with my partner Kane  
When I was class clown and he was my brotherr  
Sittin' at the desk, pluckin' boogers at each other  
Never do our work as we were supposed  
'Cause we was too busy diggin' up our nose  
And in the lunch room, we would talk about rude  
God forbid the person that had to leave his food  
No matter who you are, we didn't give a damn  
We even put teachers down with the program  
Whether it was a woman or if you're a man  
We put boogers in our fingers then shake your hand  
Catch anyone from anywhere  
But the best part about it's catchin' Kane out there  
Especially we're out playin' ball in the gym

I put boogers on the basketball and pass it to him  
Now we're grown up and things have changed  
But we still be playin' the Pickin' Boogers game  
Just last night when Kane was gettin' ready  
I slipp'd a litte green one inside his spaghetti  
Pickin' Boogers  
Pickin' Boogers  
Let me tell you what happened with this girl  
One night at Latin Quarters, I was standin' at ease  
And saw a gorgeous yound lady that I wanted to skeeze  
I didn't show enough that I really did want it  
So, no half-steppin', I pushed up on it  
Pulled out the gold cable and a knot that was fat  
Had a spotlight beamin' on my Biz Markie hat  
But when she stepped in the light and she got real close  
I saw a teeny-weenie booger on the tip of her nose  
She was dressed real def and her body was hook  
But that dried-up boogeer just ruined the look  
I wanted to tell her about it but I couldn't be bold  
So I played it off and said, "That's a cute green mole"  
I was hopin' from that she wuld wipe it away  
But she didn't do nothin', I guess she wanted it displayed  
I said, "Before you get my number I don't mean to dis you  
but write it in your hand because you're gonna need the tissue"