

## Things Get A Little Easier

Biz Markie

And yes y'all, yes y'all  
This is, a different type of dedication  
To my man Marcus from Kansas City  
But I'm just tellin' ya straight on up  
Don't be messin' with no drugs  
Whether you're young, whether you're old  
Whether you're bad, whether you're bold  
Don't mess with it cause it's not for the soul  
And we gonna do it a little somethin'

With three subjects like this

Subject one is about a brother by the name of John  
Who was sellin' crack, just like it was Avon  
And you know y'know the reason I say "was"  
Because that's no longer what my man John does  
There was a time when he was wearin' much gold  
Drivin' a Benz, Jaguar and a Rolls  
The lifestyle he lived was far from penny ante  
Yo-ho-ho-ho-ho, word to granny's panties  
'Cause he would make dough-roll, and swing it like a yo-yo  
Bein' broke, was just a no-no  
But then the day came when John got caught  
And he was dropped like pantyhose without support  
You shoulda thought about, what you did in the past  
To realize, this fast livin' wouldn't last  
But, the same guy that was a big hoodlum  
Is now in jail, waitin for someone to duke him

Things get a little easier  
Once you learn to understand it

Subject two, and this one is a doozy  
A messed up story about a girl named Suzy  
Now when you're on WIC, the problems may seem enough  
But you know she had to get Scotty to beam her up  
On a crack mission, no type of ambition  
Make blunts disappear better than a magician  
Her eyes got dim, her body got slim  
She said there's nothin' in the world like a good ol' stem  
On and like on and, and it was strong  
Grabbed her pipe and sung a song  
"I want to get high, so high!"  
"I want to get high, so high!"  
She'd go out buy a nice rock just to suit her  
Then hit the weed spot to be blessed by Buddha  
Bum offa Lucy to complete her stimulation  
Put it all together for a perfect combination  
I mean this girl would actually buy a rock with  
The very last dime she got in her pocket  
And when she saw her friends, comin' from the spot  
Like Prudential, she got a piece of their rock  
That's why

Subject three, finally, the  
E-N-D about a girl by the name of Marie

She used to be hot, most beautiful to the utmost  
I mean this girl was blessed with an overdose  
Of curves, swerves, word to the mother my brother  
And boy did the B-I-Z love her  
But then those were the days  
My friend we thought they'd never end  
And she looked alright, to the S-K Biz Markie  
But then she got on drugs  
Started wearin' extensions and rugs  
And let me tell you what say happened to Marie  
Because nowadays Marie don't look so hot  
Every time that I see her, she's headed for the spot  
Her hair is all knotty, got Scotty got her body  
And her underarms kickin' like the ho know karate  
Her clothes are real dirty, and usually the same  
As for money she don't have a dime to claim  
Because when I saw the girl the other day  
She was puttin' a pack of Now-or-Laters on layaway