

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