

Make the Music With Your Mouth, Biz

Biz Markie

Ah one two, ah one two
Ah one two, ah one two
I'd like to... introduce myself...
My name is... ah Biz Markie..

Well I'm the human ultra called Biz Markie
Making music orderly is my specialty
When I go, ah one two, girls get excited
When they hear my lyrics they wanna recite 'em
I know y'all in the mood, just go with the flow
And I can play rapping records and all disco
Like "Beat It," "Billie Jean," by Michael Jackson
Or the Treacherous 3 record, they call "Action"
When you hear me do it, you will be shocked and amazed
It's the brand new thing they call the human beat box craze

[Chorus]

Make the music with your mouth, biz!
Make the music with your mouth, biz!
Make the music with your mouth, biz!

Well I don't just do the beat box, I rock on the mic
And all the rhymes that I say, all the people like
I get the crowd jumping, get the girl's hearts pumping
All the party people say, "Isn't he something?"

Rock from New York City all the way down South
Saying rhymes and making music, with my mouth
I'm a tell you party people how I began
It started when I'm living in Long Island

Hey when I was a kid I used to play in the streets
Making sounds with my mouth, all sorts of beats
Grown people, used to say - "what"?
Grown people, used to say - "what"?
.. wrong with that kid making that strange noise

It was like, for all the fly girls and all the homeboys
Then I tried it at a homeboys basement party
They thought it was a record, they ain't know it was me

When they came by the DJ, and saw who it is
They said, "Make the music with your mouth, Biz!"

[Chorus]

It may look and sound easy doing the human beat box
But it's real difficult, even knocked me out my socks
It's a movement combination with your lip tongue and throat
Use your teeth and your nose for a mysterious high note

I like doing it as a hobby or a job
People treat me like a star and surround me in the mall
It's not all the props, spitting, breathing hard and doing
You need practice, be ambitious in the schooling

Let me tell you party people, you gotta admit
Anything than you want you gotta work hard for it
That's why I like doing sounds, that's hard to achieve
Making two or three sounds at one time you can't believe

When I walk down the street, people crowd around me
And say, "how you make all those sounds at one time Biz Markie?"
I tell 'em it takes a lot of practice, and lip control
I've been doing it since, fifteen years old

And everywhere I do it, the people say I'm good
I even get big respect in my own neighborhood
I'm telling you a fact, and just like it is
Even moms pops and cops say, "What up Biz?"

Everywhere I go, I always rocked the boat
Gonna end this rhyme, with this one note
Not gonna act conceited and say I'm the best
But I'm guaranteed to pass any kind of test

I say def rhymes, with funky fresh lyrics
When I do the beat the party people go into hysterics!

[Chorus]

You heard the proceeding, now here's the sequel
All human beat boxes is not created equal
That's why I'm here, to say today
That I'm doing my beat in a special way

Making musical tunes, orally, I have perspective
I'm very well known, and greatly respected
I like to thank people, without no doubt
Peace hi party people it's time to break ou...

Make the music... make the music..
Make the music... with your mouth!
Make the music... make the music..
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