Pickin' Boogers

Biz Markie

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

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 slippped 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"

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