

In the Hands of the Gods

Morcheeba

Bicka-bicka Biz, bicka- bicka Mark I'm the drunk dance rocker, but don't drink vodka
Never sang a song called Frere Jacque
Rap rhyme schooler, composition Ruler
In seventh grade I had teacher named Mr. Dooler I'm very unique and you will agree-ah
One in a million like Mohamed and Aliah
A self-believer, an over-achiever
Have more stunts than Coronel Seavers Ain't no other like B I Z, M A R K I with the E
Hang at the Rucker
Got a Hummer Trucker
Wouldn't trade the busy boy, 'cuz I'm no sucker I'll be bouncing like a ball, when I say, yes, y'all
If you don't rock with me you won't rock at all
So check me out, with out no doubt
I'm guaranteed to rock and turn the party out We gonna do right, gonna do right
Gonna do right, gonna do right
We gonna do right, gonna do right
Gonna do right, gonna do right I'm on like popcorn
Like a Saturday nite at the Audubon
Listen to the Brother, ain't no other can mess with
The man with the plan, with the most finesse I make you scream, and I'll make you dance
I'm guaranteed to rock the mike, and put you all in a trance
So listen to the Brother, ain't no other can stutter
"Ah- whadda a-whadda ah-rock, rock" MC-Butter The man to do the up, a one-two
Or 'ah hah hah hah hah' I rock with you
So listen to me, 'cuz I'm the original
B I Z M A R K I out with the E Baby
I'm guaranteed to rock and turn the party out
Baby
I'm guaranteed to rock and turn the party out

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