

# Do Your Thang (featuring P. Diddy)

## Biz Markie

And you don't stop  
And you can't stop[P. Diddy] Yeah, yeah - I like this  
[B-I-Z] If you  
[Diddy] If you  
[B-I-Z] want to know  
[Diddy] want to know  
[B-I-Z] The real deal, about the Biz  
[Diddy] A-say what, a-say what?  
[B-I-Z] Well I'm the Biz Markie  
[Diddy] And I'm the P. Diddy  
[B-I-Z] So you know what time it is  
[Diddy] A-come on  
[B-I-Z] If you  
[Diddy] If you  
[B-I-Z] want to know  
[Diddy] want to know  
[B-I-Z] The real deal, about the Biz  
[Diddy] A-say what?  
[Diddy] And that's comin from me, the P. Diddy  
[Diddy] And you know what time it is, RIGHHHTS  
So come on Diabolical  
Don't stop and don't you dare quit  
Just get on the mic, sit on the mic  
Spit on the mic and don't you dare quit!When I get on the mic, I guarantee  
There's no better MC than Biz Markie  
Everything I say, or anything I do  
Will move yo' posse or your crewWhen you me hear me say, and what I play  
Affects a lot of people in the strangest way  
Well I'm too cold to freeze, too hot to burn  
And I never miss a tag when it's my turn'Cause I can, rock the mic if you give me a chance  
Cool V'll cut the record, make you do the 'Biz Dance'  
I can - flip the crowd with a wave of my hand  
I'm the Diabolical, "And you know this MAAAAAAN!"[Chorus]  
You can do your thang, and any-thang you choose  
But please, please, leave my thang alone  
You can do your thang, and any-thang you choose  
But please, please, leave my thang aloneI'm the court jester, the manifester  
I used to buy my clothes at A.J. Lester's  
The rhymerator, the beat creator  
Whack rappers get dropped like a hot potatoThe dime repeater, the MC greeter

Knuckle bleeder, no need for a heater  
The only MC in history  
Who didn't even have to are-A-PThe bum destroyer, I'm comin for ya  
Got took to court and didn't need a lawyer  
Make James Brown get down (yeah yeah)  
Made Beretta go get her (yeah yeah)Made Laverne and Bill Cosby (yeah yeah)  
Go change they sweaters (yeah yeah)  
I fought Mike Tyson, dropped him in 4  
Went to Fort Knox and kicked down the doorRocked seven continents with all this flow  
"And this is somethin for the radi-ohhhh"[Chorus]Got ladies screamin STRANJE STRANJE  
With the rhythm and rhymes and style that I display  
If rap was sex, I'd be a porno star  
With Sade, and Janet, in a menage-a-troisMerrily merrily, life is just a dream-ah  
First car, I ever had was a Beamer  
First girl, I ever had was a screamer  
I got out of breath and almost caught emphysemaPut the party people in a state of shock  
While Biz compose songs like Sebastian Bach  
This is the end of this scenario  
Like Robin Harris, "I gotta go - gotta go!"[Chorus: x 2]

Songwriters

Combs, Sean / Smith, K / Stone, R / Brathwaite, F / Hall, Marcel TheoPublished by

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