

# Biz Markie, Like A Dream

[Chorus: Lil' Kal + possibly others]

It's my country, you can say what you, wanna say about me  
But at the end of the day I'll be countin my mo-ney  
It's like a dream - yeah, it's like a dream - yeah  
cause at the end of the day I'll be countin my mo-ney

[Verse One: Biz Markie]

It's the Emzah-A, R-Rzah-Kayah  
Like the internet, I am here to stay-ah  
Been a long time, I know it's been years  
"Oops! I Did it Again" like Britney Spears  
Like +The Matrix+, I - Keanu Reeves  
Ring around the collar and doo doo on the sleeves  
I'm explosive, like, dynamite  
I should be on "Entertainment Tonight"  
Or "Access Hollywood" or "Soul Train"  
I'm so on fire, I fart propane  
Don't use Rogaine, got a head full of hair  
Cause the brother on the mic is so debonnaire  
I'm so cool, the Fonz say "EYY!"  
Cause I'm the best MC from around my way  
Never listen to what haters say  
I just stay focused like Kobe in L.A.

[Chorus]

[Verse Two: Biz Markie]

I'ma do it, like I never have done it  
Never got drunk and never got blunted  
The {?} in my ear, they cost about a hundred  
If the record's a hit, you know the Biz spun it  
Super educated master rap techniquer  
Ill funk freaker every day of the week-ah  
Whether it's Kim, Agnes, Monique or Tamika  
My unique physique make 'em all weaker and weaker  
Cause I'm hung, like +Mighty Joe Young+  
They all get sprung, from the joy that I brung  
I drive a Hummer, I'm hot like Donna Summers  
I'm one of the first human (rum-a-pum pummers)  
No matter what they say, I always sound flyer  
Than anyone you heard, or even de-sired  
Yes it's me, I'm the Original B-I-Z  
M-A-R-K-I with the E

[Chorus]

[Verse Three: Biz Markie]

The beat don't stop 'til everybody's gone  
I'm old school like a bag of Bonton  
Like the Mary Jane Girls I go "All Night Long"  
Hit you in the head like El Kabong  
My style is masculine, far from feminine  
I got soul like James Brown and Rakim and them  
I don't know what you came to do  
I came to rock the house for you  
From sunny California to Kalamazoo!  
Been rockin parties since ninety-two  
I know you heard that +Reality Bites+  
But I'm +Liver+ than the show called +Saturday Night+  
I stay on, looks like, city lights  
Chicks cling on me like ballerina tights  
Like Minnie Mouse and Courageous Cat  
You can't beat that with a baseball bat!

[Chorus]