

Death Sentence

Big Daddy Kane

I break out in a cold sweat, rip up the whole set
I'm about as bad as you can get
Comin' from Bed-Stuy, that's where they do or die
Forget about the lions and tigers and bears, oh my

It's not a fairy tale, a myth, it's a musical uplift
And I'm the wrong one to mess with
I roll on rappers like a Cherokee, bake 'em up merrily
Just like the cooks at Sara Lee

Erase, replace, disgrace, and chase, unlace your face
And place a neck brace, about-face
And get to steppin', because my lethal weapon
Is blowin' too fast, while you're slow as Catherine Hepburn

What you need is a little more speed, style and flavor
But it still wouldn't save ya
So to the rear, step off and let the man flex

'Cause I can hang tighter to the groove than spandex
I snatch the mic with grace, always with a plan
and Cee'll cut the recored up like Edward Scissorhands
Rock the soul shack, I can't hold back

Four years standin' and I still got the knack
'Cause I remember when I first did it
The comments that were goin' around from the next critic
Like "Yeah, he sound alright, but still will he hold?"

And now my black ass is still here like Billy Joel
One hip-hopper that don't have to sound proper
My broken English you can still distinguish
And I don't have no image or no gimmicks
And I don't have no bounds or no limits
The Kane'll keep goin', and growin', and flowin'

And showin' any MC, I got the best finesse to manifest
'Cause I pull cards like some type of retard
Hittin' MCs hard, and any other Rass Claaad
I'm the predator to any competitor

Scorchin' and damagin' and stompin' et cetera
And any MC that tries to test me
I'm swellin' up his jaws mor than Dizzy Gillespie
Crushin' all dreams you thought were possible

I turn into nightmares you have in the hospital
I couldn't count the rappes I be servin'
If defeat was sex, huh, I'd be a virgin
My match ain't been found, movin' around, breakin' 'em down

Where the ground, never the clown, how that sound?
Don't get gassed, 'cause boy you won't last
so take your crippled rhymes and put 'em in a cast
You're too pathetic, bring in a paramedic

To heal your sick rhymes, 'cause man, you ain't poetic

You're just a cheap little hooker and I gotta overlook a
MC that's wack, ya little bogger
And stand clear of the mic that I'm rippin'

As I'm ?
And get your jury and a good defendant
'Cause I'm servin' a death sentence