

Here Comes Kane, Scoob & Scrap

Big Daddy Kane

Surprise, guess who's on the rise?
And competition, I'm takin', and breakin' 'em down to size
I operate around the clock like city bus
Never take five 'cause yo when you rest, you rust

Be advised, that I pack heat for beef
I'm knockin' brothers out the box, and knockin' out teeth
Twenty-one years young and I got the knack
(You got it!)
To attack and scoop girls like a set of jacks

Ruff rhymes that rag any rap herb
Built by the best to bust swerves like a sharp curve
Fifty percent on wax, no matter of fact
Every nine out of ten rap acts produce a wack track

Twice as nice, but smooth as silk
Somebody writin' for Scrap, is like givin' a cow milk
I release to make it hard for the fellas to cease
'Cause I'm the type to make noise, I don't make peace

Here's a new jack, ready to swing
And bring the hype type of freestyle rhyme for the crowd to sing
Some say there's a party but it looks like a job to Scrap
I catch bodies with a nickel-plated rough rap

Me and [unverified], we run together through the city
The nitty gritty, always together like titties
By any chance that I do get burnt
You better believe that I'm comin' back, just like a tax return

Here comes Kane, Scoob, Scrap
Here we go y'all, here we go y'all
Here we go y'all, here we go y'all
Here we go y'all, here we go y'all
Here comes Kane, Scoob, Scrap
Here we go

Move over to the side, let a slim brother wreck it
It's that Scoob Lover kid, so pull up a chair and check it
When I get wild like Heathcliff, or Dennis the Menace
It's like food to a fat man, finished

I bust your head like a apple
(A apple)
And pour the blood in a jar, tell your moms that it's Snapple
And wait around my way for your crew, who's next
'Cause I be lookin' out my window with a nine like Malcolm X

There's no comp, they all got stomped so
Dream on, dream away, well okay
And play like Shante and Have a Nice Day
I drop rhymes that go boom
(Boom)

And I can get funky like a high school locker room
Don't even think that I'm country country bamma

Scoob is hittin' harder than a heavy heavy sledgehammer

I rock songs to make your grandmother dance
My rhymes are more together than a girl in biker pants
I'm never backed up, I never once had a fronter
Boy I get more beeps than a roadrunner

I never sweat the girls when it comes to a phone call
I got things sewn up tighter than a football
So skip to my loo or get stomped by my crew
Brooklyn's in the house and ain't a damn thing new

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Here comes the Prince of Darkness ready to spark this
And show the people just who is the hardest
Ruff and rugged, kind of similar to a nugget
But yet and still, I manage to keep the groove, smooove

Rebel for wreck them rappers I dissect them
'Cause anything I say on the mic will affect them
(How?)
So bad, they gotta run for shelter
So rappers take flight like they work for Delta

They know I ain't havin' it, styles with no crab in it
Fakin' and flakin' it child, you're sadly mistakin'
'Cause who's a rapper here that Kane rip on the mic
And start flowin', yo yo yo, where you goin'?

That's how they flee from me, the B, the I-G
Damn man, you know my pedigree, huh
The gangsta, murdera, killa to ya
For sure endure to injure him or her

The breaker the taker money-maker never a faker
My lyrics are built like Schwarzenegger
So all my competition gets destroyed
You need to put your weak rhymes on steroid

For you to ever to press up on the mightiest man
to rip a show and flow, provin' that competition can't go
Because I do all, it's easy for you to fall
I move all rappers like my name was U-Haul

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Here we go y'all, here we go y'all
Here we go y'all, here we go y'all
Here we go y'all, here we go y'all
Here comes Kane, Scoob, Scrap
And Mister Cee

Well it's the Kane
Bring me on, and ah
Scoob Lover
Bring me on, and ah
Scrap Lover
Bring me on, and ah

Here comes Kane, Scoob, Scrap Scrap Scrap

Well it's the Kane

Bring me on, and ah

Scoob Lover

Bring me on, and ah

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Bring me on, and ah

Here comes Kane, Scoob, Scrap and Mister Cee