

# It's Hard Being The Kane

Big Daddy Kane

Uhh! Put your weight on it  
Uhh, and uh, Prince Paul, bring me on and uh  
Aiiyyo Botch, bring me on and uh  
Mad Money Murph just bring me on and uh  
Just bring me on, yo

This is a world premier and I'm here  
A presentation beyond compare  
So MC's step to the rear as I break through  
Girls say ooh and then skip to my loo  
That means dance as I get smooth with  
Poetic perfection that you can groove with  
Just like a passenger, hurry and fasten your seatbelt  
cause I'm about to start broadcastin  
the words of wisdom, so turn up the system  
loud and clear, I don't want no one to miss one  
word to be heard never blurred or slurred  
The preferred is absurd, all the damage that's occurred  
As I break MC's like a lumberjack  
Ain't no comin back, you can't get none of that  
I'm not the type of MC to be merciful  
So if your name ain't Jermaine take it personal  
Cause like a vigilante I'm gonna kill off any  
sucker MC that tries to withstand me  
With the mic in my hand I start flowin then  
all competition flee and start goin in  
the other direction, run for protection  
Cause I can burn an MC like an erection  
You're too small kid, don't get involved with  
the verbal law for the Nation of Islam  
Wisdom I speak makes your head nod  
Showin I got the power, and that's from bein born the God  
But many doubt my Knowledge of Self  
But they're just illiterate, so I don't consider it  
Feedin off poison that's pollutin their mind  
and that's the reason I don't swine  
I gotta maintain, accelerate my brain  
and god damn, it's hard being the Kane

Give it to me! C'mon!  
C'mon! Uhh!  
Give it to me! Give it here!  
Give it to me! Yeah..

This is the proper way man should use ink  
But you're at your brink and your rhymes are extinct  
Just like a dinosaur, but you never find a more  
cause mine'll keep sellin on wax like some kind of whore  
Let me inject this, flow of electric currency  
for all the party people preferrin me  
and spectatin like a tourist, cause you never  
saw this style of rap kickin like Chuck Norris  
But this ain't Kung-Fu, no I just brung you  
a style, that phony MC's were too young to  
digest, when I manifest, you adolescent  
So sit back, relax, be glad you had a lesson  
And this one's for your listenin pleasure

Somethin for all the bitin MC's to treasure  
Just like a diary, for you to admire me  
before you're put in the Dead Poet's Society  
Cool as a draft, droppin math in a paragraph  
I laugh as the wrath break in half, your whole staff  
But many MC's were able to retreat  
Runnin like an athlete, but I got bad feet  
So I don't chase ya, nor do I wait to face ya  
Nah it ain't in my nature  
I just rip shop, flip-top, and watch MC's get dropped  
as I manifest in hip-hop  
Rhymes I construct are tough like a Tonka truck  
And just like lightnin they struck  
down on all the toy MC's that annoy  
That's how I build and destroy  
The poetic printer, rough rhyme inventor  
with a groove so smooth you can't help but get into  
So I'm advisin competition to flee  
cause I can bake an MC like Chef Boyardee  
Holdin my own on the microphone  
Cause I break bones just like sticks and stones  
So let it rain let it rain as I put em in pain  
God damn, it's hard bein the Kane!

Give it to me! Get up!  
Come on! Uhh!  
Give it to me! Come on!  
Give it to me! Yeahhh

Put in a pause, because here's the holocaust  
Above all laws, in effect and all yours  
Cause I came to blaze a taste of bass of grace  
A replace, erase the waste without a trace  
My vocabulary will just have you very  
dazed and amazed so I fear no adversary --  
that means competition  
They can't even touch this, even with ammunition  
Break out the gauge and go into an outrage  
and I'ma still blow up the stage  
Cause this is a death threat, but don't let your sweat get  
in the way of your vision don't be missin when I get set  
to go on a rampage, start a one man rage  
Total destruction as I rip up the damn stage  
And leave it in ruins from the damage that I'm doin  
to prepare the atmosphere, as I put you in  
the mood for the Smooth Operator to start this flow  
And so..

I crushed and crushed and stomped the comp that tried  
to get fly and face the ace I put em in place  
Proceed em, retreat em, defeat em, delete em, and feed em, and eat em  
and all the rest of that good stuff, cause I don't need em  
Only one survivor can remain  
And god damn, it's got to be the Kane!

Get up! Give it to me!  
Give it here! C'mon!  
C'mon! Give it to me!  
Uhh! Put your weight on it