

# Let Yourself Go

Big Daddy Kane

Somebody tell me who's that, what's that  
It's the man with the silk drawers stuck up his buttcrack  
Don't even front and try to ask who is this  
cause my name rings more bells than a Jehovah Witness  
Stronger than Listerine, moppin up rappers like Mr. Clean  
Oh Lord, the Kane just hit the scene  
Booyaka bo buck, rappers have no luck  
Cause when I come through, I'm catchin wreck, like a tow truck  
Cause ain't no way in the world the Kane could ever, fade  
I'm stayin on top of this thing, in order for me to get, paid  
And anyone comin to me for a battle is gettin, slayed  
Whenever it comes to the lyrics I'm rappin I got it, made  
So back up off me, cause yo' rap  
have no hap' so slow dat and act like you know dat  
Cause you can dream about bein this up to par  
But not even Johnny Mathis can tell you what your chances are  
Competition I'll drill em, and definitely outskill em  
To make the long story short, I kill em  
Cause I face em like Jason, bizarre  
And when I come through, it's like tchk tchk ahh

Come on, heidi heidi heidi hoe  
And yo I got the funky flow  
So let yourself go!  
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Givin you mo', ready to go, kickin the flow, rippin the show  
Comin to blow, check out a pro, look at the glow, act like you know  
Left the lonely lonely through lyrics loose in me  
Leave the lowlife left lingerin lost like ???  
Anything you can imagine done to a microphone I did it  
Ripped it, flipped it, hit it, split it, let it so dig it  
But don't make me get ill, or chill, cause if I exercise my skill  
rappers'll hit the floor like Johnny Gill  
The smoothest soloist, with this to exist to bliss  
and diss who risk to test this  
Cause this ain't no game, I treat you like  
a picture of my ex-girl, and rip that ass out the frame  
I come pursuant, pursuant, pursuant, pursuant  
and step it to him, to him, to him, to him, to him  
I leave a rapper's career ruined, ruined, ruined, ruined  
And watch him fade like my voice is doin, doin, doin  
Ease back when I attack  
Your poetry is wack so don't ask for no slack  
Cause I'm tell you straight up, I'ma bring it son  
You want +Poetic Justice+ go see John Singleton  
Because a battle ain't no thing to me  
And I don't look nothin like Tarzan  
so don't think you can swing with me

Just let the Kane take control, I'd like to know  
if you really ready for some super dynamite soul!

Then come on, heidi heidi heidi hoe  
And yo I got the funky flow  
So let yourself go!  
Uh-huh, heidi heidi heidi hoe  
And yo I got the funky flow  
So let yourself go!  
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So what's this? A new attitude, you're tryin to act rude  
You saw Menace and now you in a gangsta mood  
What are you kiddin me? That's the heart of stupidity  
If you wanna be a gangsta, join the mafia in Italy  
Fakin and frontin on stage like you're hard  
I hope when you get to Detroit, the real thugs gon' pull your card  
Flashin guns like you got somethin to prove G  
What, you wanna be in the next John Singleton movie?  
You're sayin that you're buckwhylin  
But don't convince me, convince the brothers on the Island  
Otherwise just forget it, unless niggaz that did ten years  
say you a gangsta, I ain't wit it  
Yo, I raped his mother, yo, I shot and killed him  
Is that what you wanna get across to the children?  
I guess you're not gonna be happy til it's for real  
Four year old kids, doin drivebys on Big Wheels  
Or maybe you wanna see it be more fatal  
like Kindergarten kids, tryin to cook crack with Play-Doh  
Now I don't mean to take the fun out the jam  
I just want some to understand about the gun in the hand  
We gotta show our people how to live equal  
Peace out, I'm catchin folks on the sequel

It go, heidi heidi heidi hoe  
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So let yourself go!  
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