

## Looks Like A Job For...

Big Daddy Kane

"This is a world premier and I'm here.."

Nobody move, nobody get hurt  
And I won't have to do no-body work  
The minute I come on stage and take position  
A demolition, where rappers catch a bad decision, huh  
I start to swingin it, puttin my bad thing in it  
Soon as I start flingin it, girls'll start clingin it  
People'll start singin it, noise oh I'm bringin it  
To show and to prove to the people  
The man that really is the king in it  
'Cause I take the cake like Hostess  
No, not the one you want to play high post with  
Warm it up Kane, warm as a snorkel  
Snatch the microphone and do a nigga somethin awful  
I give him the rhythm-a-jazz pizazz finesse and yet  
The flavor to jam and slam the land  
I flip the script like nobody can  
It's like they lack the crowd to get live  
And raw from all the brothers who smothered the mic  
They're frank with force, cause you know, Kane comes off  
See me and the mic go together like neighbors  
And if that's too fast, here's a slower flavor  
You see.. I.. am.. the.. man.. to.. stand.. top.. brand..  
No.. band.. at.. hand.. and.. yes I can can, yes I can can  
Rip the microphone to shreds  
Buck buck, rough and tuff, and a little bit raggamuffin  
For havin a rapper that try to battle will stress me  
You shouldn't address me cause you can't impress me  
So don't test me, boy, I say you better move over  
Yeah, yeah, huh

Many people tried to say I fell off  
He went R&B, now his rap is all soft  
But if you say that on stage, I'll prove you wrong  
And wax that ass, rappin off a love song  
'Cause with the street in all battles I'm still hard  
Like a mallet, servin competition like salad  
I'm gonna give you some damn good advice G  
Break out, before there be some sugar honey iced tea  
'Cause now you're comin in the danger zone  
There no man, can withstand, or hold his own  
I burn a rapper so bad that it bruise  
Even if you put a condom on the mic that I use  
That won't protect ya, I still can effect ya  
'Cause I flip the script, like a movie director  
I'm makin the non-believers believe what I'm dishin up  
And people that's still fans, will be air conditioners  
Why golly gee, I'm the hypest  
The power to maintain, and sustain, cause I'm righteous  
In other words, by knowledge and degrees  
You gotta say God bless, and I don't mean when I sneeze  
A black man, you know I got, SOUL  
For rockin the track and sparkin the mic that I hold  
Not just been flowin for the fellas so for the ladies  
I didn't forget you.. mm-wah \*kiss sound\*

A lot of rappers today, know how to flow  
Also, a lot of amateurs turned pro  
But if I ask for the mic at your show  
Aiyyo, I think you better let it go!  
'Cause I go in a rage on stage  
The rap it never stops til I get my props  
And if you don't know my style, well look here my friend  
You saw \_Faces of Death\_? Hehe yeah yeah aight then  
I'm tryin to tell my competition the scoop  
That I'm breakin down, any soloist or group  
And even though, some of them try to play souped  
When I come on stage, they spread they wings like Troop  
And fly away, cause I don't play  
I slay, okay, okay?  
The king of combat, my competition scat  
Pockets stay fat, oh hells yeah, I'm alllll that  
The one they like to follow, bite and borrow  
Lock into my style, just like a Rottweiler  
So you want to know the meanin of hardcore?  
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