

Lyrical Gymnastics

Big Daddy Kane

Do you know, what you're goin through?
Do you like this style of rap that I'm showin you?
The way I flow for you.. do you know?

Yeah baby c'mon
Ah baby baby c'mon, check the rhyme to the song
Uhh, aw yeah baby c'mon
Ah baby baby c'mon, and check the rhyme to the song
One double nine to the four, gotta keep em on the floor
and put some real lyrics back in the hardcore
What I'm used to hearin, I can't believe it's gone
But now just like a grill inside Burger King, the beef is on
When I come, rappers begin to speak in degrees
I even make Sisters With Voices _Weak in the Knees_
So run for your lives, Kane with the pen
is like Freddy with the glove full of knives
Who wanna test these skills, come see how it feels
I pull you one verse, if that don't kill I got refills
You can't do me none, kid you gets nothin
If my rhymes was in braille, you still couldn't touch em
Man, I'm a bad cat, my style of rap is mad fat
And you know, sometimes it's so sad that
Rappers today be comin as the gangster rhyme type
And be so soft, they wouldn't even kill time right
Here's the news, you lettin the word hardcore be misused
You ain't never paid dues
Be for real, you ain't tough yet
The razor bumps on your throat is the only thing makin you a ruffneck
Your whole image is a dammmmmmmmmn sham
I'm glad in this business I didn't forget who I am
I always remain the Kane inside a battle
singing Never to walk in anyone's shadow
I do my own thing, I do a thing of my own
And with my competition I let it be known
that battles I don't lose none, boy you get bruised son
Six million ways to die -- choose one!
My rap style is like a poisonous vemon
We might as well be havin sex, the way that I put it in em
And do I crush MC's - are you kiddin me?
If rappers were grapes, I'd have a whole wine distillery
So, I bring it to your face, with the bass, then I BLOW
a rapper off the map, with the rap, when I FLOW
then hit you with the skill that is ill, and I KNOW
that all of this is good to go, cause yo
that's the way the flavor always come
The rhymes they flow accordin to the drum
The Brooklyn style caue that is where I'm from
You want the funk so let me give you some
I flip on the flow on the track, just like that
Amazin the people the style of the rapppin, is quite fat
I'm lickin the lyrics and shootin the gat, on the mic black
And this is for all of the rappers that like, and they bite that
The Smooth Operator is mellow with the saxophone
Settin the tone that make the girls relax and moan
Cause all the ladies I'm givin em lots of love
Hittin more skins than a boxing glove, good God

The girls treat me like the drummer and give me some
From tall to short to thick, even the slimmie ones
Watch out Goldie! Gimme a forty ounce of Olde E
and none of you players can control me
You get the chance to see a true mack man
with skills to pay the bills, to make more stacks than
taller than anybody else's stacks it seem
Cause the Kane get more paper than a fax machine
The unforgettable, rhymes are too poetical
Keep rappers in order more than letters put alphabetical
And I hope the record consumers don't believe the magazine rumors
Cause Kane is makin a comeback, like Puma's!
I get rough G, and set it on your whole damn company
and Bogart, like my name was Humphrey
When I get through, there'll be no more of them
As many rappers I burnt, I should open a crematorium
I make mad MC's give me my P's
If you try to disrespect, kid you can get these
N-U-T's, like the U-N-V's
I leave you down on your knees, down on your knee-heeees!
Razor sharp, many ways of art
Source rings the chart, people praise the God
for kickin the flows so fantasitic and this one here
We're callin it Lyrical Gymnastics

Uhh, so baby baby c'mon
Aw yeah baby c'mon, and check the rhymes to the song
Uhh, ah baby baby c'mon
Suki suki c'mon, and I'm gone!