

Ooh, Aah, Nah-Nah-Nah

Big Daddy Kane

Inquiring minds want to know, did the champ retire
So here I am, boomin' like an amplifier
I clear my throat, then I float like a boat
Note for note, what I wrote you can't quote or even tote

Raps are too heavy, sharp like a machete
Pass the microphone, cause Kane is all ready
Grippin' to play the part to prove that I'm in command
The Biggest Daddy of em all, and oh, Kane stands for

King Asiatic, Nobody's Equal
Or Non-Equivalent, or Natural Ebony
Or Now Effective, or Never Ever
Pick your definition and put it together

'Cause it still comes out tastin like chocolate
With the finesse MC's never got with
'Cause none of them want me to touch the mic first
They know that it only takes Kane one verse

So here's the microphone, show me what you can do
And uhh wake me up when you're through
Just so I can go and flow and throw a blow
To show a pro and let em all know

That any MC tryin' to be this lyrical
Should go ask Smokey Robinson for a Miracle
I wouldn't let a rapper go one round
I'm knockin' them down, just like Jim Brown

So Mister Cee, let the music play
And here's what I want y'all to say

Ooh! (c'mon) Aah! (c'mon)
Nah-Nah-Nah, Nana (c'mon like you should)
Ooh! (c'mon) Aah! (c'mon)
Nah-Nah-Nah, Nana (uhh!)
Ooh! (oooh) Aah! (aaah)
Nah-Nah-Nah, Nana (sing that song!)
Ooh! (c'mon) Aah! (c'mon)
Nah-Nah-Nah, Nana

Here's a rap avalanche, MC's travel and
Run run for shelter, cause they don't have a chance
Any MC caught talkin out of turn
I straighten em out just like a perm

Now let's take a second, just to recollect it
Give a little shout to the rappers that's out
Like all the East coast, MC's of today
From Run-D.M.C. on down to Kid'n'Play

The ladies like Salt-N-Pepa to Latifah
Who showed the power of a woman and me a believer
Now backtrack with the musical jewel
And say peace to the old school

And all praises due to the L.A. crew
You put your state on the map and kept bringin' rap through
I can't forget the brothers that's down in Miami
You're still to live if you never get a Grammy

'Cause personally I feel who really needs that stuff
If you ask me, it's just a bunch of makeup
There's a lot of Caucasian kids that don't even know me
'Cause every Billy and Joey is another David Bowie

I guess I used the wrong tools in my rhymes
'Cause when I nailed my clock, it didn't say Hammer Time
That's not a diss to my Oaktown friend
Just tellin you how it is in the musical biz

'Cause I make sure that every rapper in the industry
Becomes a friend of me
And Mister Cee, let the music play
And here's what I want y'all to say

Ooh! (oooh) Aah! (aaah)
Nah-Nah-Nah, Nana (nanana)
Ooh! (c'mon) Aah! (c'mon)
Nah-Nah-Nah, Nana (c'mon won'tcha c'mon)
Ooh! (ohhh) Aah! (uhhh)
Nah-Nah-Nah, Nana (sing that song!)
Ooh! Aah!
Nah-Nah-Nah, Nana