

## Raw '91

Big Daddy Kane

"Bring that beat back, bring that beat back!"

"We gonna do a song, that you heard before.."

Here I am, R-A-W  
A terrorist, here to bring trouble to  
phony MC's, I move on and seize  
I just conquer and stomp another rapper with ease  
Cause I'm at my apex and others are below  
Nothing but a milliliter, I'm a kilo  
Second to none, making MC's run  
So don't try to step to me, cause I ain't the one  
I relieve rappers, just like Tylenol  
And they know it, so I don't see why you all  
try to front, perpetratin a stunt  
when you know that I'll smoke you up like a blunt  
I'm genuine like Gucci, raw like sushi  
To stage a rage is what rap did to me  
To make me want to create, chaos and mayhem  
Cold rock a party, until the A.M.  
I'll make a muscle, grab the mic and hustle  
While you stand dazed and amazed, I bust a  
little rhyme with authority, superiority  
And captivate the whole crowd's majority  
The rhymes I use definitely amuse  
Better than Dynasty, or Hill Street Blues  
I'm sure to score adored for more without a flaw  
Cause I get RAW!

"R-A-W"

Attact, react, exact, the mack'll move you with  
a strong song as long as you groove to this  
I keep the crowd loud when you're hyped  
Do damage on stage and injure the mic  
As I shoot the gift, MC's stand stiff  
While my rhymes stick to you like Skippy and Jif  
Feel my blunt fist, or my death kiss  
The rap soloist - you don't want none of this  
Supreme in this era, I reign with terror  
When I grab the mic, believe you're gonna hear a  
fascinating rhyme, as I enchant them  
So let's all sing the Big Daddy anthem  
Go with the flow, my rhymes grow like an afro  
An entertaining gain, the Kane'll never no  
problem, I could sneeze sniffle or cough  
Eeee-even if I stutter I'ma still come off  
Cause rappers can't understand the mics I rip  
They sho' nuff ain't equipped, that's why they got flipped  
But my apparatus is up to status  
Don't ask who the baddest, or cause static  
to make or break or take em, my rhymes hit the head  
Put it to bed, so watch what's said  
Save the bass for the piper, rearrange your tone  
Take a loss and be forced from the danger zone  
I get ill and kill at will

Teachin a skill that's real, yeah no frill  
Just stand still and chill as I build  
Science I drill until my rhymes fill your head up!  
"R-A-W" -- don't even get up  
Competition shut up, cause I'm RAW!

"Help me!"

The man at hand to rule and school to teach and reach  
the blind to find their way from A to Z  
and be the most and boast the loudest rap  
again, to reign your domain (YEAH KANE)  
The heat is on, so feel the fire  
come off the empire, all the more higher  
Level of depth, one step beyond dope  
The suckers all scope and hope to cope but NOPE  
cause I never let em on top of me  
I play em out like a game of Monopoly  
Let em speed around the board like an astro  
Then send em to jail for tryin to pass Go  
Shakin em up, breakin em up, takin no stuff  
but it still ain't loud enough  
So let the volume increase, never to cease  
I'ma release a masterpiece a slip of the tongue like grease  
Rippin the mic to shreds, puttin heads to bed  
Code red cause the rhymes is bein said  
by the Asiatic printer of raw poetry  
No hints or clues, you all know it's me  
I go pound for pound and round for round to clown the sound  
profound it's bound to go down, UHH  
A lyrical knockout, showin I got clout  
My comp should just drop out  
Cause none of them can see me  
I leave em Winan like their name was BeBe or CeCe  
I get RAW!