

## Show & Prove

Big Daddy Kane

Hah hah, hey hey, laugh now nigga  
My man's right behind you, kane pull the trigger  
I don't play, I'm from the hill where shit is real  
And I'll be on your ass like bugs on a windshield  
So bring your grip or you can think twice  
Cause I got more rhymes than a five pound bag of rice  
I'm hitting hard, oh word, I'm gon rock it  
Once the shit drops, that's dough to the pocket  
I cut hand, you still can't get no cards  
You couldn't deal with scoob if we was playin cards  
But if I got beef and it's time for code red  
My drill is like a hoe, and be takin mad niggaz to bed  
So hurry up and skedaddle  
Even if you join a army, you still couldn't battle  
So where you from? england, you somebody great?  
You burnin scoob, "i don't think so mate"  
I got the style that gets you open like a bag of smoke  
I have your friends "ah-hah man, that shit ain't dope"  
Leave me alone when I'm rocking on the microphone  
And play like e.t. and phone your black ass ho-wome  
Yo sauce, if you're down with the groo-hoove  
Get on the mic and won't ya show and prove

Hey, here I come with a slick rap, tic tac toe  
When I flip tracks, so gimme my dick, back  
I flow to it and through it, if you ever need to wonder  
How you got dope like sauce, money you didn't do it  
I write my own with bigger hope, drink of scope  
Wrote what I figured, nope, damn you dig a nigga doe  
Rhymes too drastic, bastard, pull hookers like elastic  
N-b-a style, fann-tastic  
No time to bite, but I just might, tonight I write left-handed  
'cause I like, to grab my dick with my right  
Who could ever say that I don't get plenty play  
Win lose or draw, I'm bookin whores, anyway  
As I get ready I'm steady if I go crazy I'd take eddie  
If I was fred, I think I'd have to bone betty  
Suckin and luckin, hey, niggaz I'm duckin, nay  
Nada no never meaning ain't no motherfuckin way  
Rappers get gassed come on and get fast  
Try to get past when I blast, and you can hand over your ass  
One line and that's fear  
Rappers get so damn pussy they gotta go for a pap smear  
So shyheim, if your down with the groove  
Get on the mic it's time to show and prove

Yo, yo  
I spark the mic like weed that's in a cipher  
And I get girls open like a reggae song by tiger  
So check me out, as I flip this here track kid  
And make mad noise like a metallica record  
I'm psycho, a villain to the styles I be killin  
When I'm thrust, and all competition gets dusted  
Cause I rock the world from u.s.a. to asia to russia  
If your shit stinks i'ma flush ya, then bust ya

Like a crazy man from cali son  
My jams be packed like a farra Khan rally, what?  
You know my style, I put the f in effin foul  
The rugged child locks you down like rikers isle  
And got more girls than a trailerload with shabba  
More super than cat, I'm the punani don dada  
So big daddy, if you're down with the groove my man  
Get on the mic and won't ya show and prove

Now tell me whoooo is the mannnn?  
With the high-potent lyrics no rapper can ever stand  
And steppin to me, thinkin I can be touched? huh  
Not even michael jordan'll gamble that much, yo  
I get down on it and give it to rappers that even act like they want it  
I come for your title kid, run it!  
Or else get hit with the ultimate, too legit skit  
Ahh yeah, that's that shit  
Drop lyrics on ya, strong as ammonia  
That is I thrown ya, scold ya, jones ya, I tried to warn ya  
You was wack since I known ya, fake as a cubic zirconia  
What did I just show ya, real lyrics doggone ya  
Look inside my rap book at every text my man  
And see that I got, more essays than the mexican  
The messiah that's feared great, leavin rappers in a weird state  
Scared straight, for their prepared fate  
Strong as an elephant, intelligent, compelling and elegant  
So well in it with every single element  
And competition gets none!huh  
If I was wearing pantyhose you still couldn't give me no run  
I see the way you're trying to get to me,  
But with with speech impedi-ment, man you gotta come better g  
You're hitting all the wrong switches troop begin again  
Mumble mouth rappers couldn't last a minute with  
The non-resistable, non-competible  
No-no-i'm-not-sayin-i'm-the-best, I'm just sayin I'm fuckin incredible!  
And let's just make one more thing understood  
That if I fart on a record, trust me nigga it'll sound good  
So jay-z, if you're down with the groove, my mellow  
Get on the mic it's time to show and prove

Uh, one checkin it two, checkin it three  
Check out the j, check out the a, check out the y, check out the z  
Hey g!  
I'm breaking mc's up like epmd  
And these nuts if you rappers tryin ta see me  
I'm buckwild with styles, ta-dow  
I've been in it runnin a hundred miles I'm well endowed, baby gal  
Uhh, the greatest nigga to touch it, you niggaz can't fuck with  
The, incredible skills of the g from brooklyn, big up kid  
And ain't no eatin me up, you fast fuckin with jigga  
I'm like prince jeans, I bring the ass out a nigga  
When I rock it it's in the pocket, baby mop it don't knock it  
Till you try it, once you start, you can't stop it  
I'm the cocky breed, I'm dope like poppy seed  
I live one rent from besides that be  
Between get off my dick and stop jockin me  
When I bust a rhyme you're diggin the sound  
I know you lovin the way it's, goin down baby  
So ason huh, if you're down with the groove, why don't ya  
Get on the mic and show and prove

Come on  
Wu-tang killa bees on a swarm  
Rain on your college ass, disco dorm  
Slippery when wet and don't you ever forget  
You couldn't get a flick, of the hype outfit  
Because the way that I dress this style mad wild  
Enough to make a crowd of women scream "ow!"  
Whether at a party or just in bed  
All thoughts on a son, keep that in your head  
Yuh, my beats are funky and my rhymes are spunky  
Sometimes I'll be like "well God damn what's the recipe? "  
I don't know, I ask my momma she don't know  
She says "go ask your God damned father!"  
It's all about me in the place to be  
Niggas thing they all that, yo, that shit is g  
Mad game and it's a motherfucking shame  
How many enemies wanna claim the name  
Of a son, who carries on like a manager  
Yo!, sounds fly right? danger!!!