

The Beef Is On

Big Daddy Kane

It's hell up in Harlem, my main man just caught a bad one
Wetted by a magnum when he didn't have none
That goes to show you that even when you're respected
Brothers'll still try ya if they think you're butt-naked
So I went uptown to get the low-down
To see who made the whole thing go down
Word on the streets had it
Some kids from the Bronx with automatics
Came to start static
Some new jacks at the game
Tryin' to get a name
Had a point to prove
Wrong move
So I can't wait to get em all straight
It's a big payback when I retaliate
Steam, I gotta let it off
And I can't wait to set it off
To revenge my main man that's gone
And as sure as my name is Kane, word is bond
The beef is on

(Once again it's on)
(You got beef)
(Once again it's on)
(You got beef you better save it for the muthafuckin meat market)

It's time to show them how to get hard
Callin' a hit squad and pull all these clown's ciddard
For tryin' to friddont and fiddake the middood
But when I get riddude awesome dude
So I took a little trip to Brooklyn
Bedstuy do or die is where I was lookin'
For my boys from roosevelt, albany and marcy
Plus I got a posse over in canarsie
I'm talkin' about ill brothers that don't play
They sit around watchin 'scarface' all day
So here we go, headed up to they scene
Twenty deep in a van like the a-team
We rolled up to see what this joint's about
When one of my boys in the van just pointed em out
So without delay we reacted
And started shootin' like it was target practice
When they saw that we wasn't messin' around
One tried to run, so I had to chase him down
I caught the kid by the corner store deli
Kicked him in the belly like I was Jeff Kelley
I did his jugular vein something violent
Came back to see my crew made the rest silent
We sent fifteen bodies to trapper john
Cos the beef was on

(Once again it's on)
(You got beef)
(Once again it's on)
(You got beef you better save it for the muthafuckin meat market)

(I don't happen to trust people)

I sort of figured if you thought I was weak
You'd mop the street up with me
And I got to kill a lot more of your people
To put you in your place)

(You send your boys in I send em back in a paper bag)

Many screamed about a homicide
But when I came to shut em down all the drama died
I plead insanity when I got a jam with me
And we roll like the Corleone family
I bring the boys that'll bring the noise
In the aftermath everything's destroyed
Like a crew of barbarians
And brothers that want beef, I make em vegetarians
So don't even front and try to put it as if you're ruff
Cos soon as I see ya, best believe I'ma call your bluff
And everyone else that tried to press up on me tuff
Have fallen and they can't get up
My game is a ill one
Cos I'm a real one
Lorda mercy
Nuff controversy
A gangster, a khan
A pimp and a don
Waitin' for the beef to be on