

Unda Presha

Big Daddy Kane

Somebody get the God Kane, I know he'll back you up
Kick a rhyme spectacular, I think the Nigga think he Blackula
I seen somebody trying to get him with sunlight
Somehow it wasn't done right, then he just laced him with one bite
Go for the jugular vein, that's my new thing
How did you do it with two fangs, think they were gold like Wu-tang
Your luck has been changed, you're left stricken with pain
Well good for your ass kid, that's what you get for fucking with Kane.
I creep on MC's like po' nine and take rhymes the whole nine
to dig in you rappers like a coalmine
Now look what I dug me, somebody better turn me off or try to unplug me
Ooh it's starting to get ugly
Don't miss this, hold on with a clenched fist
As I tongue the microphone down just like a French kiss
Relentless with lyrics that be brutal, hip-hop I stay true to
Put it on you like voodoo

Unda presha, niggas unfold and felt the heat
Possessed with the Brooklyn techniques we freak
Ay yo Kane, hit us off with that shit one time
They can't believe it, infatuated hardcore rhymes

When you diggin' out your girl from behind, you're gonna find
The reason that her eyes are closed, Black Caesar's on her mind
Your royal smoothness, honeys out there know how it goes
Even Cabeza de pollos that habla Español
Dig this now, run for your life to get away but none do
Even if you escape just tell me who can you run to
Test the, stupendous, tell me what was you to gain
Internal bleeding, due to Kane
Boom bow bow, ooh, the pain
Nobody's equal, keep it lethal, and diesel, to see to the people
And reach your cerebral cause that's how we do
The pain gets inflicted, fake MC's get evicted
Face it, truth of the matter is just that I'm too hard to get with
Since days of Pro Keds, I shined over mad heads, roll up on you like the Fed
s
Rip your whole set to shreds
A crash or a wreck, because I mash for respect
Only thing I want to know now, is this cash or a check?

Unda presha, niggas unfold and felt the heat
Possessed with the Brooklyn techniques we freak
Ay yo Kane, hit us off with that shit one time
They can't believe it, infatuated hardcore rhymes

Ain't no question
I'm suffering a bad case of lyrical congestion
Not the one for testing
come mess with and end up with your chest split
No, not because of cardiac, but because how hard he act
I'm recognized as the microphone destroyer
Competition minds in the state of paranoia
I said if you're scared, get a dog
So by tomorrow you'll probably see 20 rappers walking with Rottweilers
Your gimmick is primitive, and impotent
You won't win with it so limit it

before I make your body start to hemorrhage
Just when you thought that you was burning me
You found yourself bleeding internally
Now you heads is l