The Way It's Goin' Down

Big Daddy Kane

Hit me, baby
(That's right)
Hurt me, baby
(That's right)That, that, that funk
That, that, that, that
That, that's, that's funkdafied like funk
That's that retarded like funkLike you put your armpits
In a drum machine, good God
Break me off some of that, come onEasy Mo, just let the beat rock from your sweet stock
To bounce the complete block, make everyone on the street flock
To this here rhythm, music'll hit 'em, get 'em, my lyrics'll fit 'em
When I get with 'em, girls, I'm in 'em, smokin' like bags of ismThe one that keep amazin', y'all
Don't even know who you're facin', pa
The Kane has flipped more tracks than a racin' car
The one who created it and many others imitated it
I heard your rap style, kid, hated itLet me show you how, look here, now check my style
What I spit out, it'll raise your brow, make you say wow
Ba da, bow bow, come on, now let's get down
And sway, sway when you hear the music play
Hip-hop hooray, this is what I want you to say
HeyI'm in love with Big Daddy Kane
He makes the party swing
He turns the mother out
And rips apart things, then I goDa da, da da, da
Yeah, I like the way it sound
And I love the way it's goin down
Da da, da da, da
You know I like the way it sound
And I just love the way it's goin downNow, what's this bullshit, you're sayin'?
And don't try to act like Martin now, with all that 'I was just playin'
No need to grief or mourn 'cause now the beef is on
Boom, bow boo, bow bow, kid, your teeth is goneJust 'cause you rap
That don't mean that you catchin wreck with me
You step to this, I give you mic-O-vasectomy
I only know one person that can come next to meNo, that's a tattle 'cause I can't count my own shadow
A battle? I gots to have it, unless you're gonna rob me
Like they give Riddick a win for Chavez'Cause tryin' to go against the Kane rappin
Is like a pimp tryna pull a nun, ain't nothin happenin
Clear the way for the one, champion, true black don gun

Getting' the job done, take a look, honBack up, son, you know you can't get none
Come on, I'm on a whole other level of rap
And it's like that, now show me where the party atDa da, da da, da
Yeah, I like the way it sound
And I love the way it's goin' down
Da da, da da, da
You know I like the way it sound
And I love the way it's goin downThe B I G D A D Y, no, back up and add another D
Come back to the K to the A, to the N, to the E
Live from New York, the one and only
I give it to you raw, for my homiesAnd to the ladies, I take 'em, lookin' somethin' fine
It don't mind if we bump 'n' grind, if you're with me, jump in line
Because if in my wallet I can find one prophylactic
Then you better believe, girl, that you're gonna get your ass dickedHard type of rappers extinct like a dinosaur
The kind you saw rhyme before
But now you never find no more
Steppin' to the Kane with some drama to be startin'
Because I put 'em all on ice like Tonya HardingBack up, boy, I got the whole convoy
Rollin' with me on a mission that's to seek and destroy
So to all the people that's been tryin' to talk about me
You better change your name to 5000 'cause you're AudiAnd if you bring on your crew, I'm steppin' to them too
Just put the beat on and watch how I swing through
The groove, with more style than a backstroke
Drivin' past my competition like cab drivers do black folksThat's the way I move, I always stayed a smooth
Operator with data watin' for you to play a groove
To turn it out without a doubt and show what I'm about
Good lookin', Brooklyn, yeah, we in the house

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