That's How I Did 'Em

Big Daddy Kane

Daddy, Daddy, tell me a story of how you took out that wack MC
No, Daddy, tell them how you beat down that bootlegger
Daddy, Daddy tell us a storyHeh, heh, alright, alright, alright y'all, okay
Come on y'all, crowd around, Daddy now okay, c'mon
Y'all just sit there and listen, I'ma tell you about the MC
And I'ma tell you about the bootlegger, okay
Here we go childrenIt happened at a jam, some kid tried to sham on the program
So I had to silence the lamb and show him who I am
So I just set it off on my competitor
Freakin' the funk as I hit em with crazy metaphorsLike back up off me Dukes, because you're trippin'
You better dry your cranium off, cause your brain is slippin'
You beatin' me is somethin' that I doubt
The only way you could bake Kane is workin' in a crack houseNo man alive can withstand the Kane flow
I kick so much flavor that my shoes look like a rainbow
You need a whole lot of practice, you thought that you was
On the money so I took you out like taxesNow you can flea off, releasin' me G, easy be
To keep the great MC
Then I throw em I lean and mean record to spark
So I can school that ass just like Joe ClarkNext I translated, my rap is more educated
And made it complicated for him to illustrate it
My dexterity, put him in fear of me
And had his mind bewildered by everything he was hearin' seeThat was enough to slow his whole train of thought down
So I just speeded the pace up more than enough for him to come around
I triple the words, when makin' the rhymes, whatever the rhythm
Puttin' his mind in a prison and, oh yeah, that's how I did 'emThat's how I did 'em, that's how I did 'em
That's how I did em, that's how I did 'em
That's how I did em, that's how I did 'em
That's how I did 'emI was out flex, lookin' cold, sex in a Lex
Sippin' on a Beck's, pumpin' the remix of Das EFX
Drive down 125th with my man
And what did I see, bein' sold at the stand?A bunch of bootleg tapes that he had claim on it
So I snatched everything with my name on it
And give me that Kool G. rap tape, and give me that Ice Cube
And all the Wu-Tang joints, 'cause they're my boys tooA man tryin' to make a livin', I can't knock it
But now you tried to take money out of my pocket
Word to Miz, what the problem is, is that the kids
Didn't buy it from The Wiz, they bought your shaky fibs soNow it's time to move him off the block
Pass me the glock 'cause I might make a body rock

And I'll break down sixteen shots
That's 'One Eight Seven' on a undercoverBootlegger, you're worse than a beggar
Makin' a fake profit, stop it
'Cause I work hard for the money, to make cash flow
To have another come along and take my doughNo
So I just told my man, aiyyo
Throw the tapes in the Lexus
Then we burned his whole stand down just like Waco, TexasAnd then I jumped on the brother, with rage
Crushed his ribcage, damn did he get slayed
'Cause I don't think he even know whatever hit him
Bootleggers beware, cause yeah I did emThat's how I did 'em, that's how I did 'em
That's how I did 'em, that's how I did 'em
That's how I did 'em, that's how I did 'em
That's how I did 'emGive it your best shot, bring it with all you got
And watch the bombs I drop just rock your knot
'Cause it ain't wise to address me
I wouldn't advise a schoolteacher to test me'Cause I don't just do em, I run through em
And I don't just hurt, uh uh, I body work em
Lyrical torture, never could support ya
For steppin' to me, agony is what it brought ya'Cause you never seen this type of lyrical genius
That could never be touched, and I mean this
So one love, I'ma leave you with the rhythm
Ain't no need to go off, cause yo hon know I did emThat's how I did 'em, that's how I did 'em
That's how I did 'em, that's how I did 'em
That's how I did 'em, that's how I did 'em
That's how I did 'em

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