Chocolate City

Big Daddy Kane

[Mister Cee:]
I be the cruddy one that they call the DJ Mister Cee,
With the whole Wolf Pack in the place to be.
Better known as the Chocolate City.
So Scoob Lover, huh, are ya with me...?[Scoob Lover:]
Yo, I break punks up like a fight. Give me the mic, I'm hype.
(Damn kid, you're starvin' for life)
'Cause people be tellin' me, brothers be gellin' me,
Tryin' to get fame from my name but they chumps and they but soft.
They know I'm wilder than a dog with hot sauce.
A mic, a stage, a crowd, and I won't stop:
I set it off and get live like an alarm clock.
People thought Scoob and Scrap was just a nickname;
Now that we rap, we sell more records than cocaine.
Awww, shucks, now I'm back from the down-low,
Here comes Scoob with the curly afro.
No chemical reaction, no need for askin', pure satisfaction,
My last name's Jackson.
You slip up, I get ill - my boot to your grill,
My nine kills, I'm Big Scoob from Brownsville.
The world's greatest lover, the chocolate brother...[Chorus:]
Who's the committee? (CHOCOLATE CITY!)
Who's the committee? (CHOCOLATE CITY!)
Who's the committee? (CHOCOLATE CITY!)Scrap Lover are ya with me?[Scrap Lover:]
Yo, I drop science kinda like a pigeon
Over rough tracks I tax any midget with a small digit.
Smooth and mild but complicated,
I put the crowd to to smashed like a driver that's intoxicated.
Rappers write rhymes, and talk about guns and jail,
But wouldn't squeeze a lemon in a cocktail.
Don't say "huh?" or "what?", and don't ask who,
'Cause if you hear me, I must be talkin' to you.
You probably thought I couldn't steal it, 'cause I was a dancer,
I didn't have a chance, but ya'll can kill it.
You gotta be off your rocker,
I'm lettin' suckers know that Scrap got more soul than Foot Locker.
And if you heard I got skills, believe it's true;
Suggest for Pete Rock, for reminiscin' over you.
It's not a threat, it's a bet, 'cause hey,

The last sucker who tried woulda been 25 today.[Chorus x3]Big Daddy are ya with me?[Big Daddy Kane:]
Yo-yo-yo-yo, look out, get out the way!
Here comes the K the A the N the E - huh, ya better flee.
'Cause I don't need no hoodie to be hard, shoot:
I'll kill a nigga in a three-piece suit.
I don't be havin' it so the rear I'll attack,
A size-15 to the buttocks, a-matter-fact.
A hard-core blow to the face I'll provide,
To give you a Crooked eye, just like St. Ides.
Leave you home and you must be screamin' and yellin';
Not even cool Moe Dee shades can hide your swellin'.
I bring it rough, tough;
I said that I was Browner than Bobby, so you know that it's good enough.
I'm untouchable to rappers my size.
You dreamed of beatin' me, you better wake up an apologize.
Some claim to be a Daddy or Poppa,
But with me, you'd have no Ranks if your name was Shabba.[Chorus x3]Now you know you'd too like to be with it...[Li'l Daddy Shane:]
Shane, I cause pain, I make it rain.
I'm wearin' and tearin' down to the last grain.
Ha, I'm not a chocolate brother, but I don't' mourn,
'Cause I swear this vanilla kid got it goin' on.
So don't even step to me if you're worth nothin',
Because I just might hurt somethin'.
My competition thinks twice, 'cause yo, for a young nigga, I'm kinda nice...[Laree Williams:]
Ooohhh! Chocolate City are ya with me?!
Scoob and Scrap and Mister Cee! Kane and Shane and Lare!
Kane...would your black ass sing it for me?![Kane:] Ohhh, ho, shit yeah!

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