

# Put Your Weight On It

## Big Daddy Kane

One for the ace and two for the deuce  
If you're ready mister cee cut the record real loose  
And uhh, test test test test, oh yes  
I wanna bless the mic, I caress with finesse  
Back off the microphone, you can't wreck it none  
I'm like a nine, and you're just a naked gun  
Some type of new jack, steppin in the area  
Kind of reminds me of eddie murphy, coming to america  
But you can't approach this, rhymes are too ferocious  
Do the knowledge as I quote this  
Freddie krueger, walkin on kane's street  
Five chapters and I still ain't been beat  
Bout time I turned the microphone loose  
Anyone after me is just an excuse  
Even the level of the devil or exorcist  
Can't get next to this  
This is mayhem, so competition, say when  
You're thinkin that you're ready, so I can just play him  
Or them, no matter the quan-tity, you don't want to be  
In this battle, so just flee  
Cause I leave em panickin when I start damagin  
Kickin this swift, leaves you stiff, like a mannequin  
And frozen, this is a mind explosion  
As the chosen flows in, the competition throws in  
The towel, my sharp tongue is like a license  
I strike like mike, tyson I be icin  
Breakin the mic in half, just like a psychopath  
But still smooth and cool, just like a draft  
Leave the metro scared and petrol  
Ain't no half-steppin', so I don't sweat no mc  
Cause michael jackson couldn't say it clearer  
My only comp is the man in the mirror  
So any pretender, you never been to  
The death zone, this is the wrath, do not enter  
These ain't the grounds for mc's to be wanderin  
These is the grounds that the kane is conquerin  
Lyrics are bright and recite on the mic to excite  
Delight, ignite, a bright light and a fright night  
For types who bite, to be quite like

The man with mic swingin all tight, but can't get it right  
You're just a sloppy, cheap carbon copy  
Sent to ride off in the sun, said kemosabi  
As the kane remains everlasting  
With lyrics that's fast relief like aspirin  
So allow me to relieve, or breathe contact  
Your brain and remain like hairweave  
Cause I can reach each participant with a speech  
That will teach, and have em hangin like a leach  
And yes still puttin rappers in fear  
So hold it right there, cause this is a nightmare  
As I cause a killer scene, and cut like a guillotine  
Any thoughts you had about winnin is still a dream  
Or more like a fantasy, tell me why can't you see  
There ain't a way that you can touch or stand on me  
You talk about how many rappers you slayed  
But I'm like a renegade, so I never been afraid  
So don't say hi to this asiatic descendant  
Just say peace and everything'll be splendid  
Peace!Mister cee, put your weight on it  
Boy put your weight on it, put your weight on it  
Put your weight on it  
Put your weight on it mister cee, put your weight on it!  
I'm outta here!

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