Warm it up Kane (Vocal)

Big Daddy Kane

Come, get some, you little bum I take the cake but you can't get a crumb From the poetic, authentic, superior Ultimate, and all that good shit I'm the original, Asiatic, acrobatic There you have it, now get dramatic Creatin' drama when I'm on the scene And I pack em in mean, like Bruce Springsteen I profile a style that's mild and meanwhile Put on trial a rap pile to exile Make you tumble and stumble, in a rumble just CRUMBLE And I'm still calm and humble You need another helpin hand to swing on I stand alone, but still you gotta bring on Your Batman and Robin, Cagney and Lacey Starsky and Hutch, but they still can't face me And if may make this one thing here clear That's for you not to come near, PERIOD So I ain't buggin or delirious My swift tongue's like a sword, that's how severe it is And I can slice and dice a Fisher Price MC That thought he was nice into Minute Rice Single-handed, I ain't with that band stuff 'Cause Cee'll scratch a record like flakes of dandruff And the mic I ravage, not like a savage But in my own way of doin damage As I design the genuine line Now who flattop rules in eighty-nine? Warm it up, Kane

Warm it up, Kane Warm it up, Kane Warm it up, Kane

Warm it up, KaneTake two other men with soul that you probably know

Deadly as Scarface, but bright as the Cosby show

Don't attack rappers, but make everyone hush

They step to me, but can't stop the bumrush

I make material, rich and imperial

The unique technique I speak is all original

You like to sag and drag and gag

Same old same old, but Poppa's Got a Brand New Bag

So put the mic down boy, you can't work it

Due to wack lyrics, it's bout to short circuit

So toss the sauce across to the boss, no remorse

You lost, with force, of course, a holocaust

First I caught ya, then put ya through torture

You moved wrong my son, so I taught yaJust like a guardian, that put your body in The mood to groove with the smoove way that I'm partyin'

Competition may find it spectacular

Scheme and fiend to take a bite like Dracula

and waste the taste, cause ain't no sugar here

So come near if you dare, you BOOGA BEAR

You start hallucinatin' like Magic

The wrath gets tragic, but Kane won't have it

Cause you tried to juice me when you're bluffin'

Slowed the pace, so I had to start rushin'

So pick a VC date, cause you're history

Here comes Kane Scoob Scrap Jay and Mister Cee

And this is one thing to us we ain't new to

The crew'll cast a spell on the crowd just like voodoo

I'm the man you can't hold back

and all competition appears to be weak

I meant to say wack, a vision of blur

Just them thinkin I'm competitin, I say, "Huh!"Warm it up, Kane

Warm it up, Kane Warm it up, Kane Warm it up, Kane

Warm it up, KaneGenuine for eighty-nine, you know what I'm sayin?

As I give a shout out to my man Tony A Tony P, Sally Sal and the whole Libra Digital posse

Can't forget my man Yawnski

And Smooth the Barber, you know what I'm sayin?

Also, I gotta say whassup to Born True, be boy,

And my man big Jay Cee

The whole rest of the crew, Scoob Lover my brother

Scrap Lover, and DJ Mister Cee

Can't forget Supreme, Abu, MelQuan and Shabazz

Wally D, and the rest of the brothers

And of course my little brother the Little Daddy Shane

Manditory end of the story, you know what I'm sayin?

Peace!

Songwriters

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