Lyrical Gymnastics

Big Daddy Kane

Do you know, what you're goin through?
Do you like this style of rap that I'm showin you?
The way I flow for you, do you know?Yeah baby c'mon
Ah baby baby c'mon, check the rhyme to the song
Uhh, aw yeah baby c'mon
Ah baby baby c'mon, and check the rhyme to the songOne double nine to the four, gotta keep em on the floor
and put some real lyrics back in the hardcore
What I'm used to hearin', I can't believe it's gone
But now just like a grill inside Burger King, the beef is onWhen I come, rappers begin to speak in degrees
I even make sisters with voices weak in the knees
So run for your lives, Kane with the pen
Is like Freddy with the glove full of knivesWho wanna test these skills, come see how it feels
I pull you one verse, if that don't kill I got refills
You can't do me none, kid you gets nothin'
If my rhymes was in braille, you still couldn't touch 'emMan, I'm a bad cat, my style of rap is mad fat
And you know, sometimes it's so sad that
Rappers today be comin' as the gangster rhyme type
And be so soft, they wouldn't even kill time rightHere's the news, you lettin' the word hardcore be misused
You ain't never paid dues
Be for real, you ain't tough yet
The razor bumps on your throat is the only thing makin' you a ruffneckYour whole image is a damn sham
I'm glad in this business I didn't forget who I am
I always remain the Kane inside a battle
Never to walk in anyone's shadowI do my own thing, I do a thing of my own
And with my competition I let it be known
that battles I don't lose none, boy you get bruised son
Six million ways to die, choose oneMy rap style is like a poisonous venom
We might as well be havin' sex, the way that I put it in em
And do I crush MC's, are you kiddin' me?
If rappers were grapes, I'd have a whole wine distillerySo, I bring it to your face, with the bass, then I blow
A rapper off the map, with the rap, when I flow
Then hit you with the skill that is ill, and I know
That all of this is good to go, 'cause yoThat's the way the flavor always come
The rhymes they flow accordin' to the drum
The Brooklyn style 'cause that is where I'm from
You want the funk so let me give you someI flip on the flow on the track, just like that
Amazin' the people the style of the rapppin', is quite fat
I'm lickin' the lyrics and shootin' the gat, on the mic black
And this is for all of the rappers that like, and they bite thatThe Smooth Operator is mellow with the saxophone

Settin' the tone that make the girls relax and moan
'Cause all the ladies I'm givin' 'em lots of love
Hittin' more skins than a boxing glove, good GodThe girls treat me like the drummer and give me some
From tall to short to thick, even the slimmie ones
Watch out Goldie! Gimme a forty ounce of Olde E
And none of you players can control meYou get the chance to see a true mack man
With skills to pay the bills, to make more stacks than
Taller than anybody else's stacks it seem
'Cause the Kane get more paper than a fax machineThe unforgettable, rhymes are too poetical
Keep rappers in order more than letters put alphabetical
And I hope the record consumers don't believe the magazine rumors
'Cause Kane is makin' a comeback, like Puma'sI get rough G, and set it on your whole damn company
And Bogart, like my name was Humphrey
When I get through, there'll be no more of them
As many rappers I burnt, I should open a crematoriumI make mad MC's give me my P's
If you try to disrespect, kid you can get these
N-U-T's, like the U-N-V's
I leave you down on your knees, down on your kneesRazor sharp, many ways of art
Source rings the chart, people praise the God
For kickin' the flows so fantastic and this one here
We're callin' it Lyrical GymnasticsUhh, so baby baby c'mon
Aw yeah baby c'mon, and check the rhymes to the song
Uhh, ah baby baby c'mon
Suki suki c'mon, and I'm gone

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