# Down the Line

## Big Daddy Kane

[kane]
Okay, okay, okay, okay
Attention to the whole crew
Scoob lover, scrap lover, I don't need your dancin
Mister cee I don't need you on the turntables
Ant live I don't need you collectin the dough
And little daddy since you my brother
Get yo' ass on in here
Cause we gettin ready to take things down the line
Here we go one timePrepare yourself for mc terror
And don't make the error of tryin to come near a
Rapper so smooth and swift with the gift of gab
To grab the mic, cause I'm sorta like
Vincent price, but you never been so nice
So back up off me, I'm seperatin men from mice
Kickin ass in every committee, city to city
Until both shoes are city
The regulator innovator dominator creator of data
Plus an imitator assassinator
Lyrics don't display a too don sweet
Hard as concrete, and always on beat
Steppin to this, you're not allowed
You keep frontin on the stage like you're rockin the crowd
Snatchin the microphone real proud
But your rhymes are so booty you should write em on white cloud
So next up down the line, scrap lover[scrap lover]
Aiy-aiy-yo, the microphone's mine
But I prefer peace, so the road'll get rough when
A toy mc, gets the heart to pull a bluff and
There's no laughter, cause the one that I'm after
Is smashed, for that reason you have to
Make sure each and every lyric is harmless
Cause if not, you won't be able to calm this
Brother from brooklyn, made to fit a groove
And prepared for the unexpected, to make a move
So put up your girl, and let's see who's in trouble troop
And if you got a sister, then make it a double scoop
The capital s the c, the r-a-p
Stands for me, cause I'm the

Only mc with an original rap style
You disagree, you get put on the scrap pile
So stay off the set, with george and jet-son
You never seen a dancer who rapped well you met one
Now spin the wheel of fortunes or be wise and stay back
Co-host my show, like pat and don't sa-jak shit
Or get ate like oats and barley
Save your sweat for keith, and the beef for charlie
So next up, goin down the line, scoob lover[scoob lover]
Yo, the microphone's mine
It's the s y'all, to the c y'all, double-o b y'all
Well God damn it's me y'all
Jump back, kiss myself, I'm so fly
Sip a brew or two, cause yo, I don't get high
I might wave hi..
.. at a pretty young girl that walk by
But yo, you all that, you can't stop?
A-with the weave in your head like a mop?
You must know karate, cause your face look chopped
Now back to the subject of the matter
I eat a lot of food, but I won't get fatter
Let me see I'm slim, my hair is well trimmed
And when I'm low-key I throw on a brim
But I'm not conceited, when hangin out I need it
For when trouble comes then I never have to meet it
I'm intellectually spoken, I'm not jokin
What are you, smokin?
You be hopin wishin and prayin
To be like scoob but what are you sayin?
Well it takes style, charisma, class
Fuck up on the lover, and I bust your ass
So next up, movin down the line
Mister cee[mister cee]
Yo, the microphone's mine
Mission, to make dj's feel the wrath
So here's a paragraph, written on behalf
Of the ruler, dictator, dj ambassador
Makin a massacre, you couldn't last through a
Round of combat, where my left arm's at
My mouth with the mic in my hand, when I attack
I shake and bake or fake a snake
Take em and make em ache and flake, I break like an earthquake
When I erupt, mc's I corrupt, to be blunt
I'ma tear shit up
So next up goin down the line

The little daddy shane[little daddy shane]
The mic is all mine
Mc's crawl by when they see this tall guy
Six foot three huh, nobody's small fry
The little d-a double-d y
The s-h-a-n-e, yes it's me
You better believe there's no comp and I'm certain
So if you try to battle me, then it's cur-tains
I'm no joke, the wrong one to provoke
One false move and kerrrrrr-roak!
So take it easy and slide on greasy
Cause I'm more rougher than hair when it's peasy
I'm more rougher than steak when it's raw
So keep that in mind, mon cherie amore
Cause I'm a lover you find quite young
And brooklyn new york, is where I'm from
So keep it on and you don't quit
That supercalafragilisticexpalidopeshit
So next up down the line, ant live[ant live]
Yo, the microphone's mine
Yeah I took it, I ain't gonna give it back
And it's a fact that I can swing, I'm not a new jack
Got the mic in a chokehold, you won't hear a peep
Then I put it to sleep
I see a lot of brothers got raisins in the place
Not al pacino, I don't need a scarface
But I know, if some shit goes down
I'll turn the whole new york into bucktown
A 'face ain't real scar'red, cause I real hard
And I ain't no bullshit bodyguard
Walk the streets to new york and stay alive
All I need is my loaded four-five
And sweet and deadly like a killer beehive
And I can stalk in fort greene park and survive..
And my name is ant live[big daddy kane]
Now that's what I'm talkin bout
That's exactly what I'm talkin bout
Put your weight on it fellas
Anyway you can get back to work now
Get back to your God damn jobs
And we outta here, love peace and hairgrease

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