The Beef Is On

Big Daddy Kane

It's hell up in Harlem, my main man just caught a bad one
Wetted by a magnum when he didn't have none
That goes to show you, that even when you're respected
Brothers'll still try ya if they think you're butt-nakedSo I went uptown to get the low-down
To see who made the whole thing go down
Word on the streets had it
Some kids from the Bronx with automatics, came to start staticSome new jacks at the game tryin' to get a name
Had a point to prove wrong move
So I can't wait to get 'em all straight
It's a big payback when I retaliateSteam, I gotta let it off
And I can't wait to set it off
To revenge my main man that's gone
And as sure as my name is Kane, word is bondThe beef is on
(Once again it's on)
You got beef
(Once again it's on)
You got beef, you better save it for the muthafuckin' meat marketIt's time to show them how to get hard
Callin' a hit squad and pull all these clown's ciddard
For tryin' to friddont and fiddake the middood
But when I get rid dude, awesome dudeSo I took a little trip to Brooklyn
'Bed-stuy Do-Or-Die' is where I was lookin'
For my boys from Roosevelt, Albany and Marcy
Plus, I got a posse over in CanarsieI'm talkin about ill brothers that don't play
They sit around watchin' Scarface all day
So here we go, headed up to they scene
Twenty deep in a van like the A-TeamWe rolled up to see what this joint's about
When one of my boys in the van just pointed em out
So without delay we reacted
And started shootin' like it was target practiceWhen they saw that we wasn't messin' around
One tried to run, so I had to chase him down
I caught the kid by the corner store deli
Kicked him in the belly like I was Jeff KelleyI did his jugular vein, something violent
Came back to see my crew made the rest silent
We sent fifteen bodies to Trapper John
'Cos the beef was on(Once again it's on)
You got beef
(Once again it's on)
You got beef, you better save it for the muthafuckin' meat marketI don't happen to trust people
I sort of figured if you thought I was weak

You'd mop the street up with me
And I got to kill a lot more of your people
To put you in your place
(You send your boys in, I send 'em back in a paper bag)Many screamed about a homicide
But when I came to shut em down, all the drama died
I plead insanity when I got a jam with me
And we roll like the Corleone familyI bring the boys that'll bring the noise
In the aftermath everything's destroyed
Like a crew of barbarians
And brothers that want beef, I make em vegetariansSo don't even front and try to put it as if you're ruff
'Cos soon as I see ya, best believe I'ma call your bluff
And everyone else that tried to press up on me tough
Have fallen and they can't get upMy game is a ill one 'cos I'm a real one
Lorda mercy 'nuff controversy
A gangster, a khan, a pimp and a don
Waitin' for the beef to be on

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