Prelude

Big Daddy Kane

[big daddy kane]
Huh, huh, huh
Mister cee, are you wit me, uhh
Mister cee, are you wit me, dig itGangster or prankster, define yourself, huh
And put that rough talk on the shelf
You talk all that robbery shit, but it's lame
You wouldn't steal first base at a baseball game
Never sold drugs, you never was a thug
But you're talking ying-yang like as if you're in a gang
I mean for goodness sake
The only beef you ever had was a sirloin steak
You wanna question me and all the words I say
Well, you can bring the noise any fuckin day
I rock a rugged-a-ruff rhyme to besiege ya
And if I see you at a party, put up your dickbeaters
By time I get through wreckin your jaw
You be callin patti labelle and barry white hardcore
Why should I give up for gangster contrast
When I can rap about gettin some ass
To prove that I'm a gangster only brings me trouble
But the proof that I'm a lover * sound of a zipper *
It's that easy but still you insist (yeah)
That I do this (what?)

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