

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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