Git Bizzy

Big Daddy Kane

Set it off Kane (go, go) get busy (go, go)
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Set it off Kane (go, go) get busy (go, go)
Set it off Kane (go, go) get busy (go, go)Who's that smooth fellow flowin to this tune?The fact is, I never left
'Cause I'm everlastin and my rhymes keep blastin
Soon as I pick up the pen and relate it to paper
That's the beginning
And for you Filthy McNasty MC's, that's the ending
'Cause when I grab the microphone just like a gun
You know them doo-run-run-run, them doo-run-run
Heh, I'm not your ordinary lyricist
No one'll compare at this, as far as raps, pssh,
I'm takin care of this
I work the stage like a slavehand
And keep the girls screamin just like Captain Caveman
I did shows at the same arena that held Ike and Tina
And the Chi-Lites, song have you seein her
Puttin me on after Jennifer Holiday, ain't no thing
Because I still come off, after the fat lady singsSet it off Kane, get busy
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Set it off Kane, get busyHere we go, Shalamar style
That means the Second Time Around so pump the sound
As I progress to bless the mic and strike the stage
Enraged arouse the crowd to jump and pump their fists
And twist their waists with grace and clap and snap
And move and groove cause I'm still, so, smooth
If you compare the Big Daddy to a Caddy
I'd be an Allante, suave as Belafonte
Interplanetary and extraordinary (hmm, what about poetic?)
Mmm, very!
I'm even heard it said that I was the ultimate
Well maybe just a little bit
And competition I'll explain to them
That this don't even pertain to them
To try to flow like this will crack your cranium

So to the rear and let the Prince of Darkness spark this
Like a vampire, bloodthirsty, uhh, have mercySet it off Kane, get busy
Set it off Kane, get busy
Set it off Kane, get busy
Set it off Kane, get busyAs we enter into the third half, for this paragraph
I want to take all of the people that's leaping along with this tune
To another plateau they never been too -- as I continue
With somethin funky to get into
Give me a James Brown, Funkadelic, or Prince beat
And watch me turn the microphone to minced meat
I tear the roof off the mother as soon as my lips pucker
'Cause I'm a bad motherSet it off Kane, get busy
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Set it off Kane, get busy
Set it off Kane, get busySet it off Kane, get busy
Set it off Kane, get busy
Set it off Kane, get busy
Set it off Kane, get busyI'm a bad man!

Songwriters
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