Terra n Ya Era

Big Daddy Kane

You looking in the mouth of madness, skilled out since I had this
I'm talking bout nothing but pure d badness
My acceleration is compatible to a bima
My pockets looking greener, from the funky cold medina
Don't tell me bout the things that you done did cause I done did it
Don't tell me bout the skins that you done hit, cause I done hit it
And once I rock these, with a style that's cock deis
Good god, I get the crowd together like knock knees
Now, I don't act hard, I just mack hard
Baggin' video looking honeys with the big back yard
Yes lord, girls I'm gamin' leaving the microphone flamin'
Throwing up hip-hop signs cause that's the set that I be claimin'
Guerilla war fares for those who love to pull your card
Grimies from fort green to malcolm x boulevard
Now, if that's what you're hoping then it's the wrong things you're scopin'
I may not rap bout slittin no throats but trust me kid I'll get you openVerse 2
Here comes a taste of the rawness, like you never saw this
Once I grip the cordless, my victory is flawless
Chaos and havoc, lyrically psychopathic
At times get pornographic, lord man I gots to have it
Then I commit to hit you with this composite that's ultimate
Too legit splendid come get wit' it for your comfort
But then sloppily, rappers try to copy me
Take pieces of my property, and use it all unproperly
And probably, been focusing a while to copy my style
But child what I'll compile is too versatile
I'm too superior, it's sort of like comparing a
Spanking new desert eagle to a rusty little derringer
But skip the tool, let's try to deal here with the jewel
That I'm droppin on you, now let me take you all to school
You see, to graduate in hip-hop you must be smart
And no you don't have to know how to paint to make your rhymes a form of art
Poetry and literature is what makes this english fanatic
Now dig this, I drop science but still deal with mathematics
And since I don't be dealing with what's considered a mystery
I learned the dead presidents to pass american history
Got my degree in rapology
Hip-hop had to set me free, look mom, a real emcee
So you want yours now, well don't get caught with your drawers down

Cause word life, this industry is half corrupt just like the dogg poundVerse 3
Rap godfather
Oh goodness gracious, you better make it spacious
For the vivacious, ostentatious, who feel courageous?
I put it on them using my tongue as a sword
But at times get broader than broad for those who insist to get floored
Whatever it takes to see your nerve gone, and word born
Black caesar gonna get his swerve on
My name should be referred to in medical terms
Cause I get way up in the cut and I'm talking way worse than germs
You like to chase it playin catch like tom & jerry
But on the contrary, I'd rather sip the dom peri
Lay back in harmony, because it's so bizarre to see
That all the hard core rappers are slowly turning r&b
Well pardon me, you contradict yo'self, I see you not perfect yo'self
You like that type music yo'self, stick yo'self
What happened to black men of pride 'nuff men have died
Nowadays what's been applied, in hip-hop is genocide
That's when the rappers go get the clappers
Can't you see they trying to strap us just to trap us, good God it's backwards
One nation under a groove, that's how we move
It's time to teach the youth get it together show and prove
Me no run with the gun or speak of none for action
When you get done scream I'm the one, it looks like an illusion
I deal with equality so never call my brethren son
Yes mon, me got mad flava just like jerk chicken

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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