

# Big Daddy Kane, Death Sentence

I break out in a cold sweat, rip up the whole set  
I'm about as bad as you can get  
Comin' from Bed-Stuy, that's where they do or die  
Forget about the lions and tigers and bears, oh my  
It's not a fairy tale, a myth, it's a musical uplift  
and I'm the wrong one to mess with  
I roll on rappers like a Cherokee, bake 'em up merrily  
just like the cooks at Sara Lee  
Erase, replace, disgrace, and chase, unlace your face  
and place a neck brace, about-face  
And get to steppin', because my lethal weapon  
is blowin' too fast, while you're slow as Catherine Hepburn  
What you need is a little more speed, style and flavor  
but it still wouldn't save ya  
So to the rear, step off and let the man flex  
cuz I can hang tighter to the groove than spandex  
I snatch the mic with grace, always with a plan  
and Cee'll cut the record up like Edward Scissorhands  
Rock the soul shack, I can't hold back  
Four years standin' and I still got the knack  
Cuz I remember when I first did it  
the comments that were goin' around from the next critic  
Like "Yeah, he sound alright, but still will he hold?"  
And now my black ass is still here like Billy Joel  
One hip-hopper that don't have to sound proper  
My broken English you can still distinguish  
And I don't have no image or no gimmicks  
and I don't have no bounds or no limits  
The Kane'll keep goin', and growin', and flowin'  
and showin' any MC, I got the best finesse to manifest  
Cuz I pull cards like some type of retard  
Hittin' MCs hard, and any other Rascals  
I'm the predator to any competitor  
Scorchin' and damagin' and stompin' et cetera  
And any MC that tries to test me  
I'm swellin' up his jaws more than Dizzy Gillespie  
Crushin' all dreams you thought were possible  
I turn into nightmares you have in the hospital  
I couldn't count the rappers I be servin'  
If defeat was sex, huh, I'd be a virgin  
My match ain't been found, movin' around, breakin' 'em down  
where the ground, never the clown, how that sound?  
Don't get gassed, cuz boy you won't last  
so take your crippled rhymes and put 'em in a cast  
You're too pathetic, bring in a paramedic  
to heal your sick rhymes, cuz man, you ain't poetic  
You're just a cheap little hooker and I gotta overlook a  
MC that's wack, ya little bogger  
And stand clear of the mic that I'm rippin'  
as I'm.....???  
And get your jury and a good defendant  
cuz I'm servin' a death sentence...