

Big Daddy Kane, Live Freestyle 95

[kane] □ where's 2pac and biggie smalls? ?

crowd goes nuts

[scoob] yeah, ahhhhhhhhhhhh-ight? (yeah!)

[scoob] keep it goin!

[kane] □ mister cee..

Yo scoob, you set it off and let's get down for the crown

[scoob] □ let the place.. rock.. that ill shit

[big] □ one two.. one two.. one two..

[scoob] □ brooklyn.. jfk, all my niggaz, richie, matt

Ready to get wreck, ahhhhhhhh-ight? uh! uh!

Awwwwwwwwwwww shit!

[kane] □ go scoob!

[scoob]

Check it, check it, check it, check it

This here for the motherf**kin record

Here we here we here we go, here we here we go

Can I can I can I kick a motherf**kin flow

Chitty chitty bang bang, I chitty bang bang

Motherf**kin niggaz can't hang

Well oh no, look at the cloud, it's gonna rain

But I don't give a f**k I'm lettin niggaz know they can't hang

Don't give me no lip, don't give me no backtalk, yeah break north

Don't make me get my gun and blow your motherf**kin head off

Once again, niggaz know my style, God dammit

Unless it's on the cut so give me the mic and watch me slam it

Hard like shaquille, oh you better kneel

When you see me comin, big scoob got em runnin

Sex when I flex I catch wreck on the world tour

With dough in my pockets big like the biscuits, in cb4

Set up a contest, I'm comin, I'm takin the dough

They wouldn't pick you even if you had a afro

So don't try me, you better walk by me

I'll do you like the first part in menace ii society

Like cypress hill, yo, I'm insane

I'll shoot a hole in your toe

I'll make you jump like the house of pain

Bang biggy bang biggy bang bang

Niggaz can't hang, niggaz can't hang

Bang biggy bang biggy bang bang, motherf**kin niggaz can't hang..

[kane] □ biggie smalls, why don't you come do it?

[notorious b.i.g.]

One two, one two, gonna do it like this

Where brooklyn at, where brooklyn at

Where brooklyn at, where brooklyn at

We gonna do it like this

Anytime you're ready, check it

I got seven mack 11's, about eight 38's

Nine 9's, ten mack tens, the shits never ends

You can't touch my riches

Even if you had mc hammer and them 357 bitches

Biggie smalls; the millionaire, the mansion, the yacht

The two weed spots, the two hot glocks

That's how I got the weed spot

I shot dread in the head, took the bread and the lamb spread

Little gotti got the shotty to your body

So don't resist, or you might miss christmas

I tote guns, I make number runs

I give mc's the runs drippin

When I throw my clip in the ak, I slay from far away

Everybody hit the d-e-c-k

My slow flow's remarkable, peace to matteo
Now we smoke weed like tony montana sniffed the lello
That's crazy blunts, mad l's
My voice excels from the avenue to jail cells
Oh my god, I'm droppin shit like a pigeon
I hope you're listenin, smackin babies at they christening

[tupac]☐motherf**kin biggie smalls!
[kane]☐what you gonna do with it tupac?

[tupac]
Yeah where the motherf**kin thugs at?
Throw your motherf**kin middle finger
We gonna do this shit like this
I thank the lord for my many blessings, never stressin
Keep a vest for protection, from the barrel of a smith & wesson
And all my niggaz in the pen, here we go again
Ain't nuttin separatin us from a mack-10
Born in the ghetto as a hustler, told ya
A straight soldier, buckin at the bustaz
No matter how you try, niggaz never die
We just retaliate with hate, then we multiply
You see me strikin down the block, hittin corners
Mobbin like a motherf**ker, livin like I - wanna
And ain't no stoppin at the red lights, I'm sideways
Thug life motherf**ker crime, pays!
Let the cops put they lights on, chase me nigga
Zig zaggin through the freeway, race me nigga
In a high speed chase with the law
The realest motherf**ker that you ever saw

[kane]☐yeah! come in now man
Now I wanna see what my man shyheim gonna do with it

[shyheim]
Yo, this goes out to everybody from staten island
{*ah mister cee, and you don't stop*}
Yo, times is gettin hard, word is bond, I swear to god
I even got caught tryin to steal from the junkyard
A born terror, a rebel without a pause
I never had a good christmas, so who is santa claus?
I walk the streets at night with my head down
In this lil town you see clowns that wanna be down
So they get a glock and lick shots to get props
And when shit rocks all you can hear when the shells drop
An old man got shot in the parkin lot
In front of my buildin I hang with his grandchildren
And for the nigga that pulled the trigga then tried to slide
And hide, but he got knocked by the homicide
And this happens everyday around my way
So I pray that I can live another day

[kane]☐this how we gonna do it, hold up cee, aiiyyo, let's try this
[shy]☐staten island in the motherf**kin house
Whassup wu-tang clan in here or what?

[kane]
Hold up cee..

Now what's the bullshit niggaz been saying
Dont try to act like martin now with that "i was just playin!"
No need to grieve now on, now that the beef is on
Uhh!! oh yeah motherf**ker, your teeth is gone

Just cause you rap don't meant that you're catchin wreck with me
Step to this I'll give your mic a vasectomy
I only know one nigga that can come next to me
No, that's a tattle, cause I can't count my own shadow
A battle, I gots to have it, 'lest you're gonna rob me
Like they did, whittaker when he fought chavez
Cause when it comes to goin against kane rappin
That's like a pimp trying to pull a nun, ain't nuttin happenin
Non resistable, non compatible
I'm not saying I'm the best, I'm just saying I'm f**kin incredible
And let's just get one more thing understood
If I fart on a record, trust me nigga, that shit gon' sound good