Big Daddy Kane, Live Freestyle 95

[kane] □where's 2pac and biggie smalls? ? *crowd goes nuts* [scoob] yeah, ahhhhhhhhhhhhight? (yeah!) [scoob] keep it goin! [kane] □mister cee.. Yo scoob, you set it off and let's get down for the crown [scoob] □ et the place.. rock.. that ill shit [big] □ one two.. one two.. [scoob] □ brooklyn.. jfk, all my niggaz, richie, matt Ready to get wreck, ahhhhhhhh-iight? uhhh! Awwwwwwwwww 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 millionare, 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 llello That's crazy blunts, mad I'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 & amp; 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, aiyyo, 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