

# Big Daddy Kane, Mr. Pitiful

[Big Daddy Kane]

Mmm.. mmm, yeah

Oh I like this

I wanna tell this story

A little story about umm..

.. a brother who you would think has everything goin for himself

But apparently for some reason he just ain't happenin

I call this brother Mr. Pitiful

I wanna tell you somethin about him, check it out

The story begins in 1984

when I met the BizMarkie out in front of the store

He used to tell me all the time, "Yo your lyrics is hype

We got to get together and make a record of some type"

I said, "Man, the hype behind Run-D.M.C. and Cool J

What the fuck makes you think they're gonna give us a play?"

We did a few shows together, freestylin on stage

Manhattan and Long Island, for Mike and Dave

After that, I was convinced we can do it

until my man Biz jetted and came out with "Make the Music.."

From right there, I said, "Man, this shit is real

Look at Biz in the new leather and a pair of spot bills"

I got to give it to you Dukes, I was wrong

Well you out there now, so put my black ass on

and sure enough, huh, in about a year's time

I was R-A-W, goin for mine

Droppin jams that slammed on every radio program

And bam, GOD DAMN, look where I am

The first album, \_Long Live the Kane\_, it sold

about umm.. AWW FUKKIT it went gold

The money was comin in, yes I had done em in

It wasn't quite hard for me to find a woman then

Cause I was in demand for lots of fans

A sexy chocolate guy in the public eye

I bought myself a condo out in Queens

A plush white Volvo and drove off the scene

But I remained the same since I moved out

for instance - drinkin Olde E and Guinness Stout

And also, hangin out with the troops

Most of all, takin care of Ma Dukes

Then all of a sudden things started to change

And many old friends started actin strange

Behind my back, sayin I'm soft and a sucker

Some even said, "Yo let's rob the motherfucker"

And family members askin for my papers

But Biz set them straight, by makin "The Vapors"

Girls cryin pregnant, to get some of my green

I'm like, "What the fuck is this? Billie Jean?"

People harassin me, steadily askin me

dis or dat, some even had the audacity

to say that I only liked light-skinned women

Tchk, huh, are you kiddin?

Cause I love everyone

and I never act prejudiced to none

But for some reason people make my lifestyle so critical

That's why they call me Mr. Pitiful

A few people know what I'm sayin

Hmm, to the Little Daddy Shane, you know what I mean

and to my man Cool V, you know what I mean

To T.J. Swan, you know what I mean

and to Scoob and Scrap, you know what I mean

To Rob Base and E.Z. Rock, you know what I mean

The Magnum Force, you know what I mean

And to the playboys, you know what I mean  
To Shemp Shawn, you know what I mean  
and the F.M.C., you know what I mean  
Can't forget Miv, you know what I mean  
Godfather D, you know what I mean  
My man Doug E. Fresh, you know what I mean  
and the fifty dollar crew from Canada know what I mean  
But most of all I can't forget my man Biz-Mar-KIE  
And may I send this to A.J. Quest, Rest In Peace ??