

Big Daddy Kane, Another Victory

Verse 1:

Here comes the conquering brother that fathoms and never ceases.
Violators pick up the pieces (uh)
That are left behind as you're left to find
The fury of the five fingers of death are mine,
Rippin' on the microphone, receitin' poem,
Givin' competition a Big Daddy syndrome.
Some step up, (mmm) none kept up (mmm).
They rap a brief moment and then shut up.
Lips are sealed because all of this is real.
I'm not about frontin', I tell the real deal of society (what);
So how we livin,
Like a turkey on Thanksgiving or like Robin Gibbons?
Not to offend,
I just want you to comprehend every message I send (tell 'em),
'Cause I don't understand, I have to wonder, damn,
How could this lifestyle be fun to man,
To see a brother gettin' paid undercover,
Sellin' drugs to one another,
'Cause all the glamour you get is miscillaneous
And all the product you sell is real dangerous
Like um, um, let's say, un, poison,
Destruction to all your own boys and girls who like to buy and give it a try,
Admire and can't deny the high, that's why they soon die.
These are the games that a fool would play today
For our own kind to decay.
No sign of brotherly love,
Just scavengers in search of.....

Chorus:

Another victory (cut and scratched)

Verse 2:

When I'm ridin' in my Volvo, cops harass me.
They never ride past me, they hound me like Lassie,
Wantin' to give me a summons or a ticket.
Huh, I got a place for them to stick it (kick it).
They can't understand to see a black man
Drivin' a car that costs 25 grand.
The first thing they say is "Where'd you steal her?"
And then they assume that I'm a drug dealer.
Huh, that just makes me wanna laugh,
'Cause now I'm a star and your son got my autograph,
So all the cops on the highway gettin' me,
My name ain't Kieth, so could you please stop Sweatn' me
So I can flow and go on, so on and so on
To all the jams Cee throw on.
Reachin' a summit as you learn from it,
A lesson taught from yours truly, so here cometh
The royal majesty, others have to be
Fully prepared, though they still won't last with me,
So when you hope to hang or even handle,
I'll show the meaning of power and just cancel (period).
Out of order, conquer and slaughter,
You're comin' up shorter, boy, you'll need more to
Compete 'cause the heat is deep in concrete,
Defeat, bring up the fleet, flee 'fore we meet
Or stay away, puttin' new rhymes on layaway.
Then come get this when you're ready for business
'Cause aaaaah yeah, I'm with this (I'm ready).
Yo, Mister Cee, what is this?

(Repeat chorus)

Verse 3:

MC's and enemies I freeze at 32 degrees
Because they can't drop rhymes like these.
Competition never saw none done,
So pay attention as I mention the 411.
Just the other day, I heard a brother say,
"Taxi cabs don't even come my way.
They all be afraid they won't get paid
So they zoom right past and pick up a lighter shade,
And if they stop, the first thing they want,
No more than two people and the money up-front,
Treatin' me like I'm some type of thug.
It might sound bugged but they don't wanna get mugged."
Who's in the right or wrong? It's time to unite along
The righteous with a walk in success and be strong.
Instead of lookin' for someone to beef with,
A brother like the Big Daddy Kane is peace with
Rappers of today like (Kid'N'Play),
Hey, even my man L.L. Cool J,
(Stetsasonic) and EPMD,
Public Enemy and (BDP),
Salt 'N' Pepa 'cause we can't sever never,
Wheither, whatever, we better stand together.
That means unite, not fightin' or fussin' or cussin'.
Save all the base for the pipe and start lovin'
One another 'cause separation is a flaw,
So endure for more and stop lookin'; for....

(Repeat chorus 'till end)