

Big Daddy Kane, It's Hard Being The Kane

Uhh! Put your weight on it
Uhh, and uh, Prince Paul, bring me on and uh
Aiiyo Botch, bring me on and uh
Mad Money Murph just bring me on and uh
Just bring me on, yo

This is a world premier and I'm here
A presentation beyond compare
So MC's step to the rear as I break through
Girls say ooh and then skip to my loo
That means dance as I get smooth with
Poetic perfection that you can groove with
Just like a passenger, hurry and fasten your seatbelt
cause I'm about to start broadcastin
the words of wisdom, so turn up the system
loud and clear, I don't want no one to miss one
word to be heard never blurred or slurred
The preferred is absurd, all the damage that's occurred
As I break MC's like a lumberjack
Ain't no comin back, you can't get none of that
I'm not the type of MC to be merciful
So if your name ain't Jermaine take it personal
Cause like a vigilante I'm gonna kill off any
sucker MC that tries to withstand me
With the mic in my hand I start flowin then
all competition flee and start goin in
the other direction, run for protection
Cause I can burn an MC like an erection
You're too small kid, don't get involved with
the verbal law for the Nation of Islam
Wisdom I speak makes your head nod
Showin I got the power, and that's from bein born the God
But many doubt my Knowledge of Self
But they're just illiterate, so I don't consider it
Feedin off poison that's pollutin their mind
and that's the reason I don't swine
I gotta maintain, accelerate my brain
and god damn, it's hard being the Kane

Give it to me! C'mon!
C'mon! Uhh!
Give it to me! Give it here!
Give it to me! Yeah..

This is the proper way man should use ink
But you're at your brink and your rhymes are extinct
Just like a dinosaur, but you never find a more
cause mine'll keep sellin on wax like some kind of whore
Let me inject this, flow of electric currency
for all the party people preferrin me
and spectatin like a tourist, cause you never
saw this style of rap kickin like Chuck Norris
But this ain't Kung-Fu, no I just brung you
a style, that phony MC's were too young to
digest, when I manifest, you adolescent
So sit back, relax, be glad you had a lesson
And this one's for your listenin pleasure
Somethin for all the bitin MC's to treasure
Just like a diary, for you to admire me
before you're put in the Dead Poet's Society
Cool as a draft, droppin math in a paragraph
I laugh as the wrath break in half, your whole staff
But many MC's were able to retreat
Runnin like an athlete, but I got bad feet

So I don't chase ya, nor do I wait to face ya
Nah it ain't in my nature
I just rip shop, flip-top, and watch MC's get dropped
as I manifest in hip-hop
Rhymes I construct are tough like a Tonka truck
And just like lightnin they struck
down on all the toy MC's that annoy
That's how I build and destroy
The poetic printer, rough rhyme inventor
with a groove so smooth you can't help but get into
So I'm advisin competition to flee
cause I can bake an MC like Chef Boyardee
Holdin my own on the microphone
Cause I break bones just like sticks and stones
So let it rain let it rain as I put em in pain
God damn, it's hard bein the Kane!

Give it to me! Get up!
Come on! Uhh!
Give it to me! Come on!
Give it to me! Yeahhh

Put in a pause, because here's the holocaust
Above all laws, in effect and all yours
Cause I came to blaze a taste of bass of grace
A replace, erase the waste without a trace
My vocabulary will just have you very
dazed and amazed so I fear no adversary --
that means competition
They can't even touch this, even with ammunition
Break out the gauge and go into an outrage
and I'ma still blow up the stage
Cause this is a death threat, but don't let your sweat get
in the way of your vision don't be missin when I get set
to go on a rampage, start a one man rage
Total destruction as I rip up the damn stage
And leave it in ruins from the damage that I'm doin
to prepare the atmosphere, as I put you in
the mood for the Smooth Operator to start this flow
And so..
I crushed and crushed and stomped the comp that tried
to get fly and face the ace I put em in place
Proceed em, retreat em, defeat em, delete em, and feed em, and eat em
and all the rest of that good stuff, cause I don't need em
Only one survivor can remain
And god damn, it's got to be the Kane!

Get up! Give it to me!
Give it here! C'mon!
C'mon! Give it to me!
Uhh! Put your weight on it