

Big Daddy Kane, Let Yourself Go

Somebody tell me who's that, what's that
It's the man with the silk drawers stuck up his buttcrack
Don't even front and try to ask who is this
cause my name rings more bells than a Jehovah Witness
Stronger than Listerine, moppin up rappers like Mr. Clean
Oh Lord, the Kane just hit the scene
Booyaka bo buck, rappers have no luck
Cause when I come through, I'm catchin wreck, like a tow truck
Cause ain't no way in the world the Kane could ever, fade
I'm stayin on top of this thing, in order for me to get, paid
And anyone comin to me for a battle is gettin, slayed
Whenever it comes to the lyrics I'm rappin I got it, made
So back up off me, cause yo' rap
have no hap' so slow dat and act like you know dat
Cause you can dream about bein this up to par
But not even Johnny Mathis can tell you what your chances are
Competition I'll drill em, and definitely outskill em
To make the long story short, I kill em
Cause I face em like Jason, bizarre
And when I come through, it's like tchk tchk ahh