

# 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