

Big Daddy Kane, Mortal Combat

The kiss of death on a rap pick
Then you get a slap quick, so guard it with Chapstick
In other words, protect and hold your own
It only takes one punch to get head flown
Fists of fury, suckers get buried
Cause the Kane got more spice than curry
I am the flavor down on paper
And nothing could save ya, from catchin the vapors
Rhymes that'll sting your face like a quick jab
And I'm rubbin em in just like Vicks say I'm
captivatin, dominatin, innovatin, illustratin, fascinatin
Motivatin, elevatin, terminatin, mutilatin
Rhymes they're worth their weight in
gold, bold, never sold to a bidder
That claim to glitter, you're so bitter like kitty litter
As for damage, don't tell me what another do
Cause I quote that I'm R-A-W
So make room, cause fighters are doomed
Try to consume, and make your own tune
A grave from a casket, a tisket a tasket
You're rhymes out of basket, boy you get your ass kicked
For frontin like you hittin hard
when your arms are too short, to box with God
So don't even touch cause I come with too much
Address and bless any mic that I clutch
And for a rapper to challenge my freestyle
He must be senile, and that's why meanwhile
back at the ranch...
There goes the asiatic chosen one that's expandin with a new branch
So many slept on the nonchalant act
Now wake up sucker this is mortal combat