

Big Daddy Kane, Stop Shammin'

One-fifty-eight Lewis Avenue
between Lafayette and Van Buren, that was back during
the days of hangin on my Bed-Stuy block
with Spence and Mitch, followin my cousin Murdoch
All the brothers were real, goin for what they feel
By the way, peace to my man Sha and Big Neal
Now in ninety-three I'm still bein me
You think my 'fridgerator ain't full of Olde E? Huh
A lot of times I get fly with a suit and a tie
Yeah I went from rags to riches but I still rock the saggy britches
And I don't try to act brand new
Eatin escargots and usin words like "rendezvous";
The ghetto life I've seen a lot overcome
make a little money and then forget where they came from
Livin a plastic lifestyle, you're more false than dentures
Don't make me pull your file -- stop shammin!