

# Big Daddy Kane, The Beef Is On

It's hell up in Harlem, my main man just caught a bad one  
Wetted by a magnum when he didn't have none  
That goes to show you that even when you're respected  
Brothers'll still try ya if they think you're butt-naked  
So i went uptown to get the low-down  
To see who made the whole thing go down  
Word on the streets had it  
Some kids from the Bronx with automatics  
Came to start static  
Some new jacks at the game  
Tryin to get a name  
Had a point to prove  
Wrong move  
So I can't wait to get em all straight  
It's a big payback when I retaliate  
Steam, I gotta let it off  
And I can't wait to set it off  
To revenge my main man that's gone  
And as sure as my name is Kane, word is bond  
The beef is on

(Once again it's on)  
(You got beef)  
(Once again it's on)  
(You got beef you better save it for the muthafuckin meat market)

It's time to show them how to get hard  
Callin a hit squad and pull all these clown's ciddard  
For tryin to friddont and fiddake the middood  
But when I get riddude - awesome dude  
So I took a little trip to Brooklyn  
Bedstuy Do-Or-Die is where i was lookin  
For my boys from Roosevelt, Albany and Marcy  
Plus I got a posse over in Canarsie  
I'm talkin about ill brothers that don't play  
They sit around watchin 'Scarface' all day  
So here we go, headed up to they scene  
Twenty deep in a van like the A-Team  
We rolled up to see what this joint's about  
When one of my boys in the van just pointed em out  
So without delay we reacted  
And started shootin like it was target practice  
When they saw that we wasn't messin around  
One tried to run, so I had to chase him down  
I caught the kid by the corner store deli  
Kicked him in the belly like I was Jeff Kelley  
I did his jugular vein something violent  
Came back to see my crew made the rest silent  
We sent fifteen bodies to Trapper John  
Cos the beef was on

(Once again it's on)  
(You got beef)  
(Once again it's on)  
(You got beef you better save it for the muthafuckin meat market)

(I don't happen to trust people  
I sort of figured if you thought I was weak  
You'd mop the street up with me  
And I got to kill a lot more of your people  
To put you in your place)

(You send your boys in I send em back in a paperbag)

Many screamed about a homicide  
But when I came to shut em down all the drama died  
I plead insanity when I got a jam with me  
And we roll like the Corleone family  
I bring the boys that'll bring the noise  
In the aftermath everything's destroyed  
Like a crew of barbarians  
And brothers that want beef, I make em vegetarians  
So don't even front and try to put it as if you're ruff  
Cos soon as I see ya, best believe i'ma call your bluff  
And everyone else that tried to press up on me tuff  
Have fallen and they can't get up  
My game is a ill one  
Cos i'm a real one  
Lorda mercy  
Nuff controversy  
A gangster, a khan  
A pimp and a don  
Waitin for the beef to be on