

# Big Daddy Kane, Uncut, Pure (Original And Remi

See the crowd in an uproar acting unstable  
Here comes Dark Gable raps remarkable  
Mic ripper, cash flipper, Cristal sipper  
Derrie're batalliere that's French for ass whipper  
Long time putting work in this, to be tremendous  
If I'm not the best then I'm a damn striking resemblance  
I roll the dice on the streets that be cold as ice  
And cause great disturbance just like a poltergeist  
I come attacking this enrage to disengage the missing page  
To the newest in age that's hitting stage  
For I be one that knows the art  
To get you up and out your seat, if you was Rosa Parks  
Tell me how much can you take from me the man to make  
Rhymes that's so butter my breath smell like land o lakes  
You know the lick, seen me hit em like a brick  
Plus my posse run thick, not that click from Mario flick  
Beware of one of the best they be  
You wanna test the God I hope you mean a SAT  
Because your poetasterous style it plain bore me  
Pardon the vainglory, but here's the Kane story

## Chorus

Bringing you that uncut pure, knocking at your door  
About to give you more of the raw  
Point yo hands up to the sky

## Verse 2

F\*\*k the chorus  
And let the lyrics sit up in the track like rigamortis  
I spit a few to listen to when this I do it's as if as you  
Was invisible it'll make your life miserable  
Hip-hop icon, keep a grip like a python  
I be that wrong one to get fly on  
Boy you got to get that playa hatin' out you  
That's the other side of the game and I ain't Erykah Badu  
Black Caesar, don't you even reach my way  
You'd sooner find a vital point that's on Priest Pai Mae  
I heat it up to where I pasteurize half the guys  
A fast demise disaster lies as he dies  
Confront one of the best at rhyming  
What I write it be so rough that my ink pen need alignment  
The untouchable, don't want to tempt me  
I come kicking through your door, unlawful entry  
It be me, even though none of y'all want to see me  
For real, damn I know how Jehovah's witness feel  
I remember how I formed it up  
Cause I took what was raw and then I warmed it up  
Turned the fire down to simmer as I calmed it up  
But take a look I think the Kane about to overcook  
Come and get it, but you better come with paramedics  
Cause you couldn't bring it to me if you worked for Fed Ex  
I come cutting through split his gut in two  
I touch em what em do you know the style ain't nothing new

## Chorus

Bringing you that uncut pure, knocking at your door  
About to give you more of the raw  
Point yo' hands up to the sky, high  
Get on down baby we keep it live  
Repeat

## Verse 3

A good game it lets the plot thicken,  
but the thing that just ain't clickin'

Is the way y'all legalize trickin'  
You talk about your ride and you don't even got one  
But I can pull a hot one, when inside of a Datsun  
The wicked in the bed, plus the wicked in the head  
When I shoot the game, it's like my tongue got infra red  
Let the Messiah take you higher as I supply ya' what you require  
Desire and admire it entire  
Sudden impact as I'm guttin' em black  
Closest thing to me would be; nothin' in fact  
I come with more in skill, to always score and kill  
Females adore and thrill, sweeter thang than Lauryn Hill  
As I return with a vengeance, here comes the day of independence  
Approach them all with some bad intentions  
In other words I'm making them resign, diminish mine  
Runnin' through them like a finish line

Chorus