

# Big Daddy Kane, Unda Presha

Somebody get the God Kane, I know he'll back you up  
Kick a rhyme spectacular, I think the Nigga think he Blackula  
I seen somebody trying to get him with sunlight  
Somehow it wasn't done right, then he just laced him with one bite  
Go for the jugular vein, that's my new thing  
How did you do it with two fangs, think they were gold like Wu-tang  
Your luck has been changed, you're left stricken with pain  
Well good for your ass kid, that's what you get for fucking with Kane.  
I creep on MC's like po' nine and take rhymes the whole nine  
to dig in you rappers like a coalmine  
Now look what I dug me, somebody better turn me off or try to unplug me  
Ooh it's starting to get ugly  
Don't miss this, hold on with a clenched fist  
As I tongue the microphone down just like a French kiss.  
Relentless with lyrics that be brutal, hip-hop I stay true to  
Put it on you like voodoo

## Chorus

Unda presha, niggas unfold and felt the heat  
Possessed with the Brooklyn techniques we freak  
Ay yo Kane, hit us off with that shit one time  
They can't believe it, infatuated hardcore rhymes

## Verse 2

When you diggin' out your girl from behind, you're gonna find  
The reason that her eyes are closed, Black Caesar's on her mind  
Your royal smoothness, honeys out there know how it goes  
Even Cabeza de pollos that habla Espal  
Dig this now, run for your life to get away but none do  
Even if you escape just tell me who can you run to  
Test the, stupendous, tell me what was you to gain  
Internal bleeding, due to Kane  
Boom bow bow, ooh, the pain  
Nobody's equal, keep it lethal, and diesel, to see to the people  
And reach your cerebral cause that's how we do  
The pain gets inflicted, fake MC's get evicted  
Face it, truth of the matter is just that I'm too hard to get with  
Since days of Pro Keds, I shined over mad heads, roll up on you like the Feds  
Rip your whole set to shreds  
A crash or a wreck, because I mash for respect  
Only thing I want to know now, is this cash or a check?

## Chorus

## Verse 3

Ain't no question,  
I'm suffering a bad case of lyrical congestion  
Not the one for testing,  
come mess with and end up with your chest split  
No, not because of cardiac, but because how hard he act.  
I'm recognized as the microphone destroyer  
Competition minds in the state of paranoia  
I said if you're scared, get a dog  
So by tomorrow you'll probably see 20 rappers walking with Rotweilers  
Your gimmick is primitive, and impotent  
You won't win with it so limit it  
before I make your body start to hemorrhage  
Just when you thought that you was burning me  
You found yourself bleeding internally  
Now you heads is I