

# Big Daddy Kane, Warm it up, Kane

Come, get some, you little bum  
I take the cake but you can't get a crumb  
from the poetic, authentic, superior  
Ultimate - and all that good shit  
I'm the original, Asiatic, acrobatic  
There you have it, now get dramatic  
Creatin drama when I'm on the scene  
And I pack em in mean, like Bruce Springsteen  
I profile a style that's mild and meanwhile  
put on trial a rap pile to exile  
Make you tumble and stumble, in a rumble just CRUMBLE  
And I'm still calm and humble  
You need another helpin hand to swing on  
I stand alone, but still you gotta bring on  
your Batman and Robin, Cagney and Lacey  
Starsky and Hutch, but they still can't face me  
And if may make this one thing here clear  
that's for you not to come near, PERIOD  
So I ain't buggin or delirious  
My swift tongue's like a sword, that's how severe it is  
And I can slice and dice a Fisher Price MC  
that thought he was nice into Minute Rice  
Single-handed, I ain't with that band stuff  
Cause Cee'll scratch a record like flakes of dandruff  
And the mic I ravage, not like a savage  
but in my own way of doin damage  
As I design the genuine line  
Now who flattop rules in eighty-nine?  
Warm it up, Kane (16X)  
Take two other men with soul that you probably know  
Deadly as Scarface, but bright as the Cosby show  
Don't attack rappers, but make everyone hush  
They step to me, but can't stop the bumrush  
I make material, rich and imperial  
The unique technique I speak is all original  
You like to sag and drag and gag  
Same old same old, but Poppa's Got a Brand New Bag  
So put the mic down boy, you can't work it  
Due to wack lyrics, it's bout to short circuit  
So toss the sauce across to the boss, no remorse  
You lost, with force, of course, a holocaust  
First I caught ya, then put ya through torture  
You moved wrong my son, so I taught ya  
Just like a guardian, that put your body in  
the mood to groove with the smooove way that I'm partyin  
Competition may find it spectacular  
Scheme and fiend to take a bite like Dracula  
and waste the taste, cause ain't no sugar here  
So come near if you dare, you BOOGA BEAR  
You start hallucinatin like Magic  
The wrath gets tragic, but Kane won't have it  
Cause you tried to juice me when you're bluffin  
Slowed the pace, so I had to start rushin  
So pick a VC date, cause you're history  
Here comes Kane Scoob Scrap Jay and Mister Cee  
And this is one thing to us we ain't new to  
The crew'll cast a spell on the crowd just like voodoo  
I'm the man you can't hold back  
and all competition appears to be weak  
I meant to say wack, a vision of blur  
Just them thinkin I'm competitin, I say, "Huh!"  
Warm it up, Kane (16X)  
Genuine for eighty-nine, you know what I'm sayin?  
As I give a shout out to my man Tony A

Tony P, Sally Sal and the whole Libra Digital posse  
Can't forget my man Yawnski  
and Smooth the Barber, you know what I'm sayin?  
Also, I gotta say whassup to Born True, B-Boy,  
and my man big Jay Cee  
The whole rest of the crew, Scoob Lover my brother  
Scrap Lover, and DJ Mister Cee  
Can't forget Supreme, Abu, MelQuan and Shabazz  
Wally D, and the rest of the brothers  
and of course my little brother the Little Daddy Shane  
Mandatory end of the story, you know what I'm sayin?  
Peace!