

## **Big Daddy Kane "Daddy's Home"**

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Intro: Big Daddy Kane

"You know daddy's home.."  
Yeah baby! Get them sounds up Action  
Alright L.G. baby make the track move one time  
"You know daddy's home.."  
Uh-huh, now dig this here right  
Now I can remember one time I said,  
"It's eighty-eight, time to set em straight right?" (word  
up)  
What we gotta do is see what we got in store for ninety-  
four  
as I continue to give you more  
"You know daddy's home.."  
This is how we gonna try to bring it to you one time  
Uhh, and I go, and I go  
"You know daddy's home.."

[Big Daddy Kane]

Peace peace y'all, don't eat grease y'all, huh  
A Brooklyn nigga representin the East y'all, come  
follow me now  
I get down for my crown with new found wreck  
and bring the noise like I'm comin to soundcheck  
The stage is clear for me to rock it  
So I snatch the mic like a Brooklyn nigga does a pocket  
Clear the throat, to perform the art  
to treat the stage like a movie ticket and rip it apart  
Watch the crowd burst from lyrics that I say  
to make the brothers get ill, and by the way Dukes  
If that's your girl in the corner stay up on her  
cause I've been watchin the morgue, then the Korean  
store owner  
(Whoo!) Mack man number one, you know how I move  
You'd think that I'd be shavin my rhmes, cause they'd  
be so smooth

Mr. Wonderful and all of that gun to pull shit  
that you be talkin nigga don't even run the bull  
Cause if I roll on you kid, I do the body rude  
like the cops did on ummmmm.. that Rodney dude  
Peep it!

Chorus: repeat 4X (except last line 4th time)

"welcome to a new Terrordome  
When I come to roam you know daddy's home.."  
Watch out now!

[Big Daddy Kane]

Just like Sylvester it's still on, get it?  
still, on, fukkit, let's move along  
I rip shop, in hip-hop, to sew it like a ziplock  
to get props, in this spot, look at me at the tip-top  
The kid got, to get hot, you thought that I would flip-  
flop  
or drop-drop, but ummmmmmmmmmm.. I did not!  
They say, "Kane you're old school out here!"  
I said, "I guess I got left back, cause I ain't goin  
nowhere"  
The Kane will remain in this domain  
to reign again when I entertain  
Cause when it comes to lyrics, I got plenty black  
I'm so god damn dope, I sell rhymes in a twenty sack  
The microphone pusher man but not drug related  
Hip-Hop orientated, keepin you captivated  
Mr. Cee cuts, I linger through em, Larry is singin to em  
And oh me, I just bring it to em

Chorus \*fades out\*

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