

Big Daddy Kane

"Don't Do It To Yourself"

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Hey yo, drop it like it's hot
Kane, drop it like it's hot
Yo, pick up the microphone
And gimme what you got

Hey yo, drop it like it's hot
Scoob, drop it like it's hot
Pick up your microphone
It's time to rock the spot

Hey yo, drop it like it's hot
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Yo, pick up the microphone
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Hey yo, drop it like it's hot
Scoob, drop it like it's hot
Pick up your microphone
It's time to rock the spot

Oh my God, tell me, is it really him?
The legendary lyricist makin' matters grim?
Because when I start to flow the results are so deadly
Rappers start shakin' like the legs on Elvis Presley

Sayin', it's him, the great that's how I intimidate
But I just came to get my shit off
So I give them a break and pickin up the microphone
After I left is like givin mouth-to-mouth to a corpse

A waste of breath in other words
I don't leave no remains for you
Forget the men, that's the evil that Kane'll do
I bring it raw, gee, too hardcore, gee
The only way you could fuck with me is in a orgy

The magnificent, none can come swifter than
Cool as [unverified], but my skin color is different
We got the milk and honey
My rhymes are just like Abraham Lincoln's face on the
money

Makin' me freshest on the land, but let's not forget
That if I rapped under water they'd be Aquafresh
The best, oh yes, I guess
Wait, wait, wait, wait, wait
You said that shit in '88

Oh, I originate and create the great to dictate
And regulate chumps and set em straight
I get my point across because the boss is truly yours
The source to the force, so put it on pause

The one that assures applause, never took a loss
Stronger than some Olde E quarts to a can of Coors
In other words it's hazardous to your health
So don't do it to yourself

Don't do it to yourself, don't do it
Yo, you better not do it, you better not
Don't do it to yourself, don't do it
Yo, you better not do it, you better not

Stop right there, you better freeze, cease
Don't make me put my Timberland boot to your grill
piece
Big Scoob from Brooklyn comin' through, don't start
me
Don't make me turn your jam into a Tec-9 party

Hey yo, what in the world would ever possess you
To think that you could touch me
Or even try to come above me
Or even think that you could flow this lovely?
Nobody, and I mean nobody on this whole planet can
stand it

I rip it apart, and flip up the art
'Cause I'm the best, damn it
I crush rappers for the hell of it
Defeat, I never tell of it

So anything else you heard is irrelevant
You're not on the level man, you're not even close to
me
Step to the Kane and get bagged just like grocery
So spare yourself the misfortune and proceed with
caution

'Cause I don't just burn rappers, I torch 'em
With a skilled-out style that's mad diesel
And I got hemorrhoids from shittin on so many people
I crush those who oppose with blows to your nose

When it comes to my crew that's the way love goes
The Chocolate City for Black Cesar Incorporated
And all of the soft get faded
So before you step to me use your head

And you better think about it more than Special Ed
Cause trust me, kid, it ain't like
Goin' against anyone else
I'm tellin you, don't do it to yourself

Don't do it to yourself, don't do it
Yo, you better not do it, you better not
Don't do it to yourself, don't do it
Yo, you better not do it, you better not

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