

## **Big Daddy Kane**

### **"Dont Do It Yourself"**

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featuring Big Scoob

{Big Scoob:}

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

{Big Daddy Kane:}

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

(x2)

(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 ???, 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

[Chorus:]

Don't do it to yourself, don't do it

Yo, you better not do it, you better not

(x2)

(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

[Chorus]

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