

Big Daddy Kane

"Keep 'em On The Floor"

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1-2-3

Give it to me

Get on the dancefloor
Start to clap your hands for
The smooth operator, what more can your ask for
The musical maestro
That's usin the mic so
I can spark up the entire place like nitro-
Glycerine because the crowd is sizzlin
Bobbin they heads to what's said and still listenin
I specialize in fun
And I must know what's happenin cos you're dancin like
re-run
So behold the natural born soul, a rhythm
To get em and hit em as I party with em
My job is to make you all feel this
But i'm not don cornelius
I'm just a new black cesar here to please ya, ease ya
Movin and groovin, provin, soothin at your leisure
I don't sing or yell
But my rhymes reach out and touch more people than
Ma Bell
The brain of the Kane's so intelligent
You think dancin is irrelevant
And start stompin like a elephant
But that's not necessary, just let the beat carry
You into somethin funkadelic
That might best describe
The musical vibe you feel when I arrive
From the moment I walk through the door
I gotta keep em on the floor

Get up and dance and move your body across the floor
Go on and do your thing until you're feelin sore
(I can't dance no more)
Get on up and dance
(Let's dance)
Get on up and dance
(Give it here)
Get on up and dance
(Funky)

Look
You came in the disco
Thinkin it would be just low
But i'ma make sure you enjoy this show
You won't have a chance to sit down
(Get down)
And listen to rhymes that go the mile like a marathon
A voice that's choice, as strong as sarah vaugh

Swift delivery flowin like a river be
Flowin, but only ladies know my tongue is that slippery
I grab the mic and then we'll see
Who can d-a-n-c-e
Makin the crowd roar for more of what they saw
And I'm sure that I can keep em on the floor

{Chorus}

Oh
Feel like i'm down here by myself sometimes
I'm ready to break this groove down
You're ready

So I'ma let the music just stop
And we gon' get into our own thing for a minute here
You're ready

Break it down

Keep on dancin
(Keep on dancin)

(Dance)

Bring in paramedics to relieve the
Trace of this bad case of dance fever
Cos I can feel the disco heat gettin to me
While the sweat got my silk drawers stickin to me
But I can't stop, I gotta party
Like a gun on the dancefloor and catch a body
I might move real smooth
Then again dance real silly
Just like a hillbilly
As i make sure the beat is kept
So all the party people stay in step
Become a slave to the rhythm
Grab someone of the opposite sex and dance with em
Put your partner on the floor and face em
That shows a positive sign of unification
And if all party goers could make this move

We'd be one nation under a groove
So let's try this, stop the violence
That can only result in peace from what I sense
To be straight to the point
A little love and harmony - mh (it's the joint)
So build a nation, pump the bass and
The treble beyond the level of imagination
So the Big Daddy Kane can endure
And the name of this tune is Keep Em on the Floor

(Everybody get up)

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