

## **Big Daddy Kane "Lyrical Gymnastics"**

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[Kane \*singing\*]

Do you know, what you're goin through?  
Do you like this style of rap that I'm showin you?  
The way I flow for you.. do you know?

[Kane \*rapping\*]

Yeah baby c'mon  
Ah baby baby c'mon, check the rhyme to the song  
Uhh, aw yeah baby c'mon  
Ah baby baby c'mon, and check the rhyme to the song  
One double nine to the four, gotta keep em on the floor  
and put some real lyrics back in the hardcore  
What I'm used to hearin, I can't believe it's gone  
But now just like a grill inside Burger King, the beef is  
on  
When I come, rappers begin to speak in degrees  
I even make Sisters With Voices \_Weak in the Knees\_  
So run for your lives, Kane with the pen  
is like Freddy with the glove full of knives  
Who wanna test these skills, come see how it feels  
I pull you one verse, if that don't kill I got refills  
You can't do me none, kid you gets nothin  
If my rhymes was in braille, you still couldn't touch em  
Man, I'm a bad cat, my style of rap is mad fat  
And you know, sometimes it's so sad that  
Rappers today be comin as the gangster rhyme type  
And be so soft, they wouldn't even kill time right  
Here's the news, you lettin the word hardcore be  
misused  
You ain't never paid dues  
Be for real, you ain't tough yet  
The razor bumps on your throat is the only thing makin  
you a ruffneck  
Your whole image is a dammmmmmmmn sham  
I'm glad in this business I didn't forget who I am  
I always remain the Kane inside a battle  
\*singing\* Never to walk in anyone's shadow  
I do my own thing, I do a thing of my own  
And with my competition I let it be known  
that battles I don't lose none, boy you get bruised son  
Six million ways to die -- choose one!  
My rap style is like a poisonous vemon

We might as well be havin sex, the way that I put it in  
em  
And do I crush MC's - are you kiddin me?  
If rappers were grapes, I'd have a whole wine distillery  
So, I bring it to your face, with the bass, then I BLOW  
a rapper off the map, with the rap, when I FLOW

then hit you with the skill that is ill, and I KNOW  
that all of this is good to go, cause yo  
that's the way the flavor always come  
The rhymes they flow accordin to the drum  
The Brooklyn style caue that is where I'm from  
You want the funk so let me give you some  
I flip on the flow on the track, just like that  
Amazin the people the style of the rappin, is quite fat  
I'm lickin the lyrics and shootin the gat, on the mic  
black  
And this is for all of the rappers that like, and they bite  
that

The Smooth Operator is mellow with the saxophone  
Settin the tone that make the girls relax and moan  
Cause all the ladies I'm givin em lots of love  
Hittin more skins than a boxing glove, good God  
The girls treat me like the drummer and give me some  
From tall to short to thick, even the slimmie ones  
Watch out Goldie! Gimme a forty ounce of Olde E  
and none of you players can control me  
You get the chance to see a true mack man  
with skills to pay the bills, to make more stacks than  
taller than anybody else's stacks it seem  
Cause the Kane get more paper than a fax machine  
The unforgettable, rhymes are too poetical  
Keep rappers in order more than letters put  
alphabetical

And I hope the record consumers don't believe the  
magazine rumors  
Cause Kane is makin a comeback, like Puma's!  
I get rough G, and set it on your whole damn company  
and Bogart, like my name was Humphrey  
When I get through, there'll be no more of them  
As many rappers I burnt, I should open a crematorium  
I make mad MC's give me my P's  
If you try to disrespect, kid you can get these  
N-U-T's, like the U-N-V's  
I leave you down on your knees, down on your knee-  
heees!

Razor sharp, many ways of art  
Source rings the chart, people praise the God  
for kickin the flows so fantasitic and this one here  
We're callin it Lyrical Gymnastics

Uhh, so baby baby c'mon  
Aw yeah baby c'mon, and check the rhymes to the song  
Uhh, ah baby baby c'mon  
Suki suki c'mon, and I'm gone!

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