

## **Big Daddy Kane**

### **"Mortal Kombat"**

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The kiss of death on a rap pick  
Then you get a slap quick, so guard it with Chapstick  
In other words, protect and hold your own  
It only takes one punch to get head flown  
Fists of fury, suckers get buried  
Cause the Kane got more spice than curry  
I am the flavor down on paper  
And nothing could save ya, from catchin the vapors  
Rhymes that'll sting your face like a quick jab  
And I'm rubbin em in just like Vicks say I'm  
captivatin, dominatin, innovatin, illustratin, fascinatin  
Motivatin, elevatin, terminatin, mutilatin  
Rhymes they're worth their weight in  
gold, bold, never sold to a bidder  
That claim to glitter, you're so bitter like kitty litter  
As for damage, don't tell me what another do  
Cause I quote that I'm R-A-W  
So make room, cause fighters are doomed  
Try to consume, and make your own tune  
A grave from a casket, a tisket a tasket  
You're rhymes out of basket, boy you get your ass

kicked

For frontin like you hittin hard

when your arms are too short, to box with God

So don't even touch cause I come with too much

Address and bless any mic that I clutch

And for a rapper to challenge my freestyle

He must be senile, and that's why meanwhile

back at the ranch...

There goes the asiatic chosen one that's expandin with  
a new branch

So many slept on the nonchalant act

Now wake up sucker this is mortal combat

"you say daddy I don't want none..." -- Kool Moe Dee

(repeat 4X)

I seize and freeze MC's with these degrees

Put me to my knees, or at ease, chillllld please

I break it down, to bring on the next act

Rappers are so full of shit, they need Ex-Lax

So stop griffin, your mind is driftin

Prepare yourself cause I get swift and

captivate the crowd but you can't understand

At times I gotta say to myself, "God damn!"

As I get hot, and still be gettin warmer

And I don't have beef with no other performer

Keep to myself never bother another

But if a rapper tries to diss I crush the motherfucker!

Frontin MC's that be tryin to rip  
need to save it, and don't even play with  
me when I react like a volcano eruptin  
I step to you and say, "Now what's up?" then  
every word'll be just like surgery  
Cuttin you open so rush to emergency  
Or even bow to your knees and below  
Or get played like a game of Nintendo  
J-O-K-E-S ain't my style  
I ain't a child that's why I don't smile  
I combine a line designed to find behind the mind  
so devine the other rappers resign  
As I go on, from night to morn  
Beginning to end, from Knowledge, to Born  
Whenever rappers are lookin for static  
Looks like a job for King Asiatic  
An-y, send-me, competitors  
Then again, it might just be better to  
just slow down you don't wanna throwdown  
I get busy, get you dizzy like a merry-go-round  
Feel the wrath of a Big Daddy duel rhyme  
And competition, prepare for wartime  
Be alert for where I drop the bomb at  
As I destroy you with mortal combat  
"you say daddy I don't want none..." -- Kool Moe Dee  
(repeat 4X)

I roll so bold with soul control the whole patrol  
of folders molders towin black gold  
So let it be said, let it be read  
Cause I lead ahead, of others who rhymes are old as  
Pro-Keds  
Tryin to diss the Big Daddy repertoire  
Moi??  
You steady screamin out a antique segment wrote  
As I just play em like a pregant roach and STOMP EM  
For tryin the forbidden  
Your rhymes ain't hittin, boy you won't be gettin  
none of, or in front of, cause every one of  
my adversaries, lack, you little son of  
o-bit-uary column, and read your name  
If you ever try to step to the Big Daddy Kane  
So any claimin or aimin to be champion  
against me? Psssh, can't be one  
I rank supreme and it's a rapper's dream  
to scheme and fiend for my technique but redeem  
Cause there's only room for one teacher  
Wise words from a wise man'll reach ya  
I teach freedom, justice, and equality  
Peace to the brothers and sisters and follow me  
Plenty poisoned minds of the people are ours  
Slaves, from mental death in power  
That's the reason before I drop this bomb

I say peace to the Nation of Islam

("Make you say" (6X) "daddy I don't want none...") --  
Kool Moe Dee

("Make you say, say, da-daddy I don't want none...")

("Make, ma-ma-make, make you say daddy I don't  
want none...")

("Make you say" (6X) "daddy I don't want none.

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