

Big Daddy Kane "Put Your Weight On It"

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One for the ace and two for the deuce
If you're ready Mister Cee cut the record real loose
and uhh, test test test test, oh yes
I wanna bless the mic, I caress with finesse
Back off the microphone, you can't wreck it none
I'm like a nine, and you're just a Naked Gun
Some type of new jack, steppin in the area
kind of reminds me of Eddie Murphy, Coming to
America
But you can't approach this, rhymes are too ferocious
Do the knowledge as I quote this
Freddie Krueger, walkin on Kane's street
Five chapters and I still ain't been beat
Bout time I turned the microphone loose
Anyone after me is just an excuse
Even the level of the devil or Exorcist
can't get next to this
This is mayhem, so competition, say when
You're thinkin that you're ready, so I can just play him
or them, no matter the quan-tity, you don't want to be
in this battle, so just flee
Cause I leave em panickin when I start damagin
Kickin this swift, leaves you stiff, like a mannequin
And frozen, this is a mind explosion
as the chosen flows in, the competition throws in
the towel, my sharp tongue is like a license
I strike like Mike, Tyson I be icin
Breakin the mic in half, just like a psychopath
But still smooth and cool, just like a draft
Leave the metro scared and petrol
Ain't No Half-Steppin', so I don't sweat no MC
cause Michael Jackson couldn't say it clearer
My only comp is the man in the mirror
So any pretender, you never been to

the death zone, this is the wrath, do not enter
These ain't the grounds for MC's to be wanderin
These is the grounds that the Kane is conquerin
Lyrics are bright and recite on the mic to excite
delight, ignite, a bright light and a fright night
for types who bite, to be quite like
the man with mic swingin all tight, but can't get it right

You're just a sloppy, cheap carbon copy
Sent to ride off in the sun, said Kemosabi
As the Kane remains everlasting
With lyrics that's fast relief like aspirin
So allow me to relieve, or breathe contact
your brain and remain like hairweave
Cause I can reach each participant with a speech
that will teach, and have em hangin like a leach
And yes still puttin rappers in fear
So hold it right there, cause this is a nightmare
As I cause a killer scene, and cut like a guillotine
Any thoughts you had about winnin is still a dream
Or more like a fantasy, tell me why can't you see
There ain't a way that you can touch or stand on me
You talk about how many rappers you slayed
But I'm like a renegade, so I never been afraid
so don't say hi to this Asiatic descendant
Just say peace and everything'll be splendid
Peace!

Mister Cee, put your weight on it
Boy put your weight on it, put your weight on it
Put your weight on it
Put your weight on it Mister Cee, put your weight on it!
I'm outta here!

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