

## Big Daddy Kane "Raw '91"

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"Bring that beat back, bring that beat back!" -> Chuck  
D

"We gonna do a song, that you heard before.."

[Kane]

Here I am, R-A-W

A terrorist, here to bring trouble to

phony MC's, I move on and seize

I just conquer and stomp another rapper with ease

Cause I'm at my apex and others are below

Nothing but a milliliter, I'm a kilo

Second to none, making MC's run

So don't try to step to me, cause I ain't the one

I relieve rappers, just like Tylenol

And they know it, so I don't see why you all

try to front, perpetratin a stunt

when you know that I'll smoke you up like a blunt

I'm genuine like Gucci, raw like sushi

To stage a rage is what rap did to me

To make me want to create, chaos and mayhem

Cold rock a party, until the A.M.

I'll make a muscle, grab the mic and hustle

While you stand dazed and amazed, I bust a

little rhyme with authority, superiority

And captivate the whole crowd's majority

The rhymes I use definitely amuse

Better than Dynasty, or Hill Street Blues

I'm sure to score adored for more without a flaw

Cause I get RAW!

"R-A-W" (cut and scratched by Mister Cee 4X)

[Kane]

Attact, react, exact, the mack'll move you with

a strong song as long as you groove to this

I keep the crowd loud when you're hyped

Do damage on stage and injure the mic

As I shoot the gift, MC's stand stiff

While my rhymes stick to you like Skippy and Jif

Feel my blunt fist, or my death kiss

The rap soloist - you don't want none of this

Supreme in this era, I reign with terror

When I grab the mic, believe you're gonna hear a  
fascinating rhyme, as I enchant them  
So let's all sing the Big Daddy anthem  
Go with the flow, my rhymes grow like an afro  
An entertaining gain, the Kane'll never no  
problem, I could sneeze sniffle or cough  
Eeee-even if I stutter I'ma still come off

Cause rappers can't understand the mics I rip  
They sho' nuff ain't equipped, that's why they got  
flipped  
But my apparatus is up to status  
Don't ask who the baddest, or cause static  
to make or break or take em, my rhymes hit the head  
Put it to bed, so watch what's said  
Save the bass for the piper, rearrange your tone  
Take a loss and be forced from the danger zone  
I get ill and kill at will  
Teachin a skill that's real, yeah no frill  
Just stand still and chill as I build  
Science I drill until my rhymes fill your head up!  
"R-A-W" -- don't even get up  
Competition shut up, cause I'm RAW!

"Help me!" (cut and scratched 8X by Mister Cee)

[Kane]

The man at hand to rule and school to teach and reach  
the blind to find their way from A to Z  
and be the most and boast the loudest rap  
again, to reign your domain (YEAH KANE)  
The heat is on, so feel the fire  
come off the empire, all the more higher  
Level of depth, one step beyond dope  
The suckers all scope and hope to cope but NOPE  
cause I never let em on top of me  
I play em out like a game of Monopoly  
Let em speed around the board like an astro  
Then send em to jail for tryin to pass Go  
Shakin em up, breakin em up, takin no stuff  
but it still ain't loud enough  
So let the volume increase, never to cease  
I'ma release a masterpiece a slip of the tongue like  
grease  
Rippin the mic to shreds, puttin heads to bed  
Code red cause the rhymes is bein said  
by the Asiatic printer of raw poetry  
No hints or clues, you all know it's me  
I go pound for pound and round for round to clown the  
sound  
profound it's bound to go down, UHH

A lyrical knockout, showin I got clout  
My comp should just drop out  
Cause none of them can see me  
I leave em Winan like their name was BeBe or CeCe  
I get RAW!

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