

## Big Daddy Kane "Raw"

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Intro: I start to go, my rhymes'll flow  
So, get up and dance cause kane said so  
If you were lounging around it's time to get up  
Pardon my expression, but i'mma tear shit up  
I appear right here, and scare and dare, a mere  
musketeer  
That would dare to compare, I do declare  
Getting busy is where it's at  
But what you're saying, you wouldn't get a point for  
that  
Cause you're a featherweight, and your rhymes you  
carry light  
But I drop bass just like barry white  
So how could you think that you pose a threat?  
You say you're rocking, how many shows you get?  
All your vocals go local on the m-i-c  
Mines go a great distance, like at&t  
I'm now new to this, I'm true to this, nothing you can do  
to this  
Fuck around with kane and come out black and blue for  
this  
So, yo, go for what you know  
Attempt to debate so I can humiliate  
We can go rhyme for rhyme, word for word, verse for  
verse  
Get you a nurse, too late, get you a hearse  
To take you to your burial ground  
Because the big daddy kane always throws down  
Correct, I get respect, I'm out to collect  
Cash money, cause I get raw  
Everybody get up! (x4)  
Kane: boy do I hate a...  
I'm coming! (x5)

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, perpetrating 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  
Everybody get up! (x5)

With speech like a reverend, rappers start severing  
And in my lifetime, believe I've never been  
Beaten, or eaten and just taken out  
You know, come to think about it, I keep mc's looking  
out  
And real nervous when I'm at your service  
Give me that title, boy, you don't deserve this  
I work like a slave to become a master  
And when I say a rhyme, you that it has to  
Be perfectly fitted, cause I'm committed  
The entertainer and trainer and kane'll get with it  
I go and flow and grow to let you know  
I damage ya I'm not an amateur but a pro-  
fessional a question without doubt superb  
So full of action, my name should be a verb  
My voice will float on every note  
When I clear my throat, that's all she wrote!  
The minute that the kane starts to go on  
Believe it's gonna be smooth sailing so on  
As I put other rappers out of their misery  
Get them in a battle and make them all history  
Ruling and schooling mc's that I'm dueling  
Watch them all take a fall as I sit back cooling  
On my throne, with a bronze microphone  
Hmm, God bless the child that can hold his own  
Cause I get raw  
Ain't it good to you? (x3)  
Documentary:here's an experiment to begin with...

Twenty-four sev chilling, killing like a villain  
The meaning of raw is ready and willing  
To do whatever is clever, take a loss, never  
And the rhymes I bust, coming off is a must

And I come off hard with rhymes that are odd  
I rip the microphone and leave it scarred  
Never smoking or hitting or taking a sniff  
Only crushing mc's that be trying to riff  
I get strong and titanic, do work like a mechanic  
Make mc's panic, they all get frantic  
And skeptic, like a girl on a contraceptive  
As I rock but hey, what you expected?  
I'll get raw for you just like a warrior  
Rapping like a samurai and I'll be damned if i  
Ever let a fisher-price mc hang  
Their rhymes are toy, nothing but yin-yang  
So if we battle on the microphone  
Bring your own casket and tombstone  
And i'mma preach your funeral  
Tell me who in the world  
Could ever come with more  
I get raw

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