

Big Daddy Kane "The Way It's Goin' Down"

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Hit me, baby (that's right)
Hurt me, baby (that's right)
That-that-that funk
That-that-that-that-
That-that's-that's funkafied-like fonk
That's that retarded-like fonk
Like you put your armpits in a drum machine
Good God
Break me off some of that
Come on

Easy Mo, just let the beat rock from your sweet stock
To bounce the complete block, make everyone on the
street flock
To this here rhythm, music'll hit em, get em, my
lyrics'll fit em
When I get with em, girls I'm in em, smokin like bags of
ism
The one that keep amazin y'all, don't even know who
you're facin, pa
The Kane has flipped more tracks than a racing car
The one who created it and many others imitated it
I heard your rap style, kid - hated it
Let me show you how, look here, now check my style
What I spit out, it'll raise your brow, make you say wow
Ba-da-bow-bow, come on, now let's get down
And sway, sway when you hear the music play
Hip-hop hooray, this is what I want you to say
Hey

I'm in love with Big Daddy Kane
He makes the party swing
He turns the mother out
And rips apart things

Then I go...

Da-da-da-da-da
Yeah, I like the way it sound
And I love the way it's goin down
Da-da-da-da-da
You know I like the way it sound

And I just love the way it's goin down

Now, what's this b.s. you're sayin?

And don't try to act like Martin now with all that 'i was just playin'

No need to grief or mourn cause now the beef is on Boom-bow-boo-bow-bow - kid, your teeth is gone Just cause you rap that don't mean that you catchin wreck with me

You step to this, I give you mic-o-vasectomy

I only know one person that can come next to me

No, that's a tattle

Cause I can't count my own shadow

A battle? I gots to have it

Unless you're gonna rob me like they give Riddick a win for Chavez

Cause tryin to go against the Kane rappin

Is like a pimp tryina pull a nun - ain't nothin happenin

Clear the way for the one, champion, true black don

Gun gettin the job done take a look, hon

Back up, son, you know you can't get none

Come on, I'm on a whole other level of rap

And it's like that, now show me where the party at

Da-da-da-da-da

Yeah, I like the way it sound

And I love the way it's goin down

Da-da-da-da-da

You know I like the way it sound

And I love the way it's goin down

The B-I-G D-A-D-Y, no, back up and add another D

Come back to the K to the A to the N to the E

Live from New York, the one and only

I give it to you raw for my homies

And to the ladies: I take em lookin somethin fine

It don't mind if we bump 'n grind

If you're with me, jump in line

Because if in my wallet I can find one prophylactic

Then you better believe, girl, that you're gonna get your ass dicked

Hard type of rappers extinct like a dinosaur

The kind you saw rhyme before

But now you never find no more

Steppin to the Kane with some drama to be startin

Because I put em all on ice like Tonya Harding

Back up, boy, I got the whole convoy

Rollin with me on a mission that's to seek and destroy

So, to all the people that's been tryin to talk about me

You better change your name to 5000 cause you're

Audi

And if you bring on your crew, I'm steppin to them too
Just put the beat on and watch how I swing through
The groove, with more style than a backstroke
Drivin past my competition like cab drivers do black
folks

That's the way I move, I always stayed a Smooth
Operator with data watin for you to play a groove
To turn it out without a doubt and show what I'm about
Good lookin, Brooklyn, yeah, we in the house

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