

## **Big Daddy Kane** **"Who Am I"**

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"i was born.."

[big daddy kane]

A black man from the motherland  
Speakin a language today most people don't  
understand  
Where no one could bother me  
Cause I had freedom, justice, and equality  
But then one day it was taken away  
And I was shipped to the u.s.a.  
A young brother, made into a slave  
To harvest the midlands and clean the chittlins  
Given a new name, new religion  
No freedom to vote, not even to make a decision  
I saw my peoples, sold raped and took out  
The rest of that stuff that alex haley talks about  
They said I'm not from asia I'm from africa  
And all the blacks there now are just scavengers  
That's the way my mind was poisoned  
To believe that in america blacks are inferior  
A weak mind and a body of swine  
Only adds up to being - deaf dumb and blind  
Illiterate to who where what and why  
So I ask myself: who am i?

"i was born.."

[big daddy kane]

A native new yorker on the streets  
Known for rockin rhymes to real rough beats  
That I found in the attic, noisy with static  
A sound that made me, a hip-hop fanatic  
I made a few songs that sold ok  
Never top 20 or plenty airplay  
I came out hardcore, flexin cock diesel  
Saw a little cash, and pop goes the weasel  
I had to make that change and rearrange  
My whole rap format, no hardcore rap  
So now all the pop charts I rule  
Over new kids on the block and paula Abdul, huh  
I thought I made it, then my song faded  
And none of the black stations ever have played it

I tried to blame it on mtv  
And say, "damn, they cold played me for young mc"

But when you get down to it, I'm the real blame  
Because I wanted the fame  
Money is not only the root of all evil  
It's also the destruction of black people, so  
Conjunction junction, what's your function?  
Bein a scout, or sellin out?  
Look in the mirror at yourself, eye to eye  
And say: who am i?

[gamilah shabazz]  
A solid change, have to rearrange this strange  
Feelin I'm feelin, so appealin  
I am having to deal with  
Time to forget the myth, of bein black and a woman  
Can't get ahead, walkin on a thread, a tightrope  
Can't cope, don't be a dope, have a little bit of hope  
Runnin your scope on affairs  
You have to be aware, don't flare up  
Let your cup runneth over  
I'm not irish, don't need a donut to fill up my dish  
Nor two mango wish to wish on a star, they're so far  
Anyway I'm thinkin about today, not tomorrow  
I'm not a follower of anyone  
My time has come, it's already here  
My message is clear  
Like the women of long ago, I am also here  
Also to show, I have the courage  
Have the strength, I'm for equal opportunity  
No matter the life, length of time  
Show me a sign, should I rely on a  
Subliminal message, should I question  
What would seem to be, life's told me?  
Yes indeed, so let me speak

[big daddy kane]  
And that's comin from the daughter of malcolm x  
So black women put it in your texts  
So you can never let, opportunity pass you by  
Or even ask yourself, who am i?

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