

Lil' Wayne F/ Mannie Fresh

"Wrath of Kane"

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He has arrived, at the Apollo
Big.. Daddy.. Kane!

* fans screaming *

[Big Daddy Kane]
One two
Can I get a stand? Can I get a mic stand?
A mic..
Ayyo whassup y'all ready to party or what?
* fans screaming *
We gon' groove with this one tune for y'all..

* fans screaming *

Can I see the peace sign up in the air?
You know what this is?
The wrath of Kane, takin over your circumfrence
Destroyin negativity, and suckers that come with
the weak, the wack, the words, they're poor
I thrash bash clash mash * Mister Cee scratch * and ten
more
Blow up the scenery, I reign supremer, see
You need a savior to save ya, so lean on me
I'm playin rappers like a haunted ghost
and stomp em out like a watered roach
I slay my pray and they decay, I blow away and throw
away
so go away, cause I don't play
Attackin like a psychopath; breakin rappers in half
so feel the wrath.. of Kane!

The man at hand, to rule and school and teach
and reach the blind to find their way from A to Z
And be the most, and boast the loudest rap
Kane'll reign your domain! (YEAH KANE!)
The heat is on, so feel the fire
Come off the empire, all the more higher
Level of def one step beyond dope
You suckers all scope and hope to cope but NOPE
Cause I can never let em on top of me

I play em out like a game of Monopoly
Let us beat around the ball 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 Mister Cee let the volume grow
so I can flow, now yo
Juice Crew's the family, Slick Rick's a friend of me
and Doug E. Fresh, Stet', KRS and Public Enemy
Blase blah, you know who you are
The red black and green, the sun moon and star
Knowledge of Self, degree of twenty-one after
Peace in the name of I Self Lord and Master
I come to teach and preach and reach and each
with the speech every leecher I'm impeach
Drop science and build with math
And the dumb deaf and blind'll feel the wrath, of Kane!

Marley Marl break it down!

* fans screaming *

Line by line, chapter after chapter
Like a pimp on the street, I got a rap ta
those who chose to oppose, friend or foes I still
dispose
Blow em out like afros
Too many rappers have fronted to get a name out
Yellin and screamin and jeerin but still came out
Off the wall as butter soft-er y'all
So you waited for Kane, to come after all
competition, that bite and chew and crunch and munch
to play me out position, you on a mission
But stop lyin and tryin to front adventures
Your rhymes are more false than dentures
Freeze, as I get warm like a heater
Bite like a mosquito, but still can't complete a
rhyme or find the time to design a line
or phrase that pays, so you down in rhyme
I get busy from sun to sun
Only twenty-one, untouched by ANYONE
No one throws, bangs or blows
All foes I keep em runnin like pantyhose
They got soft and tender, front and they'll surrender
I turned off more lights than Teddy Pendergrass
Bring on the trial, war be my style
but when I'm in effect, they feel the wrath, of Kane!

Alright, pump your fists in the air like this y'all
C'mon let me see the fists in the air
C'mon y'all

And let me hear you say yeahhhAHHHHahhhh, c'mon
(yeahhhAHHHHahhhh)
C'mon now, yeahhhAHHHHahhhh, c'mon!
(yeahhhAHHHHahhhh)
Everybody, yeahhhAHHHHahhhh, what?
(yeahhhAHHHHahhhh)
yeahhhAHHHHahhhh, c'mon
(yeahhhAHHHHahhhh)
And say hoe-oh (hoe-oh) hoe-oh (hoe-oh)
Say yo baby, yo baby, yo
(Yo baby, yo baby, yo!)
And just throw your hands in the air
And wave em like you just don't care
If you're gettin cash money and not welfare
Somebody say, ooh yeah! (ooh yeah!)
Ooh yeah! (ooh yeah)
Apollo Theater, I love y'all
Peace!

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