

Don't Do It To Yourself

Big Daddy Kane

Hey yo, drop it like it's hot, Kane, drop it like it's hot
Yo, pick up the microphone and gimme what you got

Hey yo, drop it like it's hot, scoob, drop it like it's hot
Pick up your microphone, it's time to rock the spot

Oh my god, tell me, is it really him?
The legendary lyricist makin' matters grim?)
Because when I start to flow the results are so deadly
Rappers start shakin' like the legs on Elvis Presley
Sayin' (it's him, the great) that's how I intimidate
But I just came to get my shit off, so I give them a break
And pickin' up the microphone after I left
Is like givin' mouth-to-mouth to a corpse, a waste of breath
In other words, I don't leave no remains for you
(Forget the men, that's the evil that kane'll do)
I bring it raw, gee, too hardcore, gee
The only way you could fuck with me is in a orgy
The magnificent, none can come swifter than
Cool as, but my skin color is different
We got the milk and honey
My rhymes are just like Abraham Lincoln's face (on the money)
Makin me freshest on the land, but let's not forget
That if I rapped under water they'd be aquafresh
The best, oh yes, I guess (wait, wait, wait, wait, wait
You said that shit in '88)
Oh, I originate and create the great to dictate
And regulate chumps and set em straight
I get my point across because the boss is truly yours
The source to the force, so put it on pause
The one that assures applause, never took a loss
Stronger than some olde e quarts to a can of coors
In other words it's hazardous to your health
So don't do it to yourself

Don't do it to yourself, don't do it
Yo, you better not do it, you better not

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(Stop right there, you better freeze, cease
Don't make me put my timberland boot to your grill piece
Big scoob from brooklyn comin through, don't start me
Don't make me turn your jam into a tec-9 party)

Hey yo, what in the world would ever possess you
To think that you could touch me
Or even try to come above me
Or even think that you could flow this lovely?
Nobody, and I mean nobody on this whole planet can stand it
I rip it apart, and flip up the art cause I'm the best, damn it
I crush rappers for the hell of it, defeat, I never tell of it
So anything else you heard is irrelevant
(You're not on the level) man, you're not even close to me
(Step to the Kane) and get bagged just like grocery
So spare yourself the misfortune and proceed with caution

Cause I don't just burn rappers, I torch em
With a skilled-out style that's mad diesel
And I got hemorrhoids from shittin' on so many people
I crush those who oppose with blows to your nose
When it comes to my crew (that's the way love goes)
The chocolate city for black Cesar incorporated
(and all of the soft get faded)
So before you step to me use your head
And you better think about it more than special ed
Cause trust me, kid, it ain't like goin' against anyone else
I'm tellin' you, don't do it to yourself

Don't do it to yourself, don't do it
Yo, you better not do it, you better not

Don't do it to yourself, don't do it
Yo, you better not do it, you better not