

# Terra N Ya Era

Big Daddy Kane

You looking in the mouth of madness, skilled out since I had this  
I'm talking bout nothing but pure D badness  
My acceleration is compatible to a bima  
My pockets looking greener, from the funky cold medina  
Don't tell me bout the things that you done did cause I done did it  
Don't tell me bout the skins that you done hit, cause I done hit it  
And once I rock these, with a style that's cock deis  
Good God, I get the crowd together like knock knees  
Now, I don't act hard, I just mack hard  
Baggin' video looking honeys with the big back yard  
Yes lord, girls I'm gamin' leaving the microphone flamin'  
Throwing up hip-hop signs cause that's the set that I be claimin'  
Guerilla war fares for those who love to pull your card  
Grimies from Fort Green to Malcolm X Boulevard  
Now, if that's what you're hoping then it's the wrong things you're scopin'  
I may not rap bout slittin no throats but trust me kid I'll get you open

## Verse 2

Here comes a taste of the rawness, like you never saw this  
Once I grip the cordless, my victory is flawless  
Chaos and havoc, lyrically psychopathic  
At times get pornographic, lord man I gots to have it  
Then I commit to hit you with this composite that's ultimate  
Too legit splendid come get wit' it for your comfort  
But then sloppily, rappers try to copy me  
Take pieces of my property, and use it all improperly  
And probably, been focusing a while to copy my style  
But child what I'll compile is too versatile  
I'm too superior, it's sort of like comparing a  
Spanking new Desert Eagle to a rusty little derringer  
But skip the tool, let's try to deal here with the jewel  
That I'm droppin on you, now let me take you all to school  
You see, to graduate in hip-hop you must be smart  
And no you don't have to know how to paint to make your rhymes a form of art  
Poetry and literature is what makes this English fanatic  
Now dig this, I drop science but still deal with mathematics  
And since I don't be dealing with what's considered a mystery  
I learned the dead presidents to pass American History  
Got my degree in rapology  
Hip-hop had to set me free, look mom, a real emcee  
So you want yours now, well don't get caught with your drawers down  
Cause word life, this industry is half corrupt just like the Dogg Pound

## Verse 3

Rap godfather  
Oh goodness gracious, you better make it spacious  
For the vivacious, ostentatious, who feel courageous?  
I put it on them using my tongue as a sword  
But at times get broader than broad for those who insist to get floored  
Whatever it takes to see your nerve gone, and word born  
Black Caesar gonna get his swerve on  
My name should be referred to in medical terms  
Cause I get way up in the cut and I'm talking way worse than germs  
You like to chase it playin catch like Tom & Jerry  
But on the contrary, I'd rather sip the Dom Peri  
Lay back in harmony, because it's so bizarre to see  
That all the hard core rappers are slowly turning R&B

Well pardon me, you contradict yo'self, I see you not perfect yo'self  
You like that type music yo'self, stick yo'self  
What happened to black men of pride 'nuff men have died  
Nowadays what's been applied, in hip-hop is genocide  
That's when the rappers go get the clappers  
Can't you see they trying to strap us just to trap us, good god it's backward  
One nation under a groove, that's how we move  
It's time to teach the youth get it together show and prove  
Me no run with the gun or speak of none for action  
When you get done scream I'm the one, it looks like an illusion  
I deal with equality so never call my brethren son  
Yes mon, me got mad flava just like jerk chicken