

# Down The Line

Big Daddy Kane

Okay, okay, okay, okay  
Attention to the whole crew  
Scoob lover, scrap lover, I don't need your dancin  
Mister cee I don't need you on the turntables  
Ant live I don't need you collectin the dough  
And little daddy since you my brother  
Get yo' ass on in here  
Cause we gettin ready to take things down the line  
Here we go one time

Prepare yourself for mc terror  
And don't make the error of tryin to come near a  
Rapper so smooth and swift with the gift of gab  
To grab the mic, cause I'm sorta like  
Vincent price, but you never been so nice  
So back up off me, I'm seperatin men from mice  
Kickin ass in every committee, city to city  
Until both shoes are city  
The regulator innovator dominator creator of data  
Plus an imitator assassinator  
Lyrics don't display a too don sweet  
Hard as concrete, and always on beat  
Steppin to this, you're not allowed  
You keep frontin on the stage like you're rockin the crowd  
Snatchin the microphone real proud  
But your rhymes are so booty you should write em on white cloud  
So next up down the line, scrap lover

Aiy-aiy-yo, the microphone's mine  
But I prefer peace, so the road'll get rough when  
A toy mc, gets the heart to pull a bluff and  
There's no laughter, cause the one that I'm after  
Is smashed, for that reason you have to  
Make sure each and every lyric is harmless  
Cause if not, you won't be able to calm this  
Brother from brooklyn, made to fit a groove  
And prepared for the unexpected, to make a move  
So put up your girl, and let's see who's in trouble troop  
And if you got a sister, then make it a double scoop  
The capital s the c, the r-a-p  
Stands for me, cause I'm the  
Only mc with an original rap style  
You disagree, you get put on the scrap pile  
So stay off the set, with george and jet-son  
You never seen a dancer who rapped well you met one  
Now spin the wheel of fortunes or be wise and stay back  
Co-host my show, like pat and don't sa-jak shit  
Or get ate like oats and barley  
Save your sweat for keith, and the beef for charlie  
So next up, goin down the line, scoob lover

Yo, the microphone's mine  
It's the s y'all, to the c y'all, double-o b y'all  
Well God damn it's me y'all  
Jump back, kiss myself, I'm so fly  
Sip a brew or two, cause yo, I don't get high

I might wave hi..  
.. at a pretty young girl that walk by  
But yo, you all that, you can't stop?  
A-with the weave in your head like a mop?  
You must know karate, cause your face look chopped  
Now back to the subject of the matter  
I eat a lot of food, but I won't get fatter  
Let me see I'm slim, my hair is well trimmed  
And when I'm low-key I throw on a brim  
But I'm not conceited, when hangin out I need it  
For when trouble comes then I never have to meet it  
I'm intellectually spoken, I'm not jokin  
What are you, smokin?  
You be hopin wishin and prayin  
To be like scoob but what are you sayin?  
Well it takes style, charisma, class  
Fuck up on the lover, and I bust your ass  
So next up, movin down the line  
Mister cee

Yo, the microphone's mine  
Mission, to make dj's feel the wrath  
So here's a paragraph, written on behalf  
Of the ruler, dictator, dj ambassador  
Makin a massacre, you couldn't last through a  
Round of combat, where my left arm's at  
My mouth with the mic in my hand, when I attack  
I shake and bake or fake a snake  
Take em and make em ache and flake, I break like an earthquake  
When I erupt, mc's I corrupt, to be blunt  
I'ma tear shit up  
So next up goin down the line  
The little daddy shane

The mic is all mine  
Mc's crawl by when they see this tall guy  
Six foot three huh, nobody's small fry  
The little d-a double-d y  
The s-h-a-n-e, yes it's me  
You better believe there's no comp and I'm certain  
So if you try to battle me, then it's cur-tains  
I'm no joke, the wrong one to provoke  
One false move and kerrrrrrr-roak!  
So take it easy and slide on greasy  
Cause I'm more rougher than hair when it's peasy  
I'm more rougher than steak when it's raw  
So keep that in mind, mon cherie amore  
Cause I'm a lover you find quite young  
And brooklyn new york, is where I'm from  
So keep it on and you don't quit  
That supercalafragilisticexpalidopeshit  
So next up down the line, ant live

Yo, the microphone's mine  
Yeah I took it, I ain't gonna give it back  
And it's a fact that I can swing, I'm not a new jack  
Got the mic in a chokehold, you won't hear a peep  
Then I put it to sleep  
I see a lot of brothers got raisins in the place  
Not al pacino, I don't need a scarface  
But I know, if some shit goes down  
I'll turn the whole new york into bucktown

A 'face ain't real scar'ed, cause I real hard  
And I ain't no bullshit bodyguard  
Walk the streets to new york and stay alive  
All I need is my loaded four-five  
And sweet and deadly like a killer beehive  
And I can stalk in fort greene park and survive..  
And my name is ant live

Now that's what I'm talkin bout  
That's exactly what I'm talkin bout  
Put your weight on it fellas  
Anyway you can get back to work now  
Get back to your God damn jobs  
And we outta here, love peace and hairgrease