

# Ooh, Aah, Nah-Nah-Nah

Big Daddy Kane

Inquiring minds want to know, did the champ retire  
So here I am, boomin' like an amplifier  
I clear my throat, then I float like a boat  
Note for note, what I wrote you can't quote or even tote

Raps are too heavy, sharp like a machete  
Pass the microphone, cause Kane is all ready  
Grippin' to play the part to prove that I'm in command  
The Biggest Daddy of em all, and oh, Kane stands for

King Asiatic, Nobody's Equal  
Or Non-Equivalent, or Natural Ebony  
Or Now Effective, or Never Ever  
Pick your definition and put it together

'Cause it still comes out tastin like chocolate  
With the finesse MC's never got with  
'Cause none of them want me to touch the mic first  
They know that it only takes Kane one verse

So here's the microphone, show me what you can do  
And uhh wake me up when you're through  
Just so I can go and flow and throw a blow  
To show a pro and let em all know

That any MC tryin' to be this lyrical  
Should go ask Smokey Robinson for a Miracle  
I wouldn't let a rapper go one round  
I'm knockin' them down, just like Jim Brown

So Mister Cee, let the music play  
And here's what I want y'all to say

Ooh! (c'mon) Aah! (c'mon)  
Nah-Nah-Nah, Nana (c'mon like you should)  
Ooh! (c'mon) Aah! (c'mon)  
Nah-Nah-Nah, Nana (uhh!)  
Ooh! (oooh) Aah! (aaah)  
Nah-Nah-Nah, Nana (sing that song!)  
Ooh! (c'mon) Aah! (c'mon)  
Nah-Nah-Nah, Nana

Here's a rap avalanche, MC's travel and  
Run run for shelter, cause they don't have a chance  
Any MC caught talkin out of turn  
I straighten em out just like a perm

Now let's take a second, just to recollect it  
Give a little shout to the rappers that's out  
Like all the East coast, MC's of today  
From Run-D.M.C. on down to Kid'n'Play

The ladies like Salt-N-Pepa to Latifah  
Who showed the power of a woman and me a believer  
Now backtrack with the musical jewel  
And say peace to the old school

And all praises due to the L.A. crew  
You put your state on the map and kept bringin' rap through  
I can't forget the brothers that's down in Miami  
You're still to live if you never get a Grammy

'Cause personally I feel who really needs that stuff  
If you ask me, it's just a bunch of makeup  
There's a lot of Caucasian kids that don't even know me  
'Cause every Billy and Joey is another David Bowie

I guess I used the wrong tools in my rhymes  
'Cause when I nailed my clock, it didn't say Hammer Time  
That's not a diss to my Oaktown friend  
Just tellin you how it is in the musical biz

'Cause I make sure that every rapper in the industry  
Becomes a friend of me  
And Mister Cee, let the music play  
And here's what I want y'all to say

Ooh! (oooh) Aah! (aaah)  
Nah-Nah-Nah, Nana (nanana)  
Ooh! (c'mon) Aah! (c'mon)  
Nah-Nah-Nah, Nana (c'mon won'tcha c'mon)  
Ooh! (ohhh) Aah! (uhhh)  
Nah-Nah-Nah, Nana (sing that song!)  
Ooh! Aah!  
Nah-Nah-Nah, Nana