

## Prelude

Big Daddy Kane

Huh, huh, huh  
Mister Cee, are you wit me, uhh  
Mister Cee, are you wit me, DIG IT

Gangster or prankster, define yourself, huh  
And put that rough talk on the shelf  
You talk all that robbery shit, but it's lame  
You wouldn't steal first base at a baseball game  
Never sold drugs, you never was a thug  
But you're talking ying-yang like as if you're in a gang  
I mean for goodness sake  
The only beef you ever had was a sirloin steak  
You wanna question me and all the words I say  
Well, you can bring the noise any fuckin day  
I rock a rugged-a-ruff rhyme to besiege ya  
And if I see you at a party, put up your dickbeaters  
By time I get through wreckin your jaw  
You be callin Patti LaBelle and Barry White hardcore  
Why should I give up for gangster contrast  
When I can rap about gettin some ass  
To prove that I'm a gangster only brings me trouble  
But the proof that I'm a lover \* sound of a zipper \*  
It's that easy but still you insist (yeah)  
That I do this (what?)