

# The Way It's Goin' Down

Big Daddy Kane

Hit me, baby (that's right)  
Hurt me, baby (that's right)  
That-that-that funk  
That-that-that-that-  
That-that's-that's funkdafied-like fonk  
That's that retarded-like fonk  
Like you put your armpits in a drum machine  
Good God  
Break me off some of that  
Come on

Easy Mo, just let the beat rock from your sweet stock  
To bounce the complete block, make everyone on the street flock  
To this here rhytm, music'll hit em, get em, my lyrics'll fit em  
When I get with em, girls I'm in em, smokin like bags of ism  
The one that keep amazin y'all, don't even know who you're facin, pa  
The Kane has flipped more tracks than a racing car  
The one who created it and many others imitated it  
I heard your rap style, kid - hated it  
Let me show you how, look here, now check my style  
What I spit out, it'll raise your brow, make you say wow  
Ba-da-bow-bow, come on, now let's get down  
And sway, sway when you hear the music play  
Hip-hop hooray, this is what I want you to say  
Hey

I'm in love with Big Daddy Kane  
He makes the party swing  
He turns the mother out  
And rips apart things

Then I go...

Da-da-da-da-da  
Yeah, I like the way it sound  
And I love the way it's goin down  
Da-da-da-da-da  
You know I like the way it sound  
And I just love the way it's goin down

Now, what's this b.s. you're sayin?  
And don't try to act like Martin now with all that 'i was just playin'  
No need to grief or mourn cause now the beef is on  
Boom-bow-boo-bow-bow - kid, your teeth is gone  
Just cause you rap that don't mean that you catchin wreck with me  
You step to this, I give you mic-o-vasectomy  
I only know one person that can come next to me  
No, that's a tattle  
'Cause I can't count my own shadow  
A battle? I gots to have it  
Unless you're gonna rob me like they give Riddick a win for Chavez  
'Cause tryin to go against the Kane rappin  
Is like a pimp tryina pull a nun - ain't nothin happenin  
Clear the way for the one, champion, true black don  
Gun gettin the job done take a look, hon  
Back up, son, you know you can't get none  
Come on, I'm on a whole other level of rap

And it's like that, now show me where the party at

Da-da-da-da-da

Yeah, I like the way it sound

And I love the way it's goin down

Da-da-da-da-da

You know I like the way it sound

And I love the way it's goin down

The B-I-G D-A-D-Y, no, back up and add another D

Come back to the K to the A to the N to the E

Live from New York, the one and only

I give it to you raw for my homies

And to the ladies: I take em lookin' somethin' fine

It don't mind if we bump 'n grind

If you're with me, jump in line

Because if in my wallet I can find one prophylactic

Then you better believe, girl, that you're gonna get your ass dicked

Hard type of rappers extinct like a dinosaur

The kind you saw rhyme before

But now you never find no more

Steppin' to the Kane with some drama to be startin

Because I put em all on ice like Tonya Harding

Back up, boy, I got the whole convoy

Rollin with me on a mission that's to seek and destroy

So, to all the people that's been tryin' to talk about me

You better change your name to 5000 cause you're Audi

And if you bring on your crew, I'm steppin' to them too

Just put the beat on and watch how I swing through

The groove, with more style than a backstroke

Drivin' past my competition like cab drivers do black folks

That's the way I move, I always stayed a Smooth

Operator with data watin' for you to play a groove

To turn it out without a doubt and show what I'm about

Good lookin', Brooklyn, yeah, we in the house