

# Big Daddy Kane, Mortal Combat

The kiss of death on a rap pick  
Then you get a slap quick, so guard it with Chapstick  
In other words, protect and hold your own  
It only takes one punch to get head flown  
Fists of fury, suckers get buried  
Cause the Kane got more spice than curry  
I am the flavor down on paper  
And nothing could save ya, from catchin the vapors  
Rhymes that'll sting your face like a quick jab  
And I'm rubbin em in just like Vicks say I'm  
captivatin, dominatin, innovatin, illustratin, fascinatin  
Motivatin, elevatin, terminatin, mutilatin  
Rhymes they're worth their weight in  
gold, bold, never sold to a bidder  
That claim to glitter, you're so bitter like kitty litter  
As for damage, don't tell me what another do  
Cause I quote that I'm R-A-W  
So make room, cause fighters are doomed  
Try to consume, and make your own tune  
A grave from a casket, a tisket a tasket  
You're rhymes out of basket, boy you get your ass kicked  
For frontin like you hittin hard  
when your arms are too short, to box with God  
So don't even touch cause I come with too much  
Address and bless any mic that I clutch  
And for a rapper to challenge my freestyle  
He must be senile, and that's why meanwhile  
back at the ranch...  
There goes the asiatic chosen one that's expandin with a new branch  
So many slept on the nonchalant act  
Now wake up sucker this is mortal combat