

## **Kris Kross "Da Bomb"**

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It's da bomb  
it's da bomb  
I drop bombs like Hiroshima  
it's da bomb  
I know you hear me comin here I come  
So you besta watch ya back  
it's da bomb  
I know you hear me comin here I come  
And I'm called the Miggida Miggida Mac

Can I drop the bomb drop the bomb  
Can I drop the bomb drop the bomb  
Can I drop the bomb drop the bomb  
Well here it comes  
say what  
Here it comes  
It's the quicka rippa ripper  
Known to flip a script like it ain't notin'  
All ya MC's that used to MCs better duck an'  
Run an' hide cause it's too late to try to make it right  
Ya just messed up and I ain't tryin' to let ya slide  
Cause I ain't the one for that I ain't the one that slack  
I'm the Miggida-Miggida-Mac pack and I ain't takin' jack  
I don't care who you get or who ya wit'  
Just know you won't be equipped to what it takes to  
break this crossed  
out kid  
I've got deez off dout clout cause I'm deez off doubt  
I'm bad suckas if ya wanna know what I'm talkin about  
So lay your cards on the table cause I'm able to rock  
When ever, where ever I still rocks the cradle  
Cause i'm a nappy happy bad little sun-of-a-gun  
And in my eyes, nigga, you don't want none  
Cause on the mike I get dum-ditty ditty-dum  
So watcha back when I say here it comes

I know you hear me comin here I come  
So you besta watch ya back  
it's da bomb  
I know you hear me comin here I come  
And I'm called the Miggida-Miggida-Mac

Well, can I drop the bomb drop the bomb  
Can I drop the bomb drop the bomb  
Can I drop the bomb drop the bomb  
Well, here it comes  
say what  
Here it comes

understand that Kris to the Kross comes with nothing  
but flavor  
we get our own on our own ain't askin for no favors  
we're true to what we do that's how we be  
so just reason with the D-A-double D-Y-M-A-C

I betcha never thought you would here it like this

Some funk for the trunk by this nigga named Kris  
See, I ain't into the game  
I'm true to the gang  
I'm poppin' your thang til the party people swing  
Cause I'm a little rough neck  
Tiffy-tiffy tough neck  
Cause what gettin' 'nough respect  
And all those little punks talkin' junk bring it on  
Cause I just love takin' punks outta homes  
why  
Cause I'm a nappy happy bad little sun-of-a-gun  
And in my eyes, nigga, you don't want none  
So watcha back or comments will startcha runnin'  
And do-do on yourself when you hear the daddy comin'

I know you hear me comin here I come  
So you besta watch ya back  
it's da bomb  
I know you hear me comin here I come  
And I'm called the Daddy Mac

But, can I drop the bomb drop the bomb  
Can I drop the bomb drop the bomb  
Can I drop the bomb drop the bomb  
Well, here it  
say what  
Comes  
I'll be coming around the mountain when I come  
droppin' a bomb  
Creepin' up on those Romper Room suckas who wanna  
get some  
So feel the wrath of a brat with the Mac pack  
Walkin' away you're like the bottom of a door mat  
I didn't gain props cause I was a suckas daughter  
I had to earn them droppin' dynamite like Jimmy Walker  
I can pay Donny Mars in a sticky cage

Give me 30-30 half-callibar half-gage  
And if you don't know what I'm talkin' about  
Test me out  
We're in the big part of in The Last Boyscout  
Scopin' a needle is like a needle in a haystack  
Press the new rookie breakin' rims down like Shaq  
You think you're dealin' with a weak boy step back  
Cause I'm comin' up like a Veteran on a phat track  
I'm bein' all I wanna be so you tell Uncle Tom  
Dat Da Brat done drop da bomb

I know you hear me comin here I come  
So you besta watch ya back  
it's da bomb  
I know you hear me comin here I come  
And I am what they call Da Brat

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