

**Kris Kross****"It Don't Stop"**

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Party people, ha  
Your dreams have now been fulfilled  
Get out your seats and let's get ill  
That's right, y'all  
We're not just rough, we're more than tough  
And when it comes to rhymes, ha, ha  
You, you had enough

[Chris Smith]

It's like this y'all (this y'all), that y'all (that y'all)  
I'm the Daddy mac and I'm back, y'all (back y'all)  
Bustin' routine like the niggas in the '80s  
Crossed Out, no doubt, gettin' all the ladies  
Pulsatin', dominatin' up above  
Chillin' and I'm willin', gettin' nothin' but love

[Chris Kelly]

Creatin', devastatin' in the palce to be  
It's the nigga that th niggas call the M-A-C  
Big makin', never fakin', chillin' all of the time  
Gold playin', rhyme sayin' and I gets mine

[Chris Smith]

I speak rap, not crap, I do not sing  
You wanna show, let me know, just give us some ring  
It's like that y'all (that y'all), I'm just keepin' it on  
Mac Daddy, my man 'til the break of dawn, rock

[Chris Kelly]

I never hesitate to call you wack, if you're wack  
Put a flat on your back for talkin' all that smack

[Hook]

And it don't stop, and it don't quit  
And it don't stop, and it don't quit  
And it don't stop, and it don't quit  
Servin' all them little fools in the nine-tre like this

And it don't stop, and it don't quit  
And it don't stop, and it don't quit  
And it don't stop, and it don't quit

Servin' all them little fools in the nine-tre like this

[Chris Kelly]

Take a, take a, take a stand, my man and I won't tip  
'Cause I'm the real deal like Coke is it  
And you won't find my name in the yellow page  
'Cause the Mac always reach when they startin' to say  
It takes two emcees (huh) and one DJ  
We grab at least 50 G's when we play  
So Daddy Mac (what up), my man, my mellow, my ace  
Why don't you (yeah) get on the mic and cold rock the  
place

[Chris Smith]

My rock is hard (hard), you can't pull my card (card)  
I'm the shining star (star), shining near and far (far)  
Shining like the sun, shooting like a gun  
Boo-ya-kah, boo-ya-kah, so you niggas better run  
'Cause there emcees and emcees that play  
We rock, shock the mic all night and day  
So jump back, and feel the wrath of da bomb  
Here it comes, here it comes, here it diddy come  
comes

[Hook]

And it don't stop, and it don't quit  
And it don't stop, and it don't quit  
And it don't stop, and it don't quit  
Servin' all them little fools in the nine-tre like this

And it don't stop, and it don't quit  
And it don't stop, and it don't quit  
And it don't stop, and it don't quit  
Servin' all them little fools in the nine-tre like this

[Chris Kelly]

Word up!  
Kris Kross puttin' it down for the nine-tre  
Givin' the proper dues to the niggas from the old  
school  
So you better believe that.  
Peace

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