

Kris Kross

"Live And Die For Hip Hop (Featuring Da Brat, Mr. Black & Aaliyah)"

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I devoted my whole life to rockin' mics gettin' crowds
lifted

Put my pants on backwards 'cause I wanted to be
different

I keeps 'em with a crease tom peeps burn to nucci
House full of hunnies sportin' Gucci, cuttin' coochie

I'm the man girlfriend, luxury I swim
Macadocious to the most brown sex and slim
State of uptrends known for making dividends
And millions of people jump, jump, jump, jump

Now who chose to be the next nigga to step get deleted
by death

Undefeated ain't no thang to put that body to rest
Chest filled with smoke yokin' niggas up by the collar
Follow me 'cause my dollars makin' more cents than
common

Robbin' you for your money and your diamonds
Endangerin' your species, more than a woman like the
Bee Gees

No remorse steady smokin' plenty grass let it go
And let Da Brat commence to be the baddest hoe

Well, baby roll me a mic and let me smoke it 'til I'm
high

If you ever seen me rock then you know that I
Live and die for the things I do slang I use
Breakin' down mics and destroyin' crews

Well, nigga roll me a mic and let me smoke it 'til I'm
high

If you ever seen me rock then you know that I
Live and die for the things I do slang I use
Breakin' down mics and destroyin' crews

Nothin' but a C big party twelve until

See I'm the daddy of the mack and at the top of world
I chill, keep it real, my feela' work consists of that
A thuggish ass niggas sayin' way to keep 'em pissed

My life I wouldn't tread it, to me it's nothin' better
Wakin' up when I wanna sportin' Jay-boogie leather
Autographs, bubble baths, five star hotels
Rollin' wit' a click supa' thick and everybody gettin' well

Take off the safety face me, gun powder chowder for
real
The last nigga figga to ever make it off the hill with
steel
Rhymes rock like Cope the smoke
And I'm in effect with a tech that got a infra-red scope

Smackin' those actin', tough as Tinactin
Fall up in your hood increase your brain with the mack
10
Stacked N's seventeen's on the Benz and burn up on
my thigh
In case these niggas won die

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Ooh, someone tells me we got it goin' on
I'm tellin' y'all, it's that SoSo Def

I want you to feel me, my whole thang is to get inside
your body
I run game like my name was John Gaddy
Hittin' hookshots like Vlade and niggas around my way
Call me little Liberace

A lady lover like no other and I be lethal with my
weapon
So they call me Danny Glover, now who keep it hot? We
Do
See, So So def ain't nothin' but a fool ass crew

