

Kris Kross

"Warm It Up Kris"

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Uh well, this is how nice and smooth it is
Hey uh, listen to them

Warm it up, Kris I'm about to
Warm it up, Kris 'cause that's what I was born to do
Warm it up, Kris 'cause that's what I was born to do
Warm it up, Kris I'm about to

So many times I heard you rhyme
But you can't touch this
I'm kicking the type of flow
That makes you say, "You're too much Kris"
So feel the fire of the one they call the Mac Dad
The fire's what I pack and what I pack is real bad

I'd like to grab a hold of your soul and never let go
Now that's the state of mind I'm in, huh
Never 'til they jump, 'til they say, "Hoo"
With rhyme after rhyme I win

The Mac, the Mac, nuff for breakin' 'em off somethin'
They layin' in the back and front, keepin' the speakers
pumpin'
The miggida, miggida, miggida Mac came to get a
warm
And my pants to the back that's my everyday uniform

Keep dreaming 'cause the Mac you will never be
You little cream puff Mac Daddy wannabe
You can get the finger, the middle
So all y'all with the Dr. Seuss riddles
Warm it up, Kris I'm about to

Warm it up, Kris 'cause that's what I was born to do
Warm it up, Kris I'm about to
Warm it up, Kris, hey, yo Kris, kick it first

You know it's sto, it's sto
Peepin' at my rhymes it's dope it's dope
And for you there's know call my name what?
The Daddy Mac, baby, 'Totally Crossed Out'

The age I be, I should be playin' with toys
Catchin' all the ladies
Instead I put my hand into make you make noise
That's how I kick it that's my everyday life
And I rehearse to keep it sharp as a knife, man

I'm the wrong brotha that sucks to be messin' with
'Cause when I put the mic in my hand, I start wreckin' it
They call me the D A double D Y M A C
And there ain't another brotha bad as me

When I let go somethin' from the ghetto
Word, a little brother kickin' rhymes like you never ever
heard
Daddy of them all shootin' to kill like a gun
Showin' suckas how it's done

Warm it up, Kris 'cause that's what I was born to do
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Warm it up, Kris 'cause that's what I was born to do
Warm it up, Kris I'm about to

Yea, now you all know and the Mac to all that, what's
up?
Yea, we gonna kick one more verse for you all
So many times I heard you rhyme but you can't touch
this

I'm kicking, the type of flow
That makes you say, "You're too much Kris"
So feel the fire of the one they call the Mac Dad
The fire's what I pack and what I pack is real bad

I'd like to grab a hold of your soul and never let go
Never 'til they jump, 'til they say, "Hoo"
Now that's the state of mind I'm in, huh
With rhyme after rhyme I win

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'Cause when I put the mic in my hand I start wreckin' it
They call me the D A double D Y M A C
And there ain't another brotha bad as me

When I let go, word, a little brother
Kickin' rhymes like you never ever heard
Somethin' from the ghetto
Kris Kross show 'em how it's done
Daddy of them all shootin to kill like a gun
Warm it up Kris I'm about to

Warm it up, Kris 'cause that's what I was born to do

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