

Kris Kross **"Warm It Up"**

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

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 Hoooo
Now that's the state of mind I'm in huh...
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
You little cream puff Mac Daddy wannabe
Keep dreaming cause the Mac you will never be
So all y'all with the Dr. Seuss riddles
You can get the finger... the middle

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 Krossed Out
Catchin' all the ladies
The age I be I should be playin with toys

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 I'm about to
Warm it up Kris cause that's what I was born to do
(repeat 3 times)

Yea, now you all know
What's up?
And the Mac to all that
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 Hoooo
Now that's the state of mind I'm in huh...
With rhyme after rhyme I win

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
Kris Kross show 'em how it's done

Warm it up Kris I'm about to
Warm it up Kris cause that's what I was born to do
(repeat 6 times)
Warm it up Kris (repeat 13 times)

