

Kriss 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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