

## Kriss Kross

### "I Wanna Know Her Name"

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Chorus (Russell Lee): repeat 2X

She dance the salsa  
She dance the Cumbia  
She dance merangue  
I wanna know her name

First Verse (Baby Beesh):

Now every time I see her, I wanna meet her  
Go up and greet her, treat her like my Mamacita  
Go home and freak her  
Half boricua, half mexicana  
Shakin' her knocker like an epanada  
I think I wanna be your baby father  
?Como te llamas? Me llamo Baby Beesh  
Seen you at the club, shakin' that  
I love the way you dance, Salsa, Merangue, and  
Cumbia  
With a touch of hip-hop and bounce man, and ooh la la  
Didn't even know she got a man, she gone keep him in  
check  
She wanna jet with a vet, and it's just like that  
Cuz we go hard from the jump, she far from a punk  
At the bar gettin' drunk, turnin' cigars into blunts  
My bonita, the one I kill sippin' margarita  
I wanna see her, come a little closer Mama mira  
Ven aqui? How cool would it be?  
If you and me had some ecstasy, sippin' on some  
hennessey?

Chorus

Second Verse (SPM):

It seems like every club I go to  
I see you dancin' off the hook, I wanna know you  
Body lookin' like you raised up on soul food  
You kinda young and I'm a nigga from the old school  
I hope you diggin' my style though  
I drink and smoke hydro

I'm not that nigga in the gym doin' tae-bo  
I hate the five oh, I swam across the bayou  
A mojado, I only shop at the rocado  
A soldado, I hit the Hen straight from the bottle  
But I can teach you how to sing or even be a model  
Follow my lead, down this yellow brick road  
I'ma buy you a benz, and dip your rims in gold  
A house with a heated pool so you can swim in the cold  
Trust funds in your bank for when your kids get old  
Sippin' remy in the bentley, kissin' you gently  
Fillin' up the gas tank whenever it's empty, Man!

Chorus

Third Verse (Low-G):

Who is the girl in that tight red dress?  
Shakin' that ass to the right and left?  
The chick's boriqua, or maybe mexicana  
I see Mami, con gana, con gana  
(Yo Low-G, what about them knockers?)  
Oh, that's my girlfriend Esmeralda  
I remember sneakin' in her ventana  
Plus don't say nothin' cuz it's right next to her hermana  
Que pena, I had to leave Eselena  
Or run the porno I rented to Elena  
Chino desmito e prima o se fina  
If you can't take the heat, get your ass out the cocina  
Mi esposa es latina, mi sancha la china  
Y lolita la deje' solita  
Letters in the mail for my girl named Raquel  
A cheap hotel and after that Taco Bell  
Oh well  
I'm on to Orlando  
Go to chica bailando el mambo  
Manalo, manalo, manalo, manalo

Chorus (.5x)

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