

## Kriss Kross "Live And Die For Hip-Hop"

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Chorus:

Well nigga\* roll me a mic and let me smoke it til' I'm  
high if you ever seen me  
rock than you know that I- live and die for the things I  
do slang I use  
breakin' down mics and destroyin' crews. (2X)

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1-2-1-2 unhh..... 1-2-1-2 mic check 1-2-1-2  
1-2-1-2 unhh..... 1-2-1-2 mic check 1-2-1-2

1st Verse: Mack Daddy & Da Brat

I devoted my whole life to rockin' mics gettin crowds  
lifted put my pants on  
backwards caus' 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 divedends  
and millions my people  
jump, jump, jump, jump.

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 like a woman than the bee gees.  
No remorse steady smokin' plenty grass let it go and  
let Da Brat commence to be  
the baddest hoe.

Chorus

2nd Verse: Daddy Mack & Mr. Black

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 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  
clicc 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 infa-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.

Chorus

Oooooooooooooohhhhhhhh..... Someone tell me..... we  
got it goin'  
on..... I'm tellin' y'all (it's that SoSo Def)

3rd Verse: Jermaine Dupri

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.

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