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 krossed 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