

## Warm It Up

Kris Kross

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 [x3]

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 [x6]  
Warm it up Kris [x13]