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 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

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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]