

Kriss Kross, Live And Die For Hip-Hop

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)

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.