Warm it up

DJ Ð’Ð°Ð»Ñ–Ðº

Warm it up, Kris, warm it up, Kris,
I'm about to. 'Cause that's what I was born to do.
Warm it up, Kris, warm it up, Kris.
I'm about to. 'Cause that 's what I was born to do.

So many times I heard your rhymes
But you can't touch this
I'm kickin the type of flavor that makes ya say
you're too much Kris
So feel the fire of the one they call the
Mack Daddy
the fire is what I pack and what I pack is real
bad
I like to grab a hold of your soul and never
let go
Till ya jump do the hump and say (Hoe)
Now that's the state of mind I'm in, Huh
with rhyme after rhyme I win

The Mack (The Mack)
Known ta break 'em off somethin and lay
In a bed of funk keepin ya speaker pumpin
The miggada, miggada Mack came to get it
warm
Wear my pants to the back, that's my
uniform

ya lil cream puff mack daddy wanna be
keep dreamin cause a mack you'll never be
So all of ya'll with them Doctor Suess riddles
you can get the finger ( ) the middle

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Caught you on the scope (the scope)!
Peepin out my rhyme cause it's dope (it's dope)!
And for you there's no hope
My name (is what)!
Daddy Mack baby
Totally krossed out catchin all ladies
the age I be I should be playin with toys
But instead I put my head into makin ya
make noise
That's how I kick it that's my every day
life and I rehearse to be sharp as a knife man

I'm the wrong brother for suckers to be messin
with
cause when I put my hand on a mic I start
wreckin it
They call me the D.A. double D.Y. M. A. C. there ain't
another brother bad as me

When I (let go)! Something from the (ghetto)! word
A lil brother kickin rhymes like ya never ever
heard
Daddy of them all shootin to kill like a gun showing
suckers how its done

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