

Live And Die For Hip Hop

Kris Kross

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.

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1-2-1-2 uh
1-2-1-2 mic check 1-2-1-2
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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.

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Nothin' but a see 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 want to 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.

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Oh
Someone tell me
We got it goin' on
I'm tellin' y'all
(It's that SoSo Def)

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.

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