

The Way of Rhyme

Kris Kross

I'm the quicker quicker ripper
On a track like this.
The miggity-mac never slacks
And I'm packing the heat.
I got my flavor of lifesavers
Every day I create
Some of the wiggity-slyest rhymes
That you ever heard from one. I ain't the type to be slept on
The type to be crept on
And don't you think I am to step on.
For every move you make
I got a trick
And my track's got more kicks
Than a boo sleep flick.
I like my pants to sag
Make you say
"Dag, uh! That little nigga is so bad."
The capital capital K's don't play
We amaze.
They make you move
They groove
In so many different ways. Jump! Jump!
Was the first episode
To put you in the mode
And let you know
I flow like
That y'all, that y'all,
That y'all, that y'all.
Better than that
Like that y'all, that y'all,
Like that y'all, that y'all,
That y'all, that y'all. Better than that
Like that y'all, that y'all,
Like that y'all, that y'all,
That y'all, that y'all. Better than that
Like that y'all, that y'all,
Like that y'all, that y'all,
That y'all, that y'all. Better than that
Like that y'all, that y'all. Every everybody wants to know
Where I get my get my funky funky flow.
Straight from the ghetto
And I'm fierce like a dragon.

Head to the back
And my pants keep saggin'.
Here I go again,
Movin' your adrenaline.
Totally totally totally crossed out.
Can you comprehend? Wait a minute drop the old school beat.
Go! Go! Go! Go! Go! Go! Go! Go! Go! Go! Go! Go! Go! Go! Go! Go! Go! Go! Tupa-tupa girl scooper
That's what I be.
Girls talkin'
You know talkin'
It's the mac daddy. I got a flow.
You got a what?
I got a flow. I got a flow.
You got a what?
I got a flow. On the playground I say now
You won't see me swinging
Skin tight clothes
Then you don't be singing
"Daddy don't do dat. Dad do rap."
So please don't get passed to the whack. I got a flow.
You got a what?
I got a flow. I got a flow.
You got a what?
I got a flow. I got a flow.
You got a what?
I got a flow. I got a flow
You got a flow?
So let it go.
Yeah. Meet me in the mac means I'm all that.
I could do this and that
And none of it ever comes out whack.
And never have you ever seen
A MC this size this tough.
You might have seen some kids
But they wasn't this rough.
I'm the type you don't want to touch,
Tangle or tamper with.
You rhyme to doodle
Like a two-day-old pamper kid.
So spark off and tie
Catch if I hit the dough
And take your wiggity-whack
Style to the sto'.

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