

Can't Stop the Bum Rush

Kris Kross

HO! [*screaming*]

What the hell do you think you're doin'?

We takin' over things!

Yo, what's up? What's up with these kids tryin' to bum rush my studio?

Hey! Yo, get that fool outta here, punk!

Ay yo, Kris, come on now

I'm in the middle of the zone
And all around the world it's the same old song
When you're dealin' with the K to the chigga-chigga R
To the I to the S, you're dealin' with the best

I'm a brother with a skullcap
I wear slack in the back and I'm all that

Yes yes y'all, we're out to have a ball
Kris Kross never lost or ever had to take a fall
Rippin', flippin', whippin' like crazy
And all them toe-tappin' punks don't amaze me

It's making your girlfriend blush
C & C is on a rampage, and you can't stop the bum rush

Yeah, uh, yeah, a-come on, yeah, uh, yeah

I'm the Mac Daddy, as cool as they come
I do what I gotta and clowns get none
So you can back up off me

And stop tryin' to play me like Mister Softee

Cuz I'm the mac and that's how it is

I be doin' things never seen done by kids

I like to rip and whip and flip the rhyme
A thousand times to where it blows your mind

See me? Huh!
I can't go for the okeedoke
And I can't be faded
In other words...

Suckas, you can't stop the bum rush!

Yeah, uh, yeah, a-come on, yeah, uh, yeah

Come on!

Uh! Daddy Mac is steppin' still
MCs sweatin' me, and I need to chill

Cuz of the way I put your body to work
Make you get on the floor and do the eerk and jerk

Two little brothers with a swing
Totally Krossed Out, wearing dreads and ain't tryin' to sing

I won every one and I never lost
So put a stamp on it, and back up off me

Yeah, uh, yeah, a-come on, yeah, uh, yeah

Kris Kross in the house for the 90s
Comin' straight out of Ruffhouse, suckas!