

Hey Sexy

Kris Kross

Hey sexy, what's your name?

Yeah, baby, what's up?

Baby?

What? You don't know the C Connection?

Baby

Hey, this is the Daddy Mac right here, straight servin'

Oh, really?

Oh, I thought you knew. It's the Mac Daddy. Mackin' hoes 24 to the 7

Mmm...

What's my name? What's your name? I'm that player Chris Terry

Y'all look young

Oh, we look too young? Hey, won't you tell them silly freaks how old we are

I say I'm 17 now but women treat me like I'm 21

Doing things in the game that ain't never been done

For makin' girls that was twice my age (uh huh)

Gettin' price to play (uh huh) then put on a nigga on a day to day basis

Relaxin' with the finest girls in the world

Stayin' out late, comin' home in the early morning

Yawnin' I'm just waking up

Rolled up with the prize by that nice cut up

Now who would've thought that the M-A-C could come so clean

I keep a girl on the cover of a magazine

For 'sho physquite, the type of girl you like

That kinda dip you wanna make for your wife (now that's a jazzy ho)

So I guess the gift is given to me

The gift of gab of having a mackin' ability

No matter where I go, no matter who I see

They all say the same thing that I'm so sexy

Hey sexy, what's your name?

My name's M-A-C and you know I got game

Hey sexy, what's your name?

I'm the nigga Daddy Mac and I'll tell you the same

Hey sexy, what's your name?

I'm that player Chris Terry here to claim my fame

Hey sexy, what's the clique go by?

C Connection for life until the day that we die

Verse 2: [DADDY MAC: Chris Smith]

I say I'm 16 now but woman treat me like I'm 21

Go all around the world meeting girls, havin' fun

And in the last four years of my life, it's like a dream

To experience some things that you couldn't believe

That see me is the last thing you would do

Cuz I'm that type of nigga to have you think

That I'm really in love with you

I know you ladies might say "that's a shame"

But I'm a mack and I'm ballin' in a big boy's game

Same thing goes for you jazzy hoes

You try to keep a nigga flat out broke with no go

But I'm a let you know that that is so impossible

Daddy Mac, Mac Daddy remember started years ago

So I guess (what) the gift (uh huh) is given to me

The gift of gab of havin' a mackin' ability

No matter where I go, no matter who I see

They all say the same thing: "Chris, you so sexy"

Hey sexy, what's your name?
My name's M-A-C and you know I got game
Hey sexy, what's your name?
I'm the nigga Daddy Mac and I'll tell you the same
Hey sexy, what's your name?
I'm that player Chris Terry here to claim my fame
Hey sexy, what's the clique go by?
C Connection for life until the day that we die

Ladies, it's player Chris Terry and women treat me like a king
Since I came by things from Benz' to diamond rings
And it seems that it ain't really changed for the season
Long as I'm breathing, you know I gots to keep on creepin' (whoo)
Up on a million before the age of 21 (uh huh)
I'm only 19, sippin' Dom Perignon
On the run from the broads who been tryin' to creep
C.T. ain't 'bout to sleep all you scandalous freaks
I have a dream of gettin' rich, Rolex across my wrist
Stacks of hundred dollar bills, big mansion on the hill
And it's real deal pimpin' when it come to the C
Connection in respect, son instantly
I wine and dine with nigga wife-like to freak with mine (mine)
And if she low fine, I'm a scoop her up one more time (one more time)
I got them girls dreamin' (feenin')
When me and my crew hit the town
This where we got all my hoes screamin'

Hey sexy, what's your name?
My name's M-A-C and you know I got game
Hey sexy, what's your name?
I'm the nigga Daddy Mac and I'll tell you the same
Hey sexy, what's your name?
I'm that player Chris Terry here to claim my fame
Hey sexy, what's the clique go by?
C Connection for life until the day that we die