

Js**"Beauty and the Beat"**Visit "[Beauty and the Beat](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Oooh, baby, I like the sound when
The switch is on, and you start poundin'
Out my radio and pretty soon
Salt and Pepa will boom into the room
Clap your hands now people, clap hard
Clap your hands now people, clap your hands
Clap your hands now people, stomp your feet
Clap your hands now people, clap with me
Listen hard and tell me what you hear
Is it noise or is it def beats in your ear?
You said you want one, and now you got some
Vicious snare, high hats, and a bass drum
First the mix empress to impress you
Cutting right on time and I'll bet you
Didn't know it (did you?), you can't believe it (could you?)
Word to life, I swear, we wouldn't kid you
And she can cut it up like a wild animal
Slicing and dicing away as a cannibal does
Cuz only a beauty can make you people clap with me
Who is the best?

We are the best!

Who's one of the best?

You're one of the best!

Why am I so def? Why don't I have flaws?

Why do I cut for Salt and Pepa? Because

When my turntable talks your body will listen

To a message ??? tested and kickin'

Out of my speakers and into your sneakers

Providing conversation for the woofers and tweeters

When I play the Technics obey

Cuz I'm a fader translator, a mixboard slave

And I'm-a do like this on 'em...this on 'em

When I'm on the floor, beat is like romance

The rhythm makes love to me as I dance

And from what I see it's about to be

A relationship between beauty and the beat

Word up y'all, it's a royal ball

Turn hip-hop clubs into concert halls

Inside is live, if I use up highs

Twelve hundred ????

Power in high drive, the woofers don't lie

Opposites attract so the birthrate's high

Your chest and ribcage the bass is poking at

(Lower the what?) Stop joking...

We can't do that it possess power

You ask how-a people get louder

[Uh, step aside, sir....

Sir, will you please step aside for the....]

Salt and Pepa MC's represent beauty

We want y'all to see why we're the only

Nominee nominated representing our race

This jam is dedicated to all the pretty faces

And we're gonna rock like you like

Spinderella on the mix, Salt and Pepa on the mike

And we can satisfy your desire

We can make your body perspire

Make the men all want to get with it

Then take 'em down to the ultimate

Sounds and I say: Spinderella's not a fella

But a girl DJ!

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