

Js

"I Desire"

Visit "[I Desire](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

We're on a mission

Dissin' all of the opposition

MCs, it's my butt you're kissin'

Because I desire

Yo, wait a minute, chill, I want ya all to hear

Why rap is not a joke, for us it's a career

Others try to imitate but none has come near

So you see why everybody stands up and cheer

And if you really think about it you know what it means

To be a female rapper from the heart of Queens

And see others dream about being supreme

But once on the scene we start killing kings

People claim we're too wild to tame

On stage we behave like sizzlin' flame

And oh, so cool when we rap you need a sweater

The rhymes so tough you swear they're made of
leather

Get the best of your bunch, and I bet that we're better

Tell 'em why, Pepa, tell 'em why - cuz I desire

DJs come and go just like the wind

But mine is better than all of them

She's sharper than a razor when it comes to a cut

More lethal than a laser if you wanna play rough

Not the object of a show, subject to cut ????

????? tell you Spinderella's dope

Call her Spin for short but she don't take ????

Wanna duel? You're a fool ????

Choppin' beats for these until the turntables bleed

Scratches so damn hard you'd swear the mixer had fleas

She's the mutilator, music carnivore

Spinderella rocks the records with a chainsaw

You're still amazed by the way she plays

Not a fad but a phase of the hip-hop craze which I desire

Salt from the Pepa and my name is Cher

From Queens, New York not Delaware

I like my steak well-done cuz I hate it rare

And I'm lovable and huggable like Yogi the Bear

Pepa from the Salt so do not rip

Cuz if you do I'll shift from first to fifth

Lights out, it's heard, I thought you were dead

Short, fading went I went upside your head

So get back to the beat cuz the beat is bad

The beat pro and the bass gets much impact

The beats rock and just because the beat kicks bass

We're gonna bounce this beat all over the place cuz I desire

While you're on the set let the cameras roll
Salt and Pepa are the stars, the world's the video
Your room is boomin' when we're on your stereo
So hold on tight, don't dare let go
We're the teachers, you're the students - class is in session
Pay attention boys and girls, and learn your lesson
We're running things, yes, we're taking over
You be the grass, we'll be the lawnmower
Never fakin' or takin', not givin' no slack
Not trying, succeeding cuz it's like that
Hot damn, how could you be so doggone dumb?
Trying to dis Salt and Pepa when we're number one?
But we excuse you cuz you're dippy, your mind's in a daze
Like every duck you're confused in so many ways
Giving nothing, taking all whether big or small
We got a ???? beat and it's dope, def y'all
Every day of the week you're at my beck and call
You wanna try me out? You don't have the gall cuz I desire

Visit [Js](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.