

Js**"I'll Take Your Man"**Visit "[I'll Take Your Man](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Salt and Pepa's back, and we came to out rap you

So get out my face before I smack you

Ho, don't you know? Can't you understand?

If you mess with me I'll take you man

Well I'll take your man right out the box

And put him under my padlocks

So when you see us together chillin' in the place

Cold walkin' and sportin' him in your face

Go ahead roll your eyes, suck your teeth

Keep huffin' and puffin' like a dog in heat

You can call me a crook, a robber, a thief

But I'll be your butcher if you got beef

You know what's up - I ain't no poo-putt

Cuz Pepa kick butts off dumb, young bucks like you

And the rest of your crew

If moms want static I'll dis her, too

So scram you know who I am

Damn, chick, don't play me, punk cuz I'll take your man

I'll take your man whenever I feel like it

This ain't a threat or a bet, it's a damn promise

From me to you, your sex life's through

If you get another lover, I'll take him, too
All I have to do is say a rhyme or two
And he'll hop and leave you like a kangaroo
I'll make him heel for me even steal for me
His mother and father he'd kill for me
That's what you get for trying to play smart
Now take a hike with that slayed-up heart
Girl, you don't know if you're comin' or goin'
Look at your face - your jealousy's growin' and showin'
Don't get mad - you don't have the right
I throw below solo but ladylike on the mic
Psyche is where I win my battles
I'll handle you like a baby with a rattle
Don't make me prove to you that I can
Either give him up or get slammed - I'll take your man
I'll take your man, that's right but just for spite
Because you tried to dis me when I was on the mic
But I really don't want him, the guy ain't fly, shoot
He can't afford to buy a Fila suit
Runs the same old gear, never has fresh wear
What he whispered in my ear I can't repeat here
I don't wanna seem to be so damn mean
But you're the hippiest critter I ever seen
Before I got on the stage you wished me good luck
Turned around and told your friends I suck

Well look at you now - you ain't got nobody
Searching for love in a fifth of Bicardi
You look bad, girl, you look like you're dying
Ain't no use in crying - I'll take your man
Yo, Cher, school this fool!
I'll take your man, your fiancée, your husband
You ain't Alice, this ain't Wonderland
And when I say I will you know I can
Don't mess with me cuz I'll take your man
I'll take your man anytime, at the drop of a dime
Cuz he's rappin' and strappin' so hard on mine
Everywhere I turn, everywhere I look
The brother's eyein' me down, he's staring down my
throat
But he's a ducker sucker, soft-hearted punk
Goin' skiing for skeezers, stunts for blunt
So that's why y'all have so many things in common
Him for just robbin', you for lap slobbin'
I never ever went out my way to get played
Keeping guys like yours held down at bay
You know I can, I got the upper-hand
Tramp, you don't stand a chance cuz I'll take your man
Most girls have guys that's good to go
But yours is slow - he's a freakin' a-hole
The fact still stands, there's no change in plans
"Yo, Pepa, your wish is my command!"

Now you know, you know I'll take your...man
Check him out, you see what I mean?
He's leading the pack as the fellas scream
"Go, Sandy! Get busy! Go, Sandy! Get busy!"
It's so easy to make 'em fall for me, Heather
No man can resist Salt and Pepa
Because we're perfect from head to toe
It's not speculation - your man says so
Revenge is sweet but payback's a trip
Girlfriend, you won't know which is which
But I'll tell you this: Don't try to answer this jam
Because if you do then I'll take your...
And I'll take your...
And we'll take your man

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