

Js**"It's All Right"**Visit "[It's All Right](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Hey-a, forward the music selector

We get tougher, aye (????)

Salt and Pepa draw the people into hysterics

With the serious lyrics, right?

It's all right

We gonna take it to the top

We're gonna make your body rock

And we got, we got, we got, gotta make it hot

So come, get on, hop on the dance floor

If you want to declare war - it's all right

It's all right

Now it's ruckus time in the place tonight

Salt and Pepa has just commandeered the mic

Hurby the producer ain't no joke

He always makes sure the beats are dope

When I explore I take you down to the core

Wanted by the FBI as a wicked outlaw

For torturing and murdering MCs

Who try to recreate def rhymes like these

On stage I'm a terror, mascarra don't smear-a (?)

Stockings don't run, and men don't dare-a

Speak out and disrespect Salt and Pepa

We smash MCs with one big stepper

Here to rule, MCs I school

The mic's my tool, I'm no one's fool

That's right, I said it, the girl's got brains

And my full name is Cheryl James - all right

It's all right

It came straight from the mouth rhymes I disperse

I save sucker duck rappers to quench my thirst

I sucker all suckers by selling a dream

When I serve and strengthen any rap team

We'll ignite and your crew just melt like wax

So tell your family and your friends

That we're here to attack

We prepare to win a battle at any cost

Just remember duck rapper, it's not my loss - it's all right

It's all right

And when I rhyme a funky rhyme

Till my throat is sore

When I rhyme till you just can't take no more

You disagree? Kill the noise

Cuz you know I can

Just place the microphone inside my hand

And watch me rhyme-a funky lyrics

You gotta admit, you disagree?

Ask your man - even he's on it
Cuz when I wanna show damage, I'll explode
At a wink of an eye rhymes I'll reload - it's all right
It's all right
Now when we came, we saw, we conquered
Because you tried to be bold, you tried to be bad
You tried to get ill, you tried to fake mad
Whip out my microphone and Turtle Wax that ass
So don't mess around, don't make me laugh
You gotta be jokin', you will get broken
I'll burn you and leave your ashes smokin'
Then I'll put you in my hand, blow you into the wind
So you better notify your next of kin - all right
It's all right
Rip it again, right
It's all right
Rewind selector right

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