

**Js****"Let the Rhythm Run"**Visit "[Let the Rhythm Run](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Salt and Pepa's on the mic makin' sure you like

The type of hype that's unbelievable to write

Spinderella's gonna spin from beginning to end

Once again, we're gonna let the party begin

So tell me Pepa, are you ready to work it out?

You know it Salt, I'm ready to work it out

Spinderella, are you ready to work it out?

Cuz Salt and Pepa is ready to work it out

So let the rhythm run (what?), the rhythm run

Now let the drums run (good), the drums run

So let the rhythm run (huh?), the rhythm run

Yo, Salt... Whassup? Can we get some?

They call me Salt, I'm like a billion bulbs

The rhymes I toss, they're more electric than a lightning bug

On the strength I swore there's no either/or

MCs, we're gonna have a mouth-to-mouth war

Some rappers got soul on the mic, right? (Right)

But others be playin' it like they're all that

And you know what'll happen if I don't like your style of rappin'

Step on stage as soon as I'm on it

Spin drops a beat to warn my opponent  
Hurb pumps the bass upon the sound system  
We kick a rhyme and claim another victim  
People 'round the world, I like to play to 'em  
In every club, arena, and stadium  
Inside the jam we're known as the party stars  
Gimme a mic, and the house is like Mardi Gras  
I couldn't do it though without the help from  
The melody that we call the rhythm  
Yo, Pepa, are you ready to work it out, huh?  
Yeah, I been ready to work it out  
So let the rhythm run (what?), the rhythm run (who?)  
Aw, c'mon Pep, go ahead and bust one  
If the Pep you want, that's just what you'll get  
As the rhythm runs, sweat's in full effect  
I see a crowd, I can't help but get hyped  
You gotta be, throw it on and recite  
A dope rhyme cuz I'm a lyrical queen  
The Pepa MC's makin' microphones sing  
Notes to provoke, they called her a joke  
The speaker smoked when I spoke  
Boy, you better kill the noise  
Let the rhythm run (word), just let it run  
Let the drums run (yeah), now let 'em run  
Mess around and I'll bet you don't get none

Is it over yet? Never, it gets better  
We'll let the rhythm run harder than ever  
A bassline is added for some soul  
Now the guitar will make ya rock 'n roll  
My mic is like a gun, I go nowhere without it  
You gotta better one, I'm sorry but I doubt it  
My partner's name is Pep, she's not a half-stepper  
You think you're kinda def, but I think that she's deffer  
Since rappin' is art and I'm a dope artist  
If lyrics mean you're smart, then I must be the smartest  
My DJ likes to spin, we call her Spinderella  
If cuttin' 'em was a book, she'd be a million seller  
Salt's kinda short, but she don't ever take none  
A sucker try to dis, and she just have to break one  
Assume the position, commence the dance session  
Loosen up, listen, it's not a dance lesson  
Seatbelts fastened, let's have some fun  
Brace yourself, hold on, cuz the rhythm's gonna run  
Let the rhythm run, nah, the rhythm's done  
Let the drums run, no, the drums are done

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