

Js**"My Mic Sounds Nice"**Visit "[My Mic Sounds Nice](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Are you ready?

Yo, Hurb, take it from the top

One, two...

My mic sound nice, check one

My mic sound nice, check two

My mic sound nice, check three

Are you ready to rock-rock y'all

To the beat y'all?

A-keep on and you don't stop

Rockin' on, keep rockin' on

I'm the queen on the mic, and it's true when I say

That the Pepa MC is here to stay

And you know if I was a book I would sell

Cuz every curve on my body got a story to tell

Yeah, word 'em up, w-word 'em up

Cuz I'm so fly, nobody can deny

The girl hasn't been born that can deal with I

Me, Sandy D., undoubtably def

Don't need to be dressed, I'm fresh to the flesh

Yes, so tough you know it is a must

Now Salt, get on the mic, and tell 'em why you go crush

Cuz I'm oh-aye, I'm on, I'm on
I'm oh-aye, I'm so damn on
Like a grasshopper hoppin' on the morning lawn
Like a needle on a record when it plays a song
Like Little Boy Blue blowin' on his horn
And you know I got to be on
MCs rockin' and shockin', but it won't last
Salt's on the mic, and I'm kickin'
Ask me no questions, I'll tell no lies
It's just a little warning, a word to the wise
You been hopin' and scopin', layin' and prayin'
But on the bottom is where you're staying
You're wack, I thought you understood
You're not related to me so you could never be good
I know you come from Babylon (And you know why?)
Cuz you're a Babble-On MC (That's right)
You babble on the microphone about what you wish
But could never be
So please don't tell me how you're gonna rock
Don't brag about the things that you ain't got
Don't feed me lies cuz now I'm full
My cow just died, I don't need your bull
Yo, yo, turn my mic up a little bit
One, two, one, two - all right, thanks
My mic sound nice, check one

My mic sound nice, check two

My mic sound nice, check three

Right about now as you can see in the place to be

We're not talking about geometry, history or biology

So Sandy D., explain this to me...

Why do they call you the Pepa MC?

You mean you don't know? That's a shame

Ok Salt, let me explain

I'm hot like a fire, burned down, diminished

Oh, now I see! Chill, let me finish

I wanna make one and all understand

I don't play, I slay when the mic's in my hand

The room temperature reaches a hundred and four

You can scramble eggs on the floor

The pressure soars, the crowd, they roar

Sweat will drip down to your drawers

The Pepa MC is like hot ice

And I paid the price to make the mic sound nice

Forget about the rest, yes, I don't jest

You're blessed with one of America's best

So I think y'all better count your blessings

When Salt's in the house, hell's in session

It's a fact that I will wax

MCs out there are gonna get taxed

Rockin' to my funky beat

I'm a trip so I know you're gonna fall for me

Cuz this is the year all men fear

Female MCs is movin' up here

Salt and Pepa is strictly biz

You know the color of this, you know what time it is

"Super" is the strength of the boomin' bass

"Nature" describes our pretty face

Turning out without a doubt

Make no mistake, Queens is in the house

Yeah, check it out, ch-check it out

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