

Js**"None of Your Business"**Visit "[None of Your Business](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

What's the matter with your life?

Why you gotta mess with mine?

Don't keep sweatin' what I do

Cuz I'm gonna be just fine - check it out

CHORUS

If I wanna take a guy home with me tonight

It's none of your business

And she wanna be a freak and sell it on the weekend

It's none of your business

Now you shouldn't even get into who I'm givin' skins to

It's none of your business

So don't try to change my mind, I'll tell you one more
time

It's none of your business

Now who do you think you are

Puttin' your cheap two cents in?

Don't you got nothin' to do

Than worry 'bout my friends? Check it...

I can't do nothin', girl, without somebody buggin'

I used to think that it was me, but now I see it wasn't

They told me to change, they called me names, and so
I popped one

Opinion's are like assholes and everybody's got one

I never put my nose where I'm not supposed to

Believe me, if he's something that I want, I'm steppin'
closer

I'm not one for playing high-pole

Like the house of ditty-nine-oh-two-one-oh type of the
ho

I treat a man like he treats me

The difference between a hooker and a ho ain't nothin'
but a fee

So hold your tongue tightly, wish you could be like me

You're poppin' all that mess only to stress and to spite
me

Now you can get with that or you can get with this

But I don't give a shit cuz really it's none of your
business

[1993, S and P, packin' and mackin'

Bamboozlin' and smackin' suckers with this track

Throw the beat back in!]

CHORUS

How many rules am I to break before you understand

That your double-standards don't mean shit to me?

I know exactly what you say when I turn and walk away

But that's ok cuz I don't let it get it to me

Now every move I make somebody's clockin'

Don't ask me nothin', will you just leave me alone?

Never mind who's the guy that I took home...to bone

Ok, Miss Thing never givin' up skins

If you don't like him or his friends what about that
Benz?

Your Pep-Pep's got an ill rep

With all that macaroni trap for rap you better step

Or better yet get your head checked

Cuz I refuse to be played like a penny cent trick deck of
cards

No, I ain't hard like the bitches on a boulevard

My face ain't scarred, and I don't dance in bars

You can call me a tramp if you want to

But I remember the punk who just humped and
dumped you

Or you can front if you have to

But everybody gets horny just like you

So, yo, so, yo, ho - check it, double deck it on a record
butt-naked

Pep's ass gets respect, and this butt is none of your
business

CHORUS

So the moral of this story is: Who are you to judge?

There's only one true judge, and that's God

So chill, and let my Father do His job

Cuz Salt and Pepa's got it swingin' again

Cuz Salt and Pepa's got it swingin' again

Cuz Salt and Pepa's got it swingin' again

Cuz Salt and Pepa's got it swingin' again...

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