

Js**"Solo Power"**Visit "[Solo Power](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Pep had to step, she'll be back in a sec

But in the meantime, I like to have sound check

One-two's what I say as the record gets played

For a little bit to make sure it stays on track

The wax can't be scratched unless Spin is there

So she can catch it on time so then I can rhyme

The vocalist on the mic is me

I'm the short and sexy one in effect

About to bring it to you straight up, wait up

You ready? Huh, it's time to pay up

The capital S gonna spot

I'm here to wreck shop [Salt, where's Pepa?]

Yo, she's at the next stop

So all aboard, grab a seat and get set

Spinderella, start it up, now let's check

Overdrive, rhyme after rhyme, I'm still the best

I'm holdin' down camp keepin' punks in check

So snap out of it, me the soloist for what?

Salt and Pepa with mics, Spinderella with cuts

Let's get paid, get paid

Yeah, comin' in and goin' in, growin' in and throwin' in

We got the flavor, and everyday we're showin' it
So just stay back cuz Salt ain't takin' no fronts
Cuz I'm dope, I look good, and I'm paid to be blunt
Reigning supreme, all hail the queens from Queens
You think it's def now? Wait till Pepa steps on the scene
So petty rappers take a seat, make sure you sit up
straight
The name Salt and Pepa, the year '88
Let's get paid, get paid
Doin' the chores on behalf of my partner
Like money in the bank so thanks, now I'm a spark of
the ashes
Strike the match, light the fuse
Spinderella, me, and Pep singing the Get Paid blues
To the petty I'm like a machete making confetti
Cuz you don't see Pepa, punk, step up, you still ain't
ready
You want a piece of what the Salt releases?
Take a chunk, punk, and now you're leaving in pieces
Step left, jet poo-putt-putt in your Nova
Before you thought, think again, you won't get over
With a clover, four-leaf, chief, to be brief
Yo, Pepa hurry up and come and get a piece of this mic
Cuz I'm hoggin' it, Holmes start loggin' it
They wanna know do I rock? Salt be doggin' it
Shakin' and bakin' the mic just like a chef
I'll rock this beat until there ain't none left

Let's get paid, get paid

Let's get paid, get paid

If I run out of breath, I take a pause

If Pepa's on stage I say "Go for yours"

But if she ain't then this mic I'm minin'

I say "Spin, drop it" and keep rhymin'

When Pepa comes back she'll say "Salt, chill"

Grab the mic, and go for the kill

But you're lucky cuz she ain't back yet

Relax, men, you're a nervous wreck

Wipe the sweat off your face and stop panickin'

You look scared, stiff as a manequin

But still you're back again to see me rap again

Spin, cut the final hit, let's just pack 'em in

Cuff 'em and stuff 'em, they know I still love 'em

If they can't stand the heat well then chuck 'em

Salt and Pepa, Spinderella came here to tell ya

Let's get paid, get paid

Let's get paid, get paid

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