

Salt N Pepa "It's Alright"

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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, mascara 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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