

Salt N Pepa

"Let's Talk About Sex There's More To The Song"

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Punch it, Hurb
Yo, I don't think we should talk about this
Come on, why not?
People might misunderstand what we're tryin' to say,
you know?
No, but that's a part of life]

Come on

CHORUS

Let's talk about sex, baby
Let's talk about you and me
Let's talk about all the good things
And the bad things that may be
Let's talk about sex
Let's talk about sex
Let's talk about sex
Let's talk about sex

Let's talk about sex for now to the people at home or in
the crowd
It keeps coming up anyhow
Don't decoy, avoid, or make void the topic
Cuz that ain't gonna stop it
Now we talk about sex on the radio and video shows
Many will know anything goes
Let's tell it how it is, and how it could be
How it was, and of course, how it should be
Those who think it's dirty have a choice
Pick up the needle, press pause, or turn the radio off
Will that stop us, Pep? I doubt it
All right then, come on, Spin

CHORUS

Hot to trot, make any man's eyes pop
She use what she got to get whatever she don't got
Fellas drool like fools, but then again they're only
human
The chick was a hit because her body was boomin'

Gold, pearls, rubies, crazy diamonds
Nothin' she ever wore was ever common
Her dates heads of state, men of taste
Lawyers, doctors, no one was too great for her to get
with
Or even mess with, the Prez she says was next on her
list
And believe me, you, it's as good as true
There ain't a man alive that she couldn't get next to
She had it all in the bag, so she should have been glad
But she was mad and sad and feelin' bad
Thinkin' about the things that she never had
No love, just sex, followed next with a check and a note
That last night was dope

Let's talk about sex, baby (sing it)
Let's talk about you and me (sing it, sing it)
Let's talk about all the good things
And the bad things that may be
Let's talk about sex (come on)
Let's talk about sex (do it)
Let's talk about sex (uh-huh)
Let's talk about sex

Ladies, all the ladies, louder now, help me out
Come on, all the ladies - let's talk about sex, all right
(repeat)

[Yo, Pep, I don't think they're gonna play this on the
radio
And why not? Everybody has sex
I mean, everybody should be makin' love
Come on, how many guys you know make love?]

CHORUS

Spinderalla cut it up one time

What we have here is subject to controversy
A three-letter word some regard as a curse, see
He may fiend and have a wet dream
Because he seen a teen in tight jeans
What makes him react like that is biological
The people gettin' in those jeans, it's diabolical
But of course he does it, and she gives him rap,
and before you even know it, they jump in the sack
As a matter of fact, sometimes it's like that
But anyway, ready or not, here he cums
and like a dumb son-of-a-gun, oops, he forgot the
condom
"Oh well," you say, "what the hell, it's chill,

I won't get got, I'm on the pill"
Until the sores start to puff and spore
He gave it to you, and now it's yours

CHORUS

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