

## **Salt N Pepa "Negro Wit An Ego"**

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Here we go, I'm a Negro with an ego  
(Yo)

So, don't tell me what I'm doin' is illegal  
No, I resort to violence only when provoked  
Contrary to rumors I'm no joke

If I sound hard it's because I'm peed off  
And do you wanna know why? Go 'head tell 'em Salt  
All right, let me explain what upset me  
No we ain't tryin' to be sexy

Dismiss is quick with a miss like a tongue  
'Cuz I'd run if I was a chick  
Pick up a hit list  
And I'm-a kick it like this

The word is out, you played me out  
I won't scream and shout, straighten it out now  
Don't lie and spy, stop tryin' to connive me  
Slow your roll, you don't even know me

I'm not a militant but I'm equivalent  
To an activist, all I'm after is cheer among all  
I don't care if they're big or small, short or tall  
We've got to stand to fall, ain't that right, y'all?

Now all I can talk about is what I know  
And all I know about is what I witness  
What I witness is what I see  
Me, way below status quo 'cuz I'm a Negro with an ego  
Yo, that don't go

Put some faith in your race  
Put some faith in your race  
Put some faith in your race  
Put some faith in your race

I'm black and I'm proud to be a  
African-American Soul Sister  
Usin' my mind as a weapon, a lethal injection  
And oh yes, I'm the best in whatever I do

I do better, I'm clever  
I never half-step ask Salt or Pepa  
We're partners in rhyme, one of a kind  
This affair is rare and you will never find  
Another like me, gimme the mic, it's mine

Keep your mitts off this, yo, Salt, it's time  
To let the public know the subject of the show  
Is what America calls a Negro with an ego  
Yo, that don't go, that's a negative so

Put some faith in your race  
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Porche, Benz and BM's are all suitable  
For people who sell pharmaceutical  
That's a stereotype, that's the hype  
Don't ask me why I have an attitude  
(All right)

When I drop a nine-eleven on my 200C  
The cops are surprised to see, a minority  
Behind the wheel of this car, it must be narcotics  
How else could she have got it?

A brown-skinned female with two problems to correct  
Wrong color, wrong sex  
Sometimes I feel the real deal is to be a rebel  
But that would bring me down to their level

I won't settle for that, it's unacceptable  
'Cuz Salt-N-Pepa's always very respectable  
Sometimes we get crazy and outta hand  
But it's all in the fun of makin' everybody dance

I'm proud of  
Who and what I am  
So call me a Negro with an ego  
And get ready to go blow for blow

Put some faith in your race  
Put some faith in your race  
Put some faith in your race  
Put some faith in your race

Faith, faith  
Faith, faith  
Faith, faith

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