

Salt N Pepa

"None Of Your Buisness"

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What's the matter with your life?
Why you gotta mess with mine?
Don't keep sweatin' what I do,
Cuz I'm gunna be just fine,
Check it out,
If I,

Chorus
Wanna take a guy,
Home with me tonight,
(It's none of your buisness.)
And if she,
Wanna be a freak and,
Tell it on the week-end,
(It's none of your buisness.)
Now you,
Shouldn't be gettin' in to,
Who im givin' skins to,
(Its none of your buisness.)
So don't,
Try to change my mind,
I'll tell you one more time,
(Its none of your buisness.)
/Chorus

Now who do you think you are?
Putting your cheap two cents in?
Don't you got nothin' better to do than worry bout my
friends?
Check it,
I can't do nothin' girl,
Without somebody buggin'
I used to think it was me,
But now I see it wasnt,
They told me to change,
And called me names,
Then so I popped one,
Opinions are like assholes,
And everybody's got one,
I never poke my nose in,
Where Im not supposed ta'

Belive me if he's something that I want,
Im steppin closah' (closer)
I'm not one for playing Hi-Po,
Like a house o' ditty, nine o' two one o type of ho,
I treat a man like he treats me,
The diffrence between a hooker and ho,
Ain't nothin' but a fee,
So hold your tounge tightly,
Wish you could be like me,
You poppin all that mess,
Only to stress and to spite me,
But you can get with that,
Or you can get with this,
But I dont give a shit,
Cuz really its none of your buisness.

[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 thats okay,
Cuz I dont let it get to me,
Now every move I make,
Somebodys Clockin',
So ask me nothin,
Will you just leave me alone?
Nevermind who's the guy that I took home...
To bone.

OK!

Miss thing never givin up skins,
If you dont like him or his friends,
What about that Beeenz,
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 boulivard
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

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