

## **Salt N Pepa**

# **"None Of Your Business"**

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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 gonna be just fine, check it out

If I wanna take a guy home with me tonight  
It's none of yo business  
And if she wanna be a freak and sell it on the weekend  
It's none of yo business  
Now you, shouldn't even get into who I'm givin' skins to  
It's none of yo business  
So don't try, to change my mind, I'll tell you one more  
time  
It's none of yo business

Now who do you think you are  
Puttin' your cheap two cents in?  
Don't you got nothin' to do  
Than worry about my friends? Check it  
I can't do nothin', girl, without somebody buggin'  
I used to think that it was me, but now I see it wasn't

They told me to change, they called me names and so I  
popped one  
Opinion's are like assholes and everybody's got one  
I never put my nose where I'm not supposed to  
Believe me, if he's something that I want, I'm steppin'  
closer  
I'm not one for playing high-pole  
Like the house of ditty nine O two one O type of the ho

I treat a man like he treats me  
The difference between a hooker and a ho ain't nothin'  
but a fee  
So hold your tongue tightly, wish you could be like me  
You're poppin' all that mess only to stress and to spite  
me  
Now you can get with that or you can get with this  
But I don't give a shit 'cuz really it's none of your  
business

1993, S and P, packin' and makin'

Bamboozlin' and smackin' suckers with this track and  
Throw the beat back in

If I wanna take a guy home with me tonight  
It's none of yo business  
And if she wanna be a freak and sell it on the weekend  
It's none of yo business  
Now you, shouldn't even get into who I'm givin' skins to  
It's none of yo business  
So don't, try to change my mind, I'll tell you one more  
time  
It's none of yo business

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 that's okay 'cuz I don't let it get it to me  
Now every move I make somebody's clockin'  
Don't ask me nothin', will you just leave me alone?  
Never mind who's the guy that I took home to bone

Okay, miss thing never givin' up skins  
If you don't like him or his friends what about that  
Benz?  
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 boulevard  
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  
Punk ass disrespect, and this but it's none of your  
business

If I wanna take a guy home with me tonight  
It's none of yo business  
And if she wanna be a freak and sell it on the weekend  
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Now you, shouldn't even get into who I'm givin' skins to  
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time  
It's none of yo business

So the moral of this story is, who are you to judge?  
There's only one true judge and that's God  
So chill and let my Father do His job

The Salt-N-Pepa's got it swingin' again  
The Salt-N-Pepa's got it swingin' again  
The Salt-N-Pepa's got it swingin' again

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