

Salt N Pepa

"Say Yes"

Visit "[Say Yes](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(Intro)

Yo, lets get it popping up in here yo
Yeah, there it go
Yeah, thats what I was lookin' for
Ayo, check it out son
Im'ma show these cats how we do it

(Verse 1)

Before we did raps, we did kidnaps
Murders, muggings
Cousin, what you know about thugging?
When y'all niggas be out clubbing
I be deep in discussion tryin'a convince my little cousin
not to blood in
keep love for the Pen, Lucky got another buck in
Damn shame his motherfuckin' baby mother cluckin'
She be out with some coward that ain't about shit
Rumors say she put out quick for not even an outfit
Nowadays everybody riding or dying
We own this game, stop tryin'a buy in
Frontin' like you pop iron, stop lyin'
I'm a nigga so ill I punch Math and then drop Science
Saigon, the man with the 2 brains and 3 hearts
Swift enough to build with retards
Rap epitome, academically street smart
That aint even the deep part
Me and my men end every fight that we start
If I aint one of the lot of you, the stacks is unstoppable
On as long as Macks poppable, Cracks is choppable
If its logical, I'll bottle you, beat the shit outta you
Go to your Wake and beat shit outta whoever says
"Bye" to you
This is what I would do, and if you was me? you'd bottle
you too
'Cause you'd hate a bitch nigga like you
(Word to mother nigga, if you was me?
Nigga you'd fuckin' put 1 in your brain too nigga)

(Chorus)

If you be living for death and dont be giving an eff
Then hit a pig in the vest and say yes (yes!)

If you be puffing the cess and laying sunk in the S
Then punch a punk in the chest and say yes (yes!)
If you a gangsta, hustla, thugsta that bust slugs
Nigga that dont trust hugs, and dont fuck with the bust
thugs
Hold a blunt in your right and raise your left
You blessed so you should just say yes (yes!)

(Verse 2)

Ayo they trapped me in this violent enviroment
Blocks so hot, they need to fire the cops and hire some
Firemen
Thugs get forced to early retirement
If they blaze your head, you made your bed, nigga,
now lie in it
Need to stop denying it, pressure? you aint applying it
1 nigga get mercked, look at you on some cryin' shit
Yeah I cry when I see my little nigga get murdered
Not 'cause he died, but 'cause the shit looked like it
hurted
And I'm a nigga thats observant
I seen the bullet when it first hit, his face when it first
split
And still no longer than 20 minutes later
Im on the same block, same glock, with the same pen
and paper
You analyze an innovator
S to the A to the I, show niggas what men are made of
Before you see me in The Source, you'll probably see
me in the paper
for poppin' a cop or dockin' shots at a women raper

(Chorus)

If you be living for death and dont be giving an eff
Then hit a pig in the vest and say yes (yes!)
If you be puffing the cess and laying sunk in the S
Then punch a punk in the chest and say yes (yes!)
If you a gangsta, hustla, thugsta that bust slugs
Nigga that dont trust hugs, and dont fuck with the bust
thugs
Hold a blunt in your right and raise your left
You blessed so you should just say yes (yes!)

(Verse 3)

Ayo, you knew I'm better than you
Front, get a few embedded in you
Just 'cause I aint have nothing better to do
See what this Beretta will do?
Turn a perfectly functioning human being to a veg-et-a-
ble
We wettin' you from your head to your shoe

Yo the only attention you gon' need now is medical
dude
And if the shotty pops you, fuckin' coroners will body
box you
Call the guy that I bought to Karate chop you
To hell with ya crew, you be spittin' that shit thats not
true
My niggas have lived and died for this shit since Junior
High School
Funny how rappers talk out they ass but aint about shit
So I set 'em on fire and use gas to put it out with
They cowards, talking bout they 'bout it, but we doubt it
The rhyme wont make you a thug, nor do fatigue
outfits
We box, nigga we plots tempers shorter than Ewoks
Lace the Reeboks, chase you three blocks then
Gunshot noises
Unload 33 shots biaaaaaaatch

little faggot, stupid motherfuckers in the game
yo yo, I rep for real niggas son
you know what type of niggas I rep

(Chorus)

If you be living for death and dont be giving an eff
Then hit a pig in the vest and say yes (yes!)
If you be puffing the cess and laying sunk in the S
Then punch a punk in the chest and say yes (yes!)
If you a gangsta, hustla, thugsta that bust slugs
Nigga that dont trust hugs, and dont fuck with the bust
thugs
Hold a blunt in your right and raise your left
You blessed so you should just say yes (yes!)

(outro)

Word is bond son, I told y'all like 15 thousand years
ago
that niggas was coming back for that shit
That real niggas was gonna re-emerge and take fake
niggas off the map
And now that time is here baby, its 2K

Visit [Salt N Pepa](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.