

Salt N Pepa "Somebody's Gettin On My Nerves"

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Hey, yo, show 'em what ya got
Show 'em what ya got
Show-show 'em what ya got
Show 'em what ya got

Hey, yo, show 'em what ya got
'Cuz shit is gettin' hot
Show-show 'em what ya got
'Cuz shit is gettin' hot
Show 'em what ya got
'Cuz shit is gettin' hot
Hey, yo, show 'em what ya got
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Somebody's gettin' on my nerves
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(Show 'em what ya got)
Somebody's gettin' on my nerves
(Show 'em what ya got)
Somebody's gettin' on my nerves
(Show-show 'em what ya got)
Somebody's gettin' on my nerves
Forget that you're a lady, and give 'em what they
deserve

Now I've got this real phat attitude because of all the
hype
Jealous-ass rappers broke as hell trying to play me on
the mic
So test my respect, mess around, yeah, bitch
Jump up and get beat down
Now Salt shorty, light-skinned, sexy, and your man
know
I got him screamin' like a hooker in the front row
So you better check my record, better yet, bum
My name is super for a record, check my platinum
album

It's not meant for you to do
You even sound wack when you try to check the mic
One, two, one, two
But wait I'm not through, how you livin' sayin' old
rhymes
Tryin' to get new?
You don't work like the two to make hip-hop
So you can talk until your big, suckin' lips pop
The next time you try to play me, you might catch a fist
to the
Nose, ho
So there you go

You hear talk about Pep around the way gettin' skeezed
Yo, me and my man was with Pepa last night, yo
Nigga please
You couldn't hump me if my first name was Cooty Cat
Your little Jimmy can't even hold your zipper back
Why don't you tell the story right, man?
The only skins you ever hit was the skins on your right
hand
You rolled up on me in your man's Beemer
And I could look at you and tell you was a meat-beatin'
daydreamer

You put the window down tryin' to act real slick
And started smilin' like a hooker with a bag of tricks
You stuck your hand out the window trying to show me
gold
Your forty-second street Rolex was kinda old
I wrote a number, and I know you thought you'd get
humped
But it was Dial-A-Date 1-900-Chump
So why you runnin' around town playin' Jeopardy?
Get off my bra-strap, boy, stop sweatin' me

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Now somebody's gettin' on my nerves, and I'm
wrecked to get crazy
It never fails to amaze me

How people never miss a possip, they just believe the
gossip
Instead of finding out the truth of what's up
It's got my nostrils flairin'
I'd be a fool if I believe half of the dumb shit I be
hearing
'Cuz ev'rytime I meet a guy that's got it goin' on
One of my jealous girlfriends gotta find something
that's wrong

If he's not drivin' a Benz or Beemer then he's bummy
Or he's sellin' Buddah if he's got plenty of money
Now ask me why, I don't know why or well or what the
hell
So breakin' up the code because of someone's getting
jeal
I've got enough problems of my own
To sit up on the phone talkin' about on who he's gettin'
bone

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