

Hyped On The Mic

Salt-N-Pepa

I'd like you to meet my mic, last name is phone
This is my house make yourself at home
Now see those chairs? Please just ignore them
Believe me, they'll be no need for them
I got a rhyme, and I'd like to exploit it
You came in here so you cannot avoid it
This beat is hard, it's as hard as atomic energy
Thinkin' as long as we're rhymin' to it
And it's addictive like smoking
Word to the parents, see, I'm not jokin'
You'd be a thief only this life is harmless
Couldn't kick the habit if you tried your darndest
So don't fight it, don't fear it
Just take your hands, applause and cheer it
I gave you more than you ever expected
And when I did then you gave me respect
With your support we're reachin' new heights
Salt and Pepa's insanelly hyped on the mic

My supporters are massive, my sound is passive
If I was you, I'd take time to ask if
Others you've heard really deserve to be ranked as the best
Great or supurb, to be or not to be, that's a good question
How good they used to be, well I give less than a damn
Cuz the present day counts if you can't rock a tone
I suggest you just count
I said please, but it's not like I'm pleadin'
So don't get supe, peasant, stop speedin'
Cuz I'm about to rain, and when I rain I don't drizzle
It's gettin' hot in here, we're gonna sizzle
See, I understand that you had the dishes
But if it's too hot, get out of the kitchen
Cuz frauds and fakes are the ones I don't like
And they are the ones that get me hyped on the mic

I'm gonna play you for keeps, got a system in my teeth
Outside on the street people heard all of the beats
That I rapped or mastered so throw the wax on
Pepa is that strong, they can hear the last song
First class status, I'm a blessed event
God rocked the full-size for my silhoutte
Yes, solo this woman, rise all before me
?? jump on it
Don't try to be cuz I will protest
Oh yes, I have an uzi I've been dyin' to test
Livin' larger than life but to be precise
I'm Pepa, much deffer when I'm crazy hyped on the mic

We're gonna break it down to you how it should be broke
Rhymes written not ? and how it should be wrote
People jammin' not standin' and what you hope
A show funky not junky, you say rhymes are dope
?? he'd be madly hyped
Spinderella had to tell him, "Boy, you ain't my type"
Get away from her, I tell you before she gets pissed
She's got a left with a cut, and it'll go like this

Started wheelin' doin' wheelies, but you were a big wheel
Started dealin' like a dealer, but you just couldn't deal
As you flip like a freak the whole world just flopped
Couldn't rock like a rocker so you just got rocked
I'm the defest gettin' deffer and ought to be kept
Take a breath between rhymes with a bet, tell 'em Pep
Or let's kick it like a kicker, the rhymes I kick
Like a sticker gets stuck to your butt I'll stick
When the hype is gettin' hyper, when the hip-hop's hype
Salt and Pepa, that's right, you know we're hyped on the mic