

# Spinderella's Not A Fella (But A Girl DJ)

Salt-N-Pepa

When the needle's picked up, the volume's kicked up  
She's gonna fix up anything that's mixed up  
When the record gets cut the crowd is lift up  
You might think it is but...

Spinderella's not a fella - what you say?  
Spinderella's not a fella - that's ok  
Spinderella's not a fella - watch her play  
Spinderella's not a fella - but a girl DJ

? spins you won't get  
And flip the vocal style, rip the instrumental  
Nice on a slice, swift on a mix  
Those who dis will then be dismissed  
Like a fever she'll heat up, burn, and feed her  
If you can't put up then shut the hell up  
All you mixmasters and cutmasters  
True grandmasters even jammasters  
Listen to what I'm sayin' on the mic  
She's hard as a man, too sexy for a dyke  
So let your ears hear what your mind can't conceive  
Got a cut for your butt on the mix y'all she's no joke  
With the microphone you're toast  
Get ya hyped and excite, mysterious as a ghost  
Check the style plus the swiftness  
Don't take my word for it, you be the witness  
No one lies when the truth is starin' them in the mouth  
The needle won't stick, it's the record they hug  
No alibis cuz the proof is in the puddin'  
Mistakes on hip-hop breaks? She's just wouldn't  
Make believe what she can do indeed  
You're dealing with the Queen of Speed  
Cuttin' the beats with ease, makin' the record bleed  
Now then, you know what I mean...

She's the inch long on the mixboard  
Put your tape on pause and press record  
Never does the same cut twice in one night  
She'll go solo toe-to-toe like a vice  
Grip the turntable and flip the record over  
Heat up the party like a supernova  
Because it's a girl don't mean jack  
If Jill tried to get ill, she'd get slapped  
Wanna know her name and why she came?  
Not to cause trouble but to entertain  
I'm-a tell ya don't mistake her for a fella  
The mix empress...Spinderella!

Yeah, that's her title  
The God of Speed is her DJ idol  
Cuttin' like a maniac, clever as a brainiac  
Only when the scene's packed will she react to  
Anyone who dares to compare  
The comp will be too much too bear  
But this chick is big on tricks  
With her wrist she'll flip within a spilt  
Second, she's flexin' and checkin'

The level of the power meter will not be less than  
Ten degrees, her sound won't distort  
Mixin' ain't a job to her it's a sport  
When the turntable speaks, take your advice  
My homegirl is nicer than nice  
She's a ?, a slave to the rhythm  
If the crowd wants action then she'll give 'em  
More than they can handle, this ain't a scandal  
If the mix is mangled she'll untangle  
It with a scratch on it, ain't that a bit?  
The way she can switch from groove to groove  
With no room to improve

Cuts are made to be played not fade  
Spin won't behave if she ain't paid  
To get down, no let down  
Put your bets down and just check how  
She moves with the grace of a cat being pat  
The wax hits hard as a bat  
Automated just like automation  
Imitation causes irritation  
You owe it to yourself to see her  
Go backstage and meet her  
Get her autograph, take a photograph  
I know that's too much to ask  
Word, but don't give up hope  
Spinderella's not a fella, Spinderella's dope