Beauty and the Beat

Autobahn

Ooh baby, I like the sound when
The switch is on and you start poundin'
Out my radio and pretty soon
Salt-N-Pepa will boom into the room
Clap your hands, now people clap hard
Clap your hands, now people clap your hands
Clap your hands, now people stomp your feet
Clap your hands, now people clap with me
Listen hard and tell me what you hear
Is it noise or is it def beats in your ear?
You said you want one and now you got some
Vicious snare, hi hats and a bass drum
First the mix empress to impress you
Cutting right on time and I'll bet you
Didn't know it, you can't believe it
(Did you? Could you?)
Word to life, I swear we wouldn't kid you
And she can cut it up like a wild animal
Slicing and dicing away as a cannibal does
'Cuz only a beauty can make you people clap with me
Who is the best? We are the best, who's one of the best?
You're one of the best
Why am I so def? Why don't I have flaws?
Why do I cut for Salt-N-Pepa?
Because when my turntable talks your body
Will listen to a message [unverified] tested and kickin'
Out of my speakers and into your sneakers
Providing conversation for the woofers and tweeters
When I play the Technics obey
'Cuz I'm a fader translator, a mix board slave
And I'ma do like this on 'em, this on 'em

When I'm on the floor, beat is like romance
The rhythm makes love to me as I dance
And from what I see it's about to be
A relationship between beauty and the beat
Word up y'all, it's a royal ball
Turn hip-hop clubs into concert halls
Inside is live if I use up highs

Twelve hundred [unverified]
Power in high drive, the woofers don't lie
Opposites attract so the birthrate's high
Your chest and ribcage the bass is poking at
(Lower the what?)
Stop joking, we can't do that it possess power
You ask how-a people get louder
Uh, step aside, sir
Sir, will you please step aside for the
Salt-N-Pepa MC's represent beauty
We want y'all to see why we're the only
Nominee nominated representing our race
This jam is dedicated to all the pretty faces
And we're gonna rock like you like
Spinderella on the mix, Salt-N-Pepa on the mic
And we can satisfy your desire
We can make your body perspire
Make the men all want to get with it
Then take 'em down to the ultimate
Sounds and I say, Spinderella's not a fella
But a girl DJ

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