

# Expression

## Dosem

Oh yeah, oh yeah  
Oh yeah, oh yeah  
You know life is all about expression  
You only live once, and you're not coming back  
So express yourself, yeah  
Express yourself, you gotta be you and only you, babe  
Express yourself, and let me be me  
Express yourself, don't tell me what I cannot do, baby  
Come on and work your body  
Now Joe wanna be like Bob, Bob got it goin' on with no job  
And everything Rob got he got from Robin  
And everything she got, she got ho-hoppin'  
My girl Jilly wanna be like Jackie  
Fat rope chains and I think that's wick-wacky  
Tom and Dick wanna be like Harry  
Little do they know he's bitin' on Barry  
Stan was a scam, but Vinnie's legit  
Mercedes coupe home troop with no kit  
A businessman with a beeper for a reason  
Not like Tim because it's in this season  
Express yourself, you gotta be you and only you, babe  
Express yourself, and let me be me  
Express yourself, don't tell me what I cannot do, baby  
Come on and work your body  
Oh yeah, oh yeah  
Oh yeah, oh yeah  
Hey Pep, you up next  
Yes, I'm Pep and there ain't nobody  
Like my body, yes I'm somebody  
No I'm sorry, I'm-a rock this Mardis Grass  
Until the party ends, friends  
Yes, I'm blessed, and I know who I am  
I express myself on every jam  
I'm not a man, but I'm in command  
Hot damn, I got an all-girl band  
And I wear the gear, yeah, I wanna wear it, too  
I don't care, dear, go ahead and stare  
Afraid to be you, livin' in fear  
Expression is rare, I dare you

Express yourself, you gotta be you and only you, babe  
Express yourself, and let me be me  
Express yourself, don't tell me what I cannot do, baby  
Come on and work your body  
Oh yeah, oh yeah  
Yo, excuse us while we rap  
Go ahead girls, express yourself!  
My party, your party, anytime drop in  
Cold hip-hop is always rockin'  
Don't you like it when the music drop  
Jump, spread out, and stop?  
Now bring in the go-go  
Look at how my butt go rock from left to the right  
You wanna step to me, groove me  
I know you wanna do me  
Come on now, fellas, don't fight  
At my door they're bum-rushin' to hear the percussion  
Sound of my go-go band  
I've long ago learned my lesson, it's all about expression  
Will the real Salt and Pepa please stand? And  
Express yourself, you've got to be you, babe  
Express yourself, and let me be me  
Express yourself, don't tell me what to do, babe  
Express yourself, come on and work that body  
Express yourself, you've got to be you, babe  
Express yourself, don't tell me what to do, babe  
Express yourself, you've got to be you, babe  
Express yourself, don't tell me what to do, babe  
Express yourself, oh yeah, oh yeah  
Express yourself