Swift

Salt-N-Pepa

The duo is back, competition check out the new style
Then get the heck out
Put on your battlin' gear but don't come strapped
Bullets are not needed, this time it's rap for rap
I'm makin' the move and soon you'll have to make yours back
In fact, the further the rhyme is dancin', Jack will get a lip smack
So break up because it's time you shook up, you gotta make up
It's time to break up the party, now you're shook up
Salt and Pepa's gettin' swift, livin' up to par
And competition, how to 'Whassup' is to ride the bra strap
Hurby's on the beats, Steevee-O has the musical notes
Spinderella's like a propeller spinnin' music so dope
Makin' a lot of noise for all the boys shootin' the gift
Hold on tight 'cuz tonight Salt and Pepa's gettin' swift
You might have thought about goin' against the spices
Salt and Pepa's a mixture like Chinese rices
Battlin' time, Mr. Macho, please don't try to rip
Because I'll melt ya like Nacho cheese
You want flavor, well, here's something to savor
Why don't you wave a microphone in front of my face
And a do small favor, gimme a beat so I can bust a rhyme
For all the nerds, let all the words feed your mind
Statin' the things and pleasin', takin' a rest, I'm out for easin'
Bodily functions makin' 'em dance
And Pep, this is the Christmas season
This is duck season and I'm gettin' high
You're outta luck, duck, now it's time for you to get and die
The ebony queens are back on the scene
I assume you still suck like a vacuum machine
Cornball sucker, give me a break
I'm-a drop you from the sky like snow, you a cornflake
Born to break any sucker or half-stepper
Who wants to get assaulted with a deadly pepper
Go down, low-down, this ain't no showdown
The competition, I'm sure they'll blow down
Even if you seem to stand stiff
The breeze of the rhyme makes you move and we get swift
Suckers and flukes, it seems you lost and time to put up dukes
'Cuz you just forced it, the furious females to fly to with

(Fuck)
Stay stiff suckers, soon you'll be stuck with a rep, torn to shreds
A musical score leg, need a victory? I left an 'S' on your forehead
Don't fuse up now, it's time to put out lights
I won't ease up, pal 'cuz I'm-a go outta sight
Lyrical queen, mess around and you'll get creamed
The star of every male's fantasy or wetdream
The ebony princess in a lyrical safari
Battlin' me is like a Honda racing a Ferrari
If you were the king, what laws would you have me obey?
None, my son 'cuz I'm quicker than a [unverified]
Quick to split the chick tryin' to get slick
You're nothing but a prostitute turning a new trick
Little Miss Wench, my mind is a trench
Makes you drop, then you stop in your tracks and as I clench
My fist, I twist words you use to rip
The next time you flex, I'm guaranteed to get swift
Hip-hopper's, rap artists and rhyme fanatics
Can you believe there's a sucker trying to cause static?
Break out the health supplies and medical aid
Prepare your mind for a super, alphabetical raid
Rhythmic explosion without corrosion
Rhymes, in effect, that protect like a Trojan
Against disease, sorta like a wack MC
Rhymes more powerful than a punch at Jack Dempsy
I fear no one, plus I tell no tales
I will stand up to any male or female
Ones who persist to resist end up a prisoner
Hissed in a daze or a faze
Because he is in a state of shock, too hard for one to take
So in a multitude of crowds I run to break
Beats for torture but don't get played
I stay paid, I caught ya now you shook, you're afraid
Scared of the fact we came back to uplift
The name, we designed the game and we get swift

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