

I Desire

Salt-N-Pepa

We're on a mission
Dissin' all of the opposition
MC's, it's my butt you're kissin'
Because I desire
Yo, wait a minute, chill, I want ya all to hear
Why rap is not a joke, for us it's a career
Others try to imitate but none has come near
So you see, why everybody stands up and cheer
And if you really think about it, you know what it means
To be a female rapper from the heart of Queens
And see others dream about being supreme
But once on the scene, we start killing Kings
People claim we're too wild to tame
On stage we behave like sizzlin' flame
And oh, so cool when we rap you need a sweater
The rhymes so tough, you swear they're made of leather
Get the best of your bunch, and I bet that we're better
Tell 'em why, pepa, tell 'em why, 'cuz I desire
DJ's come and go just like the wind
But mine is better than all of them
She's sharper than a razor when it comes to a cut
More lethal than a laser if you wanna play rough
Not the object of a show, subject to cut [unverified]
[Unverified] tell you spinderella's dope
Call her spin for short but she don't take [unverified]
Wanna duel? you're a fool [unverified]
Choppin' beats for these until the turntables bleed
Scratches so damn hard, you'd swear the mixer had fleas
She's the mutilator, music carnivore
Spinderella rocks the records with a chainsaw
You're still amazed by the way she plays
Not a fad but a phase of the hip-hop craze which I desire

Salt from the pepa and my name is Cher
From Queens, New York not Delaware
I like my steak well done, 'cuz I hate it rare
And I'm lovable and huggable like Yogi the bear
Pepa from the salt, so do not rip
'Cuz if you do I'll shift from first to fifth

Lights out, it's heard, I thought you were dead
Short, fading went I went upside your head
So get back to the beat 'cuz the beat is bad
The beat pro and the bass gets much impact
The beats rock and just because the beat kicks bass
We're gonna bounce this beat all over the place 'cuz I desire
While you're on the set let the cameras roll
Salt and pepa are the stars, the world's the video
Your room is boomin' when we're on your stereo
So hold on tight, don't dare let go
We're the teachers, you're the students, class is in session
Pay attention boys and girls, and learn your lesson
We're running things, yes, we're taking over
You be the grass, we'll be the lawnmower
Never fakin' or takin', not givin' no slack
Not trying, succeeding 'cuz it's like that
Hot damn, how could you be so dog gone dumb?
Trying to dis salt and pepa when we're number one?
But we excuse you 'cuz you're dippy, your mind's in a daze
Like every duck you're confused in so many ways
Giving nothing, taking all whether big or small
We got a [unverified] beat and it's dope, def y'all
Every day of the week you're at my beck and call
You wanna try me out? You don't have the gall 'cuz I desire

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