

Expression

Trimada

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

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>