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
Oh yeah, oh yeah
Oh yeah, oh yeah
Oh yeah, oh yeah
Oh yeah, oh yeah
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, oh yeah, oh yeah
Express yourself, oh yeah, oh yeah
Express yourself, oh yeah, oh yeah
Express yourself

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