

# Start The Party

## The Dirtbombs

I'm gettin' dressed for the jam about to jump in my Mercedes  
Slippin' on my dancin' shoes 'cause I'm a lady of the eighties  
It's Friday night, I just got paid, my house is pumpin'  
Or listenin' to my Hammer tape, while my sound system is dumpin'  
Picked up my girl Salty, she was waitin' on the porch  
I shared my fly, fly Mercedes, yo, lit the highway like a torch  
On the way to pick up Spindy we raced with a 1-9-D  
He was a sucker duck if he thought he could buck with us in E  
The party started  
Let's get this party started  
Let's get this party started right  
Rolled up at the party, saw a fella black and fine  
Bow-legged, high-top fade, then I said, "Yo, that one's mine"  
Stepped out of the ride, told the bouncer, "Hold my Benzy"  
Heard the bass, it was the place so I slipped my man a penny  
When we walked in the jam fans met us at the door  
They yelled, "We love you Salt and Pepa!" "Yes, we love y'all even more!"  
Some foul, wack, nappy bitty tried to step to Spinderella  
I was cool, I made my move, then I dropped her like a fella  
Start the party, boy  
Let's get this party started  
Let's get this party started right  
Now this is what you call a hip-hop beat from S and P  
So get out on the dance floor, and don't even rough with me  
I ain't goin' for it, I ain't buyin' it so don't even try me  
Dance sucker, Mother Tucker can, that old lady gets busy  
Yeah, I don't give a damn, Salty is who I am  
And man, I'm gonna slam this jam, you understand?  
Yes, we will stay the queens no matter what the means  
The party started, let's get retarded, now work them blue jeans  
Rock the party, y'all  
Let's get this party started  
Let's get this party started right  
(Yo, Salt, you wanna continue the story?)  
Yes, I told the people move, he made a move  
To the stage and grabbed the mic  
From these stank, sorry, frauds Run D.M.C. look-alikes  
Spinderella took the set, made her fingers nice and wet  
And you bet she made that DJ sweat, and he won't soon forget

Pepa took on the speaker, bust an oh, so funky rhyme  
I did a step right on time and made the crowd lose their minds  
The whole place was on the floor, we was rockin' hardcore-core  
We left them wantin' more, and we headed out the door  
We rocked the party  
Let's get this party started  
Let's get this party started right

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