

# My Mic Sounds Nice

## Salt-N-Pepa

Yo, Herb, take it from the top  
One, two  
My mic sound nice, check one  
My mic sound nice, check two  
My mic sound nice, check three  
Are you ready to rock-rock y'all  
To the beat y'all?  
Keep on and you don't stop  
Rockin' on, keep rockin' on  
I'm the queen on the mic, and it's true when I say  
That the Pepa MC is here to stay  
And you know if I was a book I would sell  
'Cuz every curve on my body got a story to tell  
Yeah, word 'em up, word 'em up  
'Cuz I'm so fly, nobody can deny  
The girl hasn't been born that can deal with I  
Me, Sandy D., undoubtably def  
Don't need to be dressed, I'm fresh to the flesh  
Yes, so tough you know it is a must  
Now Salt, get on the mic, and tell 'em why you go crush  
'Cuz I'm oh-aye, I'm on, I'm on  
I'm oh-aye, I'm so damn on  
Like a grasshopper hoppin' on the morning lawn  
Like a needle on a record when it plays a song  
Like little boy blue blowin' on his horn  
And you know I got to be on  
MCs rockin' and shockin', but it won't last  
Salt's on the mic, and I'm kickin'  
Ask me no questions, I'll tell no lies  
It's just a little warning, a word to the wise  
You been hopin' and scopin', layin' and prayin'  
But on the bottom is where you're staying  
You're wack, I thought you understood  
You're not related to me so you could never be good  
I know you come from Babylon  
(And you know why?)  
'Cuz you're a babble-on MC  
(That's right)  
You babble on the microphone about what you wish

But could never be  
So please don't tell me how you're gonna rock

Don't brag about the things that you ain't got  
Don't feed me lies 'cuz now I'm full  
My cow just died, I don't need your bull  
Yo, yo, turn my mic up a little bit  
One, two, one, two all right, thanks  
My mic sound nice, check one  
My mic sound nice, check two  
My mic sound nice, check three

Right about now as you can see in the place to be  
We're not talking about geometry, history or biology  
So Sandy D., explain this to me  
Why do they call you the Pepa MC?  
You mean you don't know? That's a shame  
Okay Salt, let me explain  
I'm hot like a fire, burned down, diminished  
Oh, now I see! Chill, let me finish  
I wanna make one and all understand  
I don't play, I slay when the mic's in my hand  
The room temperature reaches a hundred and four  
You can scramble eggs on the floor  
The pressure soars, the crowd, they roar  
Sweat will drip down to your drawers  
The Pepa MC is like hot ice  
And I paid the price to make the mic sound nice  
Forget about the rest, yes, I don't jest  
You're blessed with one of America's best  
So I think y'all better count your blessings  
When Salt's in the house, hell's in session  
It's a fact that I will wax  
MCs out there are gonna get taxed  
Rockin' to my funky beat  
I'm a trip so I know you're gonna fall for me  
'Cuz this is the year all men fear  
Female MCs is movin' up here  
Salt and Pepa is strictly biz  
You know the color of this, you know what time it is  
Super is the strength of the boomin' bass  
Nature describes our pretty face  
Turning out without a doubt  
Make no mistake, Queens is in the house  
Yeah, check it out, ch-check it out

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnyrics.com/>