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

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