

# Swift

## Salt 'n' Pepa

The duo is back, competition check out the new style  
Then get the heck out  
Put on your battlin' gear but don't come strapped  
Bullets are not needed, this time it's rap for rap  
I'm makin' the move and soon you'll have to make yours back  
In fact, the further the rhyme is dancin', Jack will get a lip smack  
So break up because it's time you shook up, you gotta make up  
It's time to break up the party, now you're shook up  
Salt and Pepa's gettin' swift, livin' up to par  
And competition, how to 'Whassup' is to ride the bra strap  
Hurby's on the beats, Steevee-O has the musical notes  
Spinderella's like a propeller spinnin' music so dope  
Makin' a lot of noise for all the boys shootin' the gift  
Hold on tight 'cuz tonight Salt and Pepa's gettin' swift  
You might have thought about goin' against the spices  
Salt and Pepa's a mixture like Chinese rices  
Battlin' time, Mr. Macho, please don't try to rip  
Because I'll melt ya like Nacho cheese  
You want flavor, well, here's something to savor  
Why don't you wave a microphone in front of my face  
And a do small favor, gimme a beat so I can bust a rhyme  
For all the nerds, let all the words feed your mind  
Statin' the things and pleasin', takin' a rest, I'm out for easin'  
Bodily functions makin' 'em dance  
And Pep, this is the Christmas season  
This is duck season and I'm gettin' high  
You're outta luck, duck, now it's time for you to get and die  
The ebony queens are back on the scene  
I assume you still suck like a vacuum machine  
Cornball sucker, give me a break  
I'm-a drop you from the sky like snow, you a cornflake  
Born to break any sucker or half-stepper  
Who wants to get assaulted with a deadly pepper  
Go down, low-down, this ain't no showdown  
The competition, I'm sure they'll blow down  
Even if you seem to stand stiff  
The breeze of the rhyme makes you move and we get swift  
Suckers and flukes, it seems you lost and time to put up dukes  
'Cuz you just forced it, the furious females to fly to with

(Fuck)

Stay stiff suckers, soon you'll be stuck with a rep, torn to shreds  
A musical score leg, need a victory? I left an 'S' on your forehead  
Don't fuse up now, it's time to put out lights  
I won't ease up, pal 'cuz I'm-a go outta sight  
Lyrical queen, mess around and you'll get creamed  
The star of every male's fantasy or wetdream  
The ebony princess in a lyrical safari  
Battlin' me is like a Honda racing a Ferrari  
If you were the king, what laws would you have me obey?  
None, my son 'cuz I'm quicker than a [unverified]  
Quick to split the chick tryin' to get slick  
You're nothing but a prostitute turning a new trick  
Little Miss Wench, my mind is a trench  
Makes you drop, then you stop in your tracks and as I clench  
My fist, I twist words you use to rip  
The next time you flex, I'm guaranteed to get swift  
Hip-hopper's, rap artists and rhyme fanatics  
Can you believe there's a sucker trying to cause static?  
Break out the health supplies and medical aid  
Prepare your mind for a super, alphabetical raid  
Rhythmic explosion without corrosion  
Rhymes, in effect, that protect like a Trojan  
Against disease, sorta like a wack MC  
Rhymes more powerful than a punch at Jack Dempsy  
I fear no one, plus I tell no tales  
I will stand up to any male or female  
Ones who persist to resist end up a prisoner  
Hissed in a daze or a faze  
Because he is in a state of shock, too hard for one to take  
So in a multitude of crowds I run to break  
Beats for torture but don't get played  
I stay paid, I caught ya now you shook, you're afraid  
Scared of the fact we came back to uplift  
The name, we designed the game and we get swift

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