

Hyped On The Mic

Salt 'n' Pepa

I'd like you to meet my mic, last name is Phone
This is my house make yourself at home, now
See those chairs? Please just ignore them
Believe me, they'll be no need for them
I got a rhyme, and I'd like to exploit it
You came in here so you cannot avoid it
This beat is hard, it's as hard as a diamond
And it keeps kickin' as long as we're rhymin' to it
And it's addictive like smoking
Word to the parents, see, I'm not jokin'
You'll be a fiend only this type is harmless
Couldn't kick the habit if you tried your darnedest
So don't fight it, don't fear it
Just take your hands off yours and cheer it
I gave you more than you ever expected
And when I did that you gave me respect
With your support we're reachin' new heights
Salt-N-Pepa's insanely hyped on the mic
My supporters are massive, my sound is passive
If I was you, I'd take time to ask if
Others you've heard really deserve to be ranked as the best
Great or suburb, to be or not to be, that's a good question
How good they used to be, well, I give less than a damn
'Cuz the present that counts if you can't rock the mic
I suggest you dis-mount
I said please, but it's not like I'm pleadin'
So don't get supe, peasant, stop speedin'
'Cuz I'm about to rain, and when I rain I don't drizzle
It's gettin' hot in here, we're gonna sizzle
See, I understand that you have been itchin'
But if it's too hot, get out of the kitchen
'Cuz frauds and fakes are the ones I don't like
And they are the ones that get me hyped on the mic
I'm gonna play you for keeps, got a system in my teeth
Outside on the street people heard all of the beats
That I rapped or maxed on so throw the wax on
Pepa is that strong, make a hit rap song
First class status, I'm a blessed event
God rocked the full-size for my silhouette

Yes, solo this woman, rise all before me
Would only be inevitable until morning
Don't try to leave 'cuz I will protest
Oh yes, I have an Uzi I've been dyin' to test
Livin' larger than life but to be precise
I'm Pepa, much deffer when I'm crazy hyped on the mic
We're gonna break it down to you how it should be broke
Rhymes written not bitten how it should be wrote
People jammin' not standin', so what you hope
A show funky not junky, you say rhymes are dope
[Incomprehensible] he'd be madly hyped
Spinderella had to tell him, "Boy, you ain't my type"
Get away from her, I tell you before she gets pissed
She's got a cut, for your butt and it goes like this
Started wheelin' doin' wheelies, thoughts you were a big wheel
Started dealin' like a dealer, but you just couldn't deal
As you flip like a freak the whole world just flopped
Couldn't rock like a rocker so you just got rocked
I'm the deafest gettin' deafer and ought to be kept
Take a breath between rhymes we're best, tell 'em Pep
Or let's kick it like a kicker, the rhymes I kick
Like a sticker gets stuck to your butt I'll stick
When the hype is gettin' hyper, when the hip-hop's hype
Salt-N-Pepa, that's right, you know we're hyped on the mic

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