

# 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 atomic energy  
Thinkin' as long as we're rhymin' to it  
And it's addictive like smoking  
Word to the parents, see, I'm not jokin'  
You'd be a thief only this life is harmless  
Couldn't kick the habit if you tried your darndest  
So don't fight it, don't fear it  
Just take your hands, applause and cheer it  
I gave you more than you ever expected  
And when I did then you gave me respect  
With your support we're reachin' new heights  
Salt and 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 supurb, 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 day counts if you can't rock a tone  
I suggest you just count  
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 had the dishes  
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 mastered so throw the wax on  
Pepa is that strong, they can hear the last song  
First class status, I'm a blessed event  
God rocked the full-size for my silhoutte  
Yes, solo this woman, rise all before me  
?? jump on it  
Don't try to be 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 ? and how it should be wrote  
People jammin' not standin' and what you hope  
A show funky not junky, you say rhymes are dope  
?? 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 left with a cut, and it'll go like this

Started wheelin' doin' wheelies, but 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 defest gettin' deffer and ought to be kept  
Take a breath between rhymes with a bet, 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 and Pepa, that's right, you know we're hyped on the mic