

# It's Alright

Salt-N-Pepa

Hey-a, forward the music selector  
We get tougher, aye  
Salt and Pepa draw the people into hysterics  
With the serious lyrics, right?

It's all right  
We gonna take it to the top  
We're gonna make your body rock  
And we got, we got, we got, gotta make it hot  
So come, get on, hop on the dance floor  
If you want to declare war - it's all right

It's all right  
Now it's ruckus time in the place tonight  
Salt and Pepa has just commandeered the mic  
Hurby the producer ain't no joke  
He always makes sure the beats are dope  
When I explore I take you down to the core  
Wanted by the FBI as a wicked outlaw  
For torturing and murdering MCs  
Who try to recreate def rhymes like these  
On stage I'm a terror, mascarra don't smear-a (?)  
Stockings don't run, and men don't dare-a  
Speak out and disrespect Salt and Pepa  
We smash MCs with one big stepper  
Here to rule, MCs I school  
The mic's my tool, I'm no one's fool  
That's right, I said it, the girl's got brains  
And my full name is Cheryl James - all right

It's all right  
It came straight from the mouth rhymes I disperse  
I save sucker duck rappers to quench my thirst  
I sucker all suckers by selling a dream  
When I serve and strengthen any rap team  
We'll ignite and your crew just melt like wax  
So tell your family and your friends  
That we're here to attack  
We prepare to win a battle at any cost  
Just remember duck rapper, it's not my loss - it's all right

It's all right  
And when I rhyme a funky rhyme  
Till my throat is sore  
When I rhyme till you just can't take no more  
You disagree? Kill the noise  
Cuz you know I can  
Just place the microphone inside my hand  
And watch me rhyme-a funky lyrics  
You gotta admit, you disagree?  
Ask your man - even he's on it  
Cuz when I wanna show damage, I'll explode  
At a wink of an eye rhymes I'll reload - it's all right

It's all right  
Now when we came, we saw, we conquered  
Because you tried to be bold, you tried to be bad

You tried to get ill, you tried to fake mad  
Whip out my microphone and Turtle Wax that ass  
So don't mess around, don't make me laugh  
You gotta be jokin', you will get broken  
I'll burn you and leave your ashes smokin'  
Then I'll put you in my hand, blow you into the wind  
So you better notify your next of kin - all right

It's all right  
Rip it again, right  
It's all right  
Rewind selector right