

Let The Rhythm Run

Salt-N-Pepa

Salt and Pepa's on the mic makin' sure you like
The type of hype that's unbelievable to write
Spinderella's gonna spin from beginning to end
Once again, we're gonna let the party begin

So tell me Pepa, are you ready to work it out?
You know it Salt, I'm ready to work it out
Spinderella, are you ready to work it out?
Cuz Salt and Pepa is ready to work it out

So let the rhythm run (what?), the rhythm run
Now let the drums run (good), the drums run
So let the rhythm run (huh?), the rhythm run
Yo, Salt... Whassup? Can we get some?

They call me Salt, I'm like a billion bulbs
The rhymes I toss, they're more electric than a lightning bug
On the strength I swore there's no either/or
MCs, we're gonna have a mouth-to-mouth war
Some rappers got soul on the mic, right? (Right)
But others be playin' it like they're all that
And you know what'll happen if I don't like your style of rappin'
Step on stage as soon as I'm on it
Spin drops a beat to warn my opponent
Hurb pumps the bass upon the sound system
We kick a rhyme and claim another victim
People 'round the world, I like to play to 'em
In every club, arena, and stadium
Inside the jam we're known as the party stars
Gimme a mic, and the house is like Mardi Gras
I couldn't do it though without the help from
The melody that we call the rhythm

Yo, Pepa, are you ready to work it out, huh?
Yeah, I been ready to work it out
So let the rhythm run (what?), the rhythm run (who?)
Aw, c'mon Pep, go ahead and bust one

If the Pep you want, that's just what you'll get
As the rhythm runs, sweat's in full effect
I see a crowd, I can't help but get hyped
You gotta be, throw it on and recite
A dope rhyme cuz I'm a lyrical queen
The Pepa MC's makin' microphones sing
Notes to provoke, they called her a joke
The speaker smoked when I spoke

Boy, you better kill the noise
Let the rhythm run (word), just let it run
Let the drums run (yeah), now let 'em run
Mess around and I'll bet you don't get none

Is it over yet? Never, it gets better
We'll let the rhythm run harder than ever
A bassline is added for some soul
Now the guitar will make ya rock 'n roll
My mic is like a gun, I go nowhere without it

You gotta better one, I'm sorry but I doubt it
My partner's name is Pep, she's not a half-stepper
You think you're kinda def, but I think that she's deffer
Since rappin' is art and I'm a dope artist
If lyrics mean you're smart, then I must be the smartest
My DJ likes to spin, we call her Spinderella
If cuttin' 'em was a book, she'd be a million seller
Salt's kinda short, but she don't ever take none
A sucker try to dis, and she just have to break one
Assume the position, commence the dance session
Loosen up, listen, it's not a dance lesson
Seatbelts fastened, let's have some fun
Brace yourself, hold on, cuz the rhythm's gonna run

Let the rhythm run, nah, the rhythm's done
Let the drums run, no, the drums are done