

None Of Your Business

Salt-N-Pepa

What's the matter with your life?
Why you gotta mess with mine?
Don't keep sweatin' what I do
Cuz I'm gonna be just fine - check it out

If I wanna take a guy home with me tonight
It's none of your business
And she wanna be a freak and sell it on the weekend
It's none of your business
Now you shouldn't even get into who I'm givin' skins to
It's none of your business
So don't try to change my mind, I'll tell you one more time
It's none of your business

Now who do you think you are
Puttin' your cheap two cents in?
Don't you got nothin' to do
Than worry 'bout my friends? Check it...

I can't do nothin', girl, without somebody buggin'
I used to think that it was me, but now I see it wasn't
They told me to change, they called me names, and so I popped one
Opinion's are like assholes and everybody's got one
I never put my nose where I'm not supposed to
Believe me, if he's something that I want, I'm steppin' closer
I'm not one for playing high-pole
Like the house of ditty 90210 type of the ho
I treat a man like he treats me
The difference between a hooker and a ho ain't nothin' but a fee
So hold your tongue tightly, wish you could be like me
You're poppin' all that mess only to stress and to spite me
Now you can get with that or you can get with this
But I don't give a shit cuz really it's none of your business

(1993, S and P, packin' and mackin'
Bamboozlin' and smackin' suckers with this track
Throw the beat back in!)

How many rules am I to break before you understand
That your double-standards don't mean shit to me?
I know exactly what you say when I turn and walk away
But that's ok cuz I don't let it get it to me
Now every move I make somebody's clockin'
Don't ask me nothin', will you just leave me alone?
Never mind who's the guy that I took home...to bone

Ok, Miss Thing never givin' up skins
If you don't like him or his friends what about that Benz?
Your Pep-Pep's got an ill rep
With all that macaroni trap for rap you better step
Or better yet get your head checked
Cuz I refuse to be played like a penny cent trick deck of cards
No, I ain't hard like the bitches on a boulivard
My face ain't scarred, and I don't dance in bars
You can call me a tramp if you want to
But I remember the punk who just humped and dumped you
Or you can front if you have to

But everybody gets horny just like you
So, yo, so, yo, ho - check it, double deck it on a record butt-naked
Pep's ass gets respect, and this butt is none of your business

So the moral of this story is: Who are you to judge?
There's only one true judge, and that's God
So chill, and let my Father do His job

Cuz Salt and Pepa's got it swingin' again
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Cuz Salt and Pepa's got it swingin' again...