

Solo Power (Let's Get Paid)

Salt-N-Pepa

Pep had to step, she'll be back in a sec
But in the meantime, I like to have sound check

One-two's what I say as the record gets played
For a little bit to make sure it stays on track
The wax can't be scratched unless Spin is there
So she can catch it on time so then I can rhyme
The vocalist on the mic is me

I'm the short and sexy one in effect
About to bring it to you straight up, wait up
You ready? Huh, it's time to pay up
The capital S gonna spot
I'm here to wreck shop (Salt, where's Pepa?)
Yo, she's at the next stop
So all aboard, grab a seat and get set
Spinderella, start it up, now let's check
Overdrive, rhyme after rhyme, I'm still the best
I'm holdin' down camp keepin' punks in check
So snap out of it, me the soloist for what?
Salt and Pepa with mics, Spinderella with cuts
Let's get paid, get paid

Yeah, comin' in and goin' in, growin' in and throwin' in
We got the flavor, and everyday we're showin' it
So just stay back cuz Salt ain't takin' no fronts
Cuz I'm dope, I look good, and I'm paid to be blunt
Reignin' supreme, all hail the queens from Queens
You think it's def now? Wait till Pepa steps on the scene
So petty rappers take a seat, make sure you sit up straight
The name Salt and Pepa, the year '88
Let's get paid, get paid

Doin' the chores on behalf of my partner
Like money in the bank so thanks, now I'm a spark of the ashes
Strike the match, light the fuse
Spinderella, me, and Pep singing the Get Paid blues
To the petty I'm like a machete making confetti
Cuz you don't see Pepa, punk, step up, you still ain't ready
You want a piece of what the Salt releases?
Take a chunk, punk, and now you're leaving in pieces

Step left, jet poo-putt-putt in your Nova
Before you thought, think again, you won't get over
With a clover, four-leaf, chief, to be brief
Yo, Pepa hurry up and come and get a piece of this mic
Cuz I'm hoggin' it, Holmes start loggin' it
They wanna know do I rock? Salt be doggin' it
Shakin' and bakin' the mic just like a chef
I'll rock this beat until there ain't none left
Let's get paid, get paid
Let's get paid, get paid

If I run out of breath, I take a pause
If Pepa's on stage I say "Go for yours"
But if she ain't then this mic I'm minin'
I say "Spin, drop it" and keep rhymin'

When Pepa comes back she'll say "Salt, chill"
Grab the mic, and go for the kill
But you're lucky cuz she ain't back yet
Relax, men, you're a nervous wreck
Wipe the sweat off your face and stop panickin'
You look scared, stiff as a manequin
But still you're back again to see me rap again
Spin, cut the final hit, let's just pack 'em in
Cuff 'em and stuff 'em, they know I still love 'em
If they can't stand the heat well then chuck 'em
Salt and Pepa, Spinderella came here to tell ya
Let's get paid, get paid
Let's get paid, get paid