

Somebody's Gettin' On My Nerves

Salt-N-Pepa

Hey, yo, show 'em what ya got
Show 'em what ya got
Show-show 'em what ya got
Show 'em what ya got

Hey, yo, show 'em what ya got
Cuz shit is gettin' hot
Show-show 'em what ya got
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Hey, yo, show 'em what ya got
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Somebody's gettin' on my nerves
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(Show 'em what ya got) Somebody's gettin' on my nerves
(Show 'em what ya got) Somebody's gettin' on my nerves
(Show-show 'em what ya got) Somebody's gettin' on my nerves
Forget that you're a lady, and give 'em what they deserve

Now I've got this real phat attitude because of all the hype
Jealous-ass rappers broke as hell trying to play me on the mic
So test my respect, mess around, yeah, bitch, jump up and get beat down
Now Salt shorty, light-skinned, sexy, and your man know
I got him screamin' like a hooker in the front row
So you better check my record, better yet, bum
My name is super for a record, check my platinum album
It's not meant for you to do
You even sound wack when you try to check the mic (one, two, one, two)
But wait I'm not through, how you livin' sayin' old rhymes tryin' to get new
?
You don't work like the two to make hip-hop
So you can talk until your big, suckin' lips pop
The next time you try to play me, you might catch a fist to the nose, ho
So there you go

You hear talk about Pep around the way gettin' skeezed
(Yo, me and my man was with Pepa last night, yo...) Nigga, please
You couldn't hump me if my first name was Cooty Cat
Your little jimmy can't even hold your zipper back
Why don't you tell the story right, man?
The only skins you ever hit was the skins on your right hand
You rolled up on me in your man's Beemer
And I could look at you and tell you was a meat-beatin' daydreamer
You put the window down tryin' to act real slick
And started smilin' like a hooker with a bag of tricks
You stuck your hand out the window trying to show me gold
Your forty-second street Rolex was kinda old
I wrote a number, and I know you thought you'd get humped
But it was Dial-A-Date 1-900-CHUMP
So why you runnin' around town playin' Jeopardy?
Get off my bra-strap, boy, stop sweatin' me

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Now somebody's gettin' on my nerves, and I'm wrecked to get crazy
It never fails to amaze me
How people never miss a possip and just believe the gossip
Instead of finding out the truth of what's up
It's got my nostrils flairin'
I'd be a fool if I believe half of the dumb shit I be hearing
Cuz ev'rytime I meet a guy that's got it goin' on
One of my jealous girlfriends gotta find something that's wrong
If he's not drivin' a Benz or Beemer then he's bummy
Or he's sellin' buddah if he's got plenty of money
Now ask me why, I don't know why or well or what the hell
So breakin' up the code because I'm someone's ??
I've got enough problems of my own
To sit up on the phone talkin' about on who he's gettin' bone

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