

Silly Of You

Salt-N-Pepa

Uh, come on, uh
Come on, uh, yeah
Uh, if ya want some, come and get some

Well it's silly of you (To think that I)
Would ever take a dive (Can I keep it live)
And if you think you're qualified (To speak on this)
(Well that's illy of you) Just plain silly of you

We be the queens from Queens, the original tag team
We've been to all the places, that you only seen in your dreams
I earned the dough, the record label, houses, the cars
Jiggy at the party baby, got the champagne and the ha-ha
Pray that we fade to black
We attack the traps, and make your knees collapse
But once again, lend me your ears countrymen
Ever since, The Showstopper, boostin' up the dividends
And, I thought you knew we had mass appeal
Bustin' lyrics like steel, no matter who's keepin' it real
From coast to coast, we rock the past to the future (Right)
Now pass the mic, and me rock the way that I used to
Who's hottest female to ever touch the apparatus
Evidently it's the Pep, cuz Salty is the baddest
I don't recommend that you test the untestable
Hey, nowadays we try to keep it all respectable, word

That's right, y'all know me, it's Kimmy Cat from Queens
Sometimes I, hang around with the S and P
I came to, tell ya about this new slick lightplate
Blue Denim got the ven to make an MC sick
Pep to my left, right side big sis
Hey, let me get them keys
To the crib and Lexus, step to this
And I know some cats livin' down in Texas
S and P and B.D. on the V.I.P. guest list
Who rocks the most
Highpost, now from the gate
They take me to my destiny
Never get the best of me, you stressin' me
Testin' me, like I'm-a take a dive
I keep it live, and you ain't even qualified

The headliners, big-timers, I've got the details
Hold the press, do you detest rap's hottest females
Big Pepa, hotstepper, take a dive, never
No sleep, we never rest, the best keep gettin' better

Salty that's me, sexy, don't envy
Trendsetter, go-getter, Miss Originality
Opposition dissin', our desire paid
From the cradle to grave, I know the tricks of the trade

Back in the days, at shows we used to hook 'em
MC's we shook 'em
And if you came with some beef
Your man we took him

Now who got the flow (The flow that I gotta go)
Guy professionals
Guy grip like the mic
Like, ooh, I got testicles

I be the sugar showin', showin' Don Juan Pong
Like the needle on a record when it plays a song
You know my girls sold out, no doubt, every arena
We stake the funky divas, shout out to all believers
We paint the town, hang around clubs that we maxed
And when we in the studio, Salt's waxin' the tracks

A bunch of thoroughbreds
Rockin' G's and Pro Keds
And true blue, I thought you knew
Official queens redheads (Salt and Pepa)