

# 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)