

# Salt-N-Pepa, Let The Rhythm Run (remix)

Salt and Pepa's on the mic makin' sure you like

The type of hype that's unbelievable to write

Spinderella's gonna spin from beginning to end

Once again we're gonna let the party begin

So tell me Pepa are you ready to work it out?

You know it Salt I'm ready to work it out

Spinderella are you ready to work it out?

'cause Salt and Pepa is ready to work it out

So let the rhythm run (what?), the rhythm run

Now let the drums run (good), the drums run

So let the rhythm run (huh?), the rhythm run

Yo, Salt... Whassup? Can we get some?

They call me Salt, I'm like a billion bulbs

The rhymes I toss, they're more electric than a lightning bug

On the strength I swore there's no either/or

MCs, we're gonna have a mouth-to-mouth war

Some rappers got soul on the mic, right? (Right)

But others be playin' it like they're all that

And you know what'll happen if I don't like your style of rappin'

Step on stage as soon as I'm on it

Spin drops a beat to warn my opponent

Hurb pumps the bass upon the sound system

We kick a rhyme and claim another victim

People 'round the world, I like to play to 'em

In every club, arena, and stadium

Inside the jam we're known as the party stars

Gimme a mic, and the house is like Mardi Gras

I couldn't do it though without the help from

The melody that we call the rhythm

Yo, Pepa, are you ready to work it out, huh?

Yeah, I been ready to work it out

So let the rhythm run (what?), the rhythm run (who?)

Aw, c'mon Pep, go ahead and bust one

If the Pep you want, that's just what you'll get

As the rhythm runs, sweat's in full effect

I see a crowd, I can't help but get hyped

You gotta be, throw it on and recite

A dope rhyme 'cause I'm a lyrical queen

The Pepa MC's makin' microphones sing

Notes to provoke, they called her a joke

The speaker smoked when I spoke

Boy, you better kill the noise

Let the rhythm run (word), just let it run

Let the drums run (yeah), now let 'em run

Mess around and I'll bet you don't get none

Is it over yet? Never, it gets better

We'll let the rhythm run harder than ever

A bassline is added for some soul

Now the guitar will make ya rock 'n roll

My mic is like a gun, I go nowhere without it

You gotta better one, I'm sorry but I doubt it

My partner's name is Pep, she's not a half-stepper

You think you're kinda def, but I think that she's deffer

Since rappin' is art and I'm a dope artist

If lyrics mean you're smart, then I must be the smartest

My DJ likes to spin, we call her Spinderella

If cuttin' 'em was a book, she'd be a million seller

Salt's kinda short, but she don't ever take none

A sucker try to dis, and she just have to break one

Assume the position, commence the dance session

Loosen up, listen, it's not a dance lesson

Seatbelts fastened, let's have some fun

Brace yourself, hold on, 'cause the rhythm's gonna run

Let the rhythm run, nah, the rhythm's done

Let the drums run, no, the drums are done