

[Ow, shake it!
Yeah, oh, you're lookin' sweet, baby
Yes, indeedy
Funky (get down)]

We was on a dancefloor shakin' our thing¹
To a funky beat with a go-go swing
Everyone was watching, they stared in shock
Amazed at how Salt and Pepa was rock-
In the place with a smile on my face
Some got upset and then tried to base
They called us nasty, said we danced dirty
Claimed we were freaks, cheap, even flirty
Pepa got pissed and pulled out a pump
I was all set not to jet but to jump
Spin broke it up and asked not to break
Said, "They don't understand the way you..."

CHORUS

Shake your thang, owwww
Do what you wanna do
I can't tell you how to catch a groove
It's your thang (It's your thing)
Do what you wanna do
I won't tell you who to sock it to

Shake that thing, c'mon, y'all, shake it
We could get loose, but we can't get naked
It's not a crime, it's legal, we answered
Look again - see? We're just dancin'
Relax a bit, now ain't that better?
I think it's time for you to get a...
Partner, doe-see, gather in closely
I wanna see the ones that mostly
Front on a cutie, hope you're not fruity
Do your duty and...

CHORUS

Come on, y'all, shake that thing
You got to just show no shame
I want you to shake that thing
Come on, y'all, show no shame

Shake your thang, yeah yeah
Oh, you're lookin' sweet, baby

¹ Salt N Pepa's Rap ist ein Remake des motown (Isley Brothers) Song ,It's your thing'.

Owww, I won't tell you how to catch a groove

It's my thing, and I'll swing it the way that I feel
With a little seduction and some sex appeal
It's Friday night, and I just got paid
I'm checking out the fella with the high-top fade
Moving in closely, ready for the kill
Steppin' on a dancefloor, think you're ill
But if a guy touch my body I just put him in check
I said, "We just met", "We can't do that yet"
I'm not a pick-up (no), this ain't a stick up (boy)
I'm not stuck up (yeah), and turn to kick up
And just rock, baby-pop, don't stop
Stick out your butt, and shake what you got

CHORUS

Oooo, I like hip-hop mixin' with go-go, baby
It's my thing, and I shake it crazy
Don't try and tell me how to party
It's my dance, yup, and it's my body
The shirt I wear may be low cut
My jeans fit nice, it shows off my butt
Designer down from head to toe
Oooo, my hair, neck, and fingers is crazy-glow
Now please stop blushin', we're just dancing, dummy
C'mon, we both know I don't want you for your money
Cuz we like to rap so we always rhyme
I like to dance, oooo, and I like to grind
I like this song, I like this beat
I'll see you later, where shall we...

CHORUS