

Spinderella's Not A Fella

Salt-N-Pepa

When the needle's picked up, the volume's kicked up
She's gonna fix up anything that's mixed up
When the record gets cut the crowd is lift up
You might think it is but...

R:

Spinderella's not a fella - what you say?
Spinderella's not a fella - that's ok
Spinderella's not a fella - watch her play
Spinderella's not a fella - but a girl dj

? spins you won't get
And flip the vocal style, rip the instrumental
Nice on a slice, swift on a mix
Those who dis will then be dismissed
Like a fever she'll heat up, burn, and feed her
If you can't put up then shut the hell up
All you mixmasters and cutmasters
True grandmasters even jammasters
Listen to what i'm sayin' on the mic
She's hard as a man, too sexy for a dyke
So let your ears hear what your mind can't conceive
Got a cut for your butt on the mix y'all she's no joke
With the microphone you're toast
Get ya hyped and excite, mysterious as a ghost
Check the style plus the swiftness
Don't take my word for it, you be the witness
No one lies when the truth is starin' them in the mouth
The needle won't stick, it's the record they hug
No alibis cuz the proof is in the puddin'
Mistakes on hip-hop breaks? she's just wouldn't
Make believe what she can do indeed
You're dealing with the queen of speed
Cuttin' the beats with ease, makin' the record bleed
Now then, you know what i mean...

(R)

She's the inch long on the mixboard
Put your tape on pause and press record
Never does the same cut twice in one night
She'll go solo toe-to-toe like a vice
Grip the turntable and flip the record over
Heat up the party like a supernova
Because it's a girl don't mean jack
If jill tried to get ill, she'd get slapped
Wanna know her name and why she came?
Not to cause trouble but to entertain
I'm-a tell ya don't mistake her for a fella
The mix empress...spinderella!

Yeah, that's her title
The god of speed is her dj idol
Cuttin' like a maniac, clever as a brainiac
Only when the scene's packed will she react to
Anyone who dares to compare
The comp will be too much too bear

But this chick is big on tricks
With her wrist she'll flip within a spilt
Second, she's flexin' and checkin'
The level of the power meter will not be less than
Ten degrees, her sound won't distort
Mixin' ain't a job to her it's a sport
When the turntable speaks, take your advice
My homegirl is nicer than nice
She's a ?, a slave to the rhythm
If the crowd wants action then she'll give 'em
More than they can handle, this ain't a scandal
If the mix is mangled she'll untangle
It with a scratch on it, ain't that a bit?
The way she can switch from groove to groove
With no room to improve [yeah, i'm telling you]

(R)

Cuts are made to be played not fade
Spin won't behave if she ain't paid
To get down, no let down
Put your bets down and just check how
She moves with the grace of a cat being pat
The wax hits hard as a bat
Automated just like automation
Imitation causes irritation
You owe it to yourself to see her
Go backstage and meet her
Get her autograph, take a photograph
I know that's too much to ask
Word, but don't give up hope
Spinderella's not a fella, spinderella's dope

(R)