Bust That Groove

Stetsasonic

Yo, Prince Paul ("yea") Bust that groove Well my name is Daddy-O, so Want you to know, what you want us to know When I'm around, I'm doggin' the show To pimp ya hand slips, I'm set to rip tits The Rhyme-a-rator, king and I'm runnin' the ship You niggas should leave, well who's that? "Frukwan!" I got style and physique, see Prince Paul, what, what, we know that you got guts Let 'em know what's up wit the scratch and cut (Prince Paul scratches it up) You got on and on and three steps ahead Hot butter on, say what, the cornbread Stet start troopin' wit the rhymes galore You do the patty duke, til you can't no more Play after dark, and search to come in You might bump heads wit some of ya friends And the D.J., he may blow ya mind D.J. Prince Paul, is one of a kind With a little pat, we smack and then shalat To a monk that hates, spit out the fact That the crew is not a threat to society But opportunity to make people feel hot beats So we deliver the fun, take her way down un' Make people gather round and shake their bun And we never leave a jam til the job is done And if you want to fight that, we could go for some Right to left, you right, he's deaf Fly girls in the corner, you shootin' ya best So watch rock the show, so she says no 'cause she see the Prince Paul, cut sparks'll flow When these cuts are made, it go inside wit the fade After that's done, that's when we get paid It's Stet prefect, Prince Paul is direct And he cut's the old school and that's hi-tech (instrumentation) Dip-dip-dive, so-socialize I didn't teach to throw ya, threw some exercise We did the push-up, the sit-up, the jumping jacks And when we went through, we went around the tracks But when you smoke that crack, you run like a snail I didn't teach a poet that we goin' to fail But when the test came, you know we passed 'cause we the best M.C.'s in the whole gym class Up and down and all around Now bust the rhythm of the Stetsa sound Bring if you feel you wants to get snotty Take a good look at the size of the party It's six on the mix and Human Percus' D.B.C. on the keys and the three will discuss, us 'cause we're the must and the cuts we trust Grand Wizard Prince Paul is ya vitamin plus We go back and forth, and forth and back Wit the rhyme on time, we cuttin' on slack

Wit the chance to advance, and hand yo dash Wit the rhythm that's flown from U.S. to France We got the D.B.C. to devastate the keys And the light skinned brother on the mix machine It's not a funk machine that cause a heart attack But the mighty Prince Paul on the old 8-track It's like that ya'll, as personality wins Frukwan, Delite, Daddy-O, best friends "You got the time - I got the time" "You got the feeling - I got the shit on right..." "Uh! Uh-Uh-Uh!" - scratched up