

No B.s. Allowed

Stetsasonic

Now we're gon' get ourselves together
(Of the band that's spelled S-T-E-T)
No B.S. allowed
(Prince Paul)

Let's get this straight - rappers are a dime a dozen
Some were around from the start, some wasn't
Some are okay on the lyrical tip
But some of these bums, they ain't say shit
I happen to know that some of think they can throw on
Thought we were soft cause of Float On
But we ain't soft, who you think we are, Jeckyll and Hyde?
You been watching too much _Tales from the Darkside_
Or drinking too much, or smoking the crackpipe
Man, instead rag your ass on the mic
So now, me and you face to face, any time and place
Your choice, wanna test your voice
With the O-d-a-d Doctor of -tology
Teacher of youth and MC's without couth
Better call in a bomb squad, cause I'm gonna blow
You and your voice and your rhyme out the window
Fall and you break and you cook and I bake and you cry
You know why? Cause you was a dumb guy
To sleep on the Stet for some political rep
You thought we would miss the boat, but you joked
The time has come for you to face the fact
You slept, hops, cause you thought we was wack
But we're back, and it's a fact, cause we have vowed
In the world of Stet - no B.S. allowed

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Take that y'all
From the back y'all
We're not the wack y'all
Beat, beat y'all
And you don't stop
Ya keep, ya keep on
Rockin the hip-hop

(And it goes a little somethin like this...)

Next in line to rhyme, and on time
Outline a fine rhyme that'll blow your mind
You see, well, it's me, Wise emceeing
And every line you hear, I'm writing for me and
Myself, and I bet that you can give me a try, gee
Here's another headpiece I fly
Underestimated our ability
So comprehend the trend that we set
To ache and take and break the mold that we're from
Cause sucker MC's wanna try to get some
Peace to the allies, forget the foes
Praisin and glazin, but I'm grazin
More than just nips, I'm goin for chunks
Kickin off a fresh rhyme to a beat that's funky
Splurgin on the style, you feel you gotta

So let loose, sucker, and ???
Why do you even bother?
To call our shit junk
From the bottom of heart
When you was biting from the start
Of it all, punk
Give me a break, there's no mistake here
Your girl'll be the only thing I take
Yo, S-t-e-t is the band symbol
Wise a/k/a the Stetsa sex symbol
Rockin the crowd with no B.S. allowed

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(And it goes a little somethin like this...)

So now, time to flex some lyrical muscle
Rip up ours with ??? scuffle
Hustle and tussle with the best of them
Blow thsyelf a Philly and commence the stompin
R.O. D-e-l-i-t-e
The poet is me, a poetry epitome
Here to stimulate, to teach and educate
And those who perpetrate, I bend your path straight
Point blank, by the line that tells it all
Hell could freeze and the Stet would still reign tall
Cause our flow is soul and so electro
From my intro pooh-puts are petrol
We strom the stage, rip it kinda slick
A little silver, yeah, we on a different tip
About our silver - our crown to our glory
You wanna know - read the real story
And plug in to the smooth reservoir
Complete funky freestyle seminar
Don't ever try to diss us on any issue
Or you'll be outta here like used wet toilet tissue
For the Stet it's cool, we're never living foul
Step wrong, we'll be gankin and buckin wild
Cause we're the band, we're standin loud and proud
And where we're from, no B.S. allowed

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