

Rock De La Stet

Stetsasonic

Well it's a party night, and it's time to begin
Frukwan, Daddy-O, Delite, best friends
The stage is set, the lights are on
Stetsasonic M.C.'s wit our music song
So get a grip ya'll, ya'll, ya'll, ya'll, y'all
Bein' ready to rock is our pride and joy
We're not the imitation wer'e the real mccooy
It's the are-O-D to get intense
Rappin' and rollin', while makin' a mix
To ya ladies, I need your involvement
For the keys I hold, one tough blueprint
That dictates zone, whenever I'm blown
You sucka M.C.'s, that's all she wrote
The Rhyme-a-rator, til we beauty ache
Wil the Mellow Frukwan to tell it straight
Frukwan! I get 'quipped when I'm on my microphone
Somethin' special keeps me rockin' on and on
And each season, I get a little better
And when they don't hear my voice, I get letters
'cause darken the beats is how I do grips
Make ya rap roast start a boogie and shake
I'm the M-S-K, the Double S-A
Now I bring on Daddy-O, huh, if I may
If there was a time, that I felt fine
Then that is the time, I run my rhyme
'cause at that time my emotions are high
My adrenaline's be, not telling a lie
But if a body penetrated by a spiritual force
My character seems to stake a sector
The thoughts in my mind, start to fluctuate
Til it gets to the point, when I say I'm straight
And a little on hits, most perfect date
Will get a dope, if he ever comes my way
(guitar playing and scratching)
For a little, why direct ya attention span
To the man on the wheel, 'cause he's in command
Prince P-A-you-L, all you stung
This D.J.'s for ya at-ten-tion
(guitar playing and instrumentation)
New, reknown, let the part without a start
'cause stay in my machete, is the way of my heart
Con' sting ya, creator, prospered, innovator
To get funky fresh, remain top rated
Being on time be the mastermind
That's right, the are-O-D, is you out to death rhyme
To conquer and prevail, excede without fail
And never let myself within a jail cell
For kickin' the mic, can't I do what I like
If I want to please the crowd, let me do it tonight
And when I'm finished wit the end, I will do it again
'cause I could rock all night, and I would have to depend
On the fake m.c.'s, that want to copy a piece
Of my best selling rhymes of the century
And I do want to say, I won't be so amazed
To see a bitin' M.C., quote my rhyme in a phrase
Nowwww! When we came to a party, we don't mess around
We immedietly proceed to throw down

Wit the Rock De La Stet, the alleget, supreme
As we dose through the place, we gon' let out steam
And it'll be like that, to the end of our ring
And it won't be soon, by the way it seem
Frukwan, Delite, Daddy-O, Wise
Paul, Dreddy and the DBC
It's like that ya'll
We not the wack ya'll
So stay back ya'll
We on track ya'll
The Stet is troops ya'll
The Stet are troops ya'll
New and improved ya'll
'cause we so new ya'll
(Wise beatboxing)
It's the Stetsa mix, ya'll
Use the Stetsa mix, ya'll