

Uda Man

Stetsasonic

This song is dedicated to the Donald Trump of rap
Kangol from UTFO
(We're only buggin)

(Hey, listen to the man)
It's on me to start, so let me grab the handle
Bring forth the goods and slam with the ammo
Spark the charts to make heads nod
To leave my opposition like a vegetable retard
Shootin the gift to gab like a jab
And when time is up, hey you know you been stabbed
Don't get me wrong, I'm from a positive essence
Pourin the knowledge till I beat your conscience
The R the O D-e-l-i-t-e
MC Delite with the whole damn posse
So let me put my little ego in the can
And flip the job to Aasim
(Yo why?!) Cause you're the man!

No, you're the man, D
No, no, you're the man, Aasim
I told you, you the man
You're the man, Aasim
You the man!
You're the man!
Get off my leg
You're the man!
Get off me!
You - you're the man!

Here we are, back from vacation
It took a while cause of crazy situations
The Stet roadie, I am him
For those who don't know me, my name is Aasim
On the mic for the very first time
Gettin loose while I'm kickin my rhyme
Workin for the Stet, the only hip-hop band
Mix Machine Wise, I-I-I think you're the man

Kickin bits, I made you move and groove
But on on the smooth tip
Like a chameleon change into the opposite
Like the opposite of purple was brown
And if you're up, I can make you get down
And move right to left, from left back to right
It's not wrong
We got a few additions to this sing
But it's strong and not weak
And our style is real smooth
Instead of standin there, it'll make you move
Stetsa style and style is us
Sonic sound starts boomin on the Stetsa drums
Opposition of a rap group is a hip-hop band
In the land I had my chance, DBC, you the man

Hour of the man, I will slam, grand stand
With the ladies pants, party people dance

I am the Devastating Beat Creator, the non-greater
I rock the beats sweet like a Now & Later
I ram it, damn it, slam it - goddamn
But I won't, Bobby, you the man

What?

Yo DB, I heard you the man!
Nah, you're the man, Bobby
Yo DB, I heard that you was the man
I seen the other day, man
He said you was the man
What?!
Ha-ha-ha-ha

I'm not Young MC, I hit harder than a Hammer
Stop dancin and learn some new grammar
Put a leash on your girls, you better hold em
Cause if I get em, huh, I'ma bunk one
Bobby Simmons, I'm the Stet's funky drummer
Don't even try, cause there'll never be another
Cause we're the one and only hip-hop band
And as a unit, together we stand
We're not suckers like the Ku-Klux Klan
We give much respect to our fans
Daddy-O's the sucker of the band
Nah, nah, nah - yo, Paul's the man

Ah yeah

In the place to be
I'm Prince Paul and also I'ma like do with e
So if you think you're bad and you wanna take a whiff
This is a style I call scratch 'n sniff
I don't bite, so let me be clear
(Hey mic controller, let's steal some of Paul's good ideas)
So now alter that and back to the plan
Yo Daddy-O, yo, I think you the man

I guess that's my cue
(Hey, listen to the man)
I guess I'm the last one rhymin
(Hey, listen to the man)
Bobby called me a sucker
(Hey, listen to the man)
I guess that means I'm the man

Wickitty-wicked-a-wicked, I get wicked
If I got knots in my hair I just pick it
And when I'm in Brownsville I be kickin
And I might shop for my clothes out on Pitkin
I buy my records and tapes at the Soul Shack
Cool out ??on Langston Hughes?? cause it's like that
And then I take a trip to Pink Houses
Check out the girls with the pretty pink blouses
Sometimes you see me cool out in Redhook
Run up on Odad wrong, you might get took
??Sat low?? O.T. in Coney Island
I'm out in Marlborough where they be wildin
Live down the block from L.G.
And all the Gods say peace when they see me
Brooklyn's my home, and I'm proud of it too
And if I lefft you out, I didn't mean to
Paul made the track and the Stet's got his back
Say our rhyme was wack, you get slapped

Give me the mic, ask me to slay it, I can
(Are you a sucker, Daddy-O?) No, I'm the man
(Hey, listen to the man)