

On Fire

Stetsasonic

And yes y'all
You're about to bear witness
To microphone fitness
A true and livin feat
To get you out your seat
A poetical fare
A glow with the glare
A kick and a snare
Built for your desire
And now...
The Stet is on fire

ON FIRE!

We're on fire, our style is the gangster rock
That burns, and add a snap to the crews per rock
Like starch gets hard, not firm as an arch
A diagram that's designed for biters to march
We're athletically inclined like a gymnast flip
And rock 'n roll could never ever hip-hop like this
It's to the beat y'all, as I go on and on
Don't stop the wop until you (BREAK YOUR ARM!)
We're on fire, raw, and we're God-conceived
The electrifyin act of intensity
Is mandatorily right the ??? coacts
Better gather up your force or you might get waxed
The trend is up to date, very sharp and chic
Hah, suave and well breded to reach its peak
Beware of the Stet as the flame burns higher
Long live forever the Stet, hah, cause we're on fire

ON FIRE!

Prepare for the heat for the Stet is on fire
Born to be on as the fuel of your desire
Thirsty like a blaze up the road to fame
We're blessed with the gift to entertain
So roll out respect as we walk in
The Stet legacy is about to begin
Young ladies, let me know am I doin okay?
Am I sharp and on point to rock ya this way?
MC Delite and I'm a mean rappin bomber
A sentimental poetical charmer
Way above par, earning high regards
For the style I produced is (SUPER-CHARGED!)
So let's go, come on and raise your hands high
Grab yourself a partner, our time has arrived
Defense layin firm for this empire
Strong is the role of the Stet, and we're on fire

ON FIRE!

We were born to be on
Got strong and life-long
Our element of song
Could never steer you wrong
We attack like a fleet
And burn like the heat

We win like a champ and the victory is sweet
We drive like a drill
We soothe like a pill
We consume till we're filled
Opposition is nill
We speak to attain unattainable feats
...and I'm rockin to the beat
Y'all and you don't quit
As I rely solely upon my wit
To help me say this rhyme 'fore I forget
And rock much parties till skies are lit
Cause it's a sure hit from my rhymin kit
While other MC's takin a stand I sit
And if a jam gets ill I'll deal with it
Cause I'm as hot (HOT!) as hot (HOT!) could ever get
And I'm not a nitwit when I throw a Stet fit (fit)
I hear em yellin and yellin (DADDY-O IS LEGIT!)
And I don't smoke crack cause I'm not with it (with it)
The crew is crack-free and we'll admit it ('mit it)
Stet's been stickin out a stake for style
And on the mic we a-fi wicked and sometimes wild
We are the ones that'll take you higher
We're the band called Stet (my man) and we're on fire

ON FIRE!

We-we-we took a little time
Wrote a little rhyme
Spent a little money on some studio time
Came up with a fresh little funky beat
Added a scratch to make it all complete
And now it's on wax, so we can relax
And work a little harder on a little more tracks
It might add up to a little more tax
At the end of the year we claim it all back
When we're coolin on the block we carry our big box
Playin L.L.'s 'Rock the Bells' or Run's 'Rock Box'
Wearin some high-top Cons or some Fila socks
And the newest Benetton sweatshirt in stock
We rent a Cadillac stretch and explore the town
And if some fly girls pass we roll our windows down
And say, "Hey fly girl, can we take you to the wire?
We're the band called Stet - and we're on fire"
We're ?flyer than chicks? and rollin our punches
And when it comes to rhymes, we write em in bunches
Put us at back, we went triple headers
Try to get Stet, we'll just get Stetter
And if you call us a crew we'll call you a liar
We're the band called Stet (my man) and we're on fire

ON FIRE!