

# 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 mccoys  
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