

## Aasim

### "Uda Man"

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(feat. Stetsasonic)

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

[ \*scratching of\* ]  
(Hey, listen to the man)

[ Delite ]  
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!

[ Aasim ]  
No, you're the man, D  
[ Delite ]  
No, no, you're the man, Aasim  
[ Aasim ]  
I told you, you the man  
[ Delite ]  
You're the man, Aasim  
[ Aasim ]  
You the man!  
[ Delite ]  
You're the man!  
[ Aasim ]  
Get off my leg  
[ Delite ]  
You're the man!  
[ Aasim ]

Get off me!  
[ Delite ]  
You - you're the man!

[ Aasim ]  
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

[ Wise ]  
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

[ DBC ]  
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

[ Bobby Simmons ]  
What?

Yo DB, I heard you the man!

[ DBC ]  
Nah, you're the man, Bobby

[ Bobby Simmons ]  
Yo DB, I heard that you was the man

[ DBC ]  
I seen [Name] the other day, man  
He said you was the man

[ Bobby Simmons ]

What?!  
Ha-ha-ha-ha

[ Bobby Simmons ]  
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

[ Prince Paul ]  
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

[ Daddy-O ]  
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)

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