

Stetsasonic "Rock De La Stet"

Visit "[Rock De La Stet](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[All]

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

[Daddy-O]

Bein' ready to rock is our pride and joy
We're not the imitation wer'e the real mccooy

[Delite]

It's the R-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]

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

[Daddy-O]

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)

[Delite]

For a little, why direct ya attention span

[Frukwan]

To the man on the wheel, 'cause he's in command

[Prince Paul]

Prince P-A-U-L, all you stung

[all]

This D.J.'s for ya at-ten-tion

(guitar playing and instrumentation)

[Delite]

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 R-O-D, is you out to death rhyme

To conquer and prevail, excede without fail

And never let myself within a jail cell

[Frukwan]

For kickin' the mic, can't I do what I like

If I wanna 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 wanna copy a piece

Of my best selling rhymes of the century

And I do wanna say, I won't be so amazed

To see a bitin' M.C., quote my rhyme in a phrase

[Daddy-O]

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

[Outro]

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

Visit [Stetsasonic](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.