

Michael Peterson F/ Bekka Bramlett

"Bust That Groove"

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[Intro]

Yo, Prince Paul

("yea")

Bust that groove

[Daddy-O]

Well my name is Daddy-O, so

Want you to know, what you want us to know

When I'm around, I'm doggin' the show

[Delite]

To pimp ya hand slips, I'm set to rip tits

The Rhyme-a-rator, king and I'm runnin' the ship

[Frukwan]

You niggas should leave, well who's that?

"Frukwan!"

I got style and physique, see

Prince Paul, what, what, we know that you got guts

Let 'em know what's up wit the scratch and cut

(Prince Paul scratches it up)

[Daddy-O]

You got on and on and three steps ahead

Hot butter on, say what, the cornbread

Stet start troopin' wit the rhymes galore

You do the patty duke, til you can't no more

Play after dark, and search to come in

You might bump heads wit some of ya friends

And the D.J., he may blow ya mind

D.J. Prince Paul, is one of a kind

[Delite]

With a little pat, we smack and then shalat

To a monk that hates, spit out the fact

That the crew is not a threat to society

But opportunity to make people feel hot beats

So we deliver the fun, take her way down un'

Make people gather round and shake their bun

And we never leave a jam til the job is done

And if you wanna fight that, we could go for some

[Frukwan]

Right to left, you right, he's deaf
Fly girls in the corner, you shootin' ya best
So watch rock the show, so she says no
Cuz she see the Prince Paul, cut sparks'll flow
When these cuts are made, it go inside wit the fade
After that's done, that's when we get paid
It's Stet prefect, Prince Paul is direct
And he cut's the old school and that's hi-tech

(instrumentation)

[Daddy-O]

Dip-dip-dive, so-socialize
I didn't teach to throw ya, threw some exercise
We did the push-up, the sit-up, the jumping jacks
And when we went through, we went around the tracks
But when you smoke that crack, you run like a snail
I didn't teach a poet that we goin' to fail
But when the test came, you know we passed
Cuz we the best M.C.'s in the whole gym class

[Frukwan]

Up and down and all around
Now bust the rhythm of the Stetsa sound
Bring if you feel you wants to get snotty
Take a good look at the size of the party
It's six on the mix and Human Percus'
D.B.C. on the keys and the three will discuss, us
Cuz we're the must and the cuts we trust
Grand Wizard Prince Paul is ya vitamin plus

[Delite]

We go back and forth, and forth and back
Wit the rhyme on time, we cuttin' on slack
Wit the chance to advance, and hand yo dash
Wit the rhythm that's flown from U.S. to France
We got the D.B.C. to devastate the keys
And the light skinned brother on the mix machine
It's not a funk machine that cause a heart attack
But the mighty Prince Paul on the old 8-track
It's like that ya'll, as personality wins
Frukwan, Delite, Daddy-O, best friends

[Outro]

"You got the time - I got the time"
"You got the feeling - I got the shit on right..."
"Uh! Uh-Uh-Uh!" - scratched up

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