

Michael Peterson F/ Bekka Bramlett

"Paul's Groove"

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[Chorus: MC Delite]

On fire, on fire, on fire

On fire, on fire, on fire

On fire, on fire, on fire

[Daddy-O]

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 for 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 as hot could ever get

And I'm not a nitwit when I throw a Stet fit

I hear em yellin and yellin (Daddy-O is legit)

And I don't smoke crack cause I'm not with it

The crew is crack-free and we'll admit 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

[Chorus]

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