

Michael Peterson F/ Bekka Bramlett

"Stet Troop '88!"

Visit "[Stet Troop '88!](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[*Human Mix Machine Wise beatboxing*]

[all]

STET

TROOP

'88

'88

'88

[*scratching of*]

(Prince Paul)

(DBC)

(Wise)

(The Hip-Hop Band)

(Fruitkwan)

(Delite)

(Daddy-O)

[Daddy-O]

I buy my clothes at the Gap, I really know how to rap

I like root beer on tap and I'm a shorty strapped

And like Run once said I'm proud to be black

And if I sat on a bus, it wouldn't be in the back

And I reside in the East and all the Gods say peace

And every since I started rappin I've been Ebony Chief

And if I took the Pepsi Challenge, I'd choose Dr. Brown

Yo Wise, let me hear that Stet Troop sound

[*Human Mix Machine Wise plays his 'human guitar'*]

[Daddy-O]

Some people call me Kareem, at work they call me Glen

I was on tour last year, this year I'll do it again

And though I'm not a politician I know all my rights

I had a fight with a cop just last night

Address my girl 'my dear', been shootin guns for years

And I never been a sucker givin in to my peers

The Stet says a rhyme, I'm always on time

Wait a minute - let me think of my next line

Ehm -
Ehm -
Ehm -
Okay

I eat at BBQ, meat-eatin days are through
I like it in Lake Charles, I like miami too
When I was in San Diego had to visit the zoo
And I don't like used cars, so I'ma buy one new
I'm readin Stephen King, Joan Collins ain't my thing
Whenever I got beef, I give [Name] a ring
I cool with Walter and Lumumba in an Aero Star
Yo Wise, a little bit of that human guitar

[*Human Mix Machine Wise plays his 'human guitar'*]

[Delite]

Thank you
And in karate class love when it's time to spar
I tape the daytime soaps on a VCR
I drink low-fat milk to give my tummy a rest
I use ??? in the shower cause I don't like ???
I eat my ice creams slow, call Puerto-Ricans bro
And when I had a yoyo, I had the one that glowed
I used to make go-karts, now rappin is my art
Scott La Rock still lives inside my heart

[Delite]

Now I'm a lover of hats, I make money in stracks
Love to watch The Box, music video tracks
Always stayed in school, my mother raised no fool
And if I broke any rules, then my pops got rude
Call me MC Delite a/k/a Shaheed
Here to teach and lead by my rhymin spree
Make the crowd yell 'ho' when I go solo
Yo Wise, give me a taste of what you gave Daddy-O

[*Human Mix Machine Wise plays his 'human guitar'*]

[Delite]

I love to cool and relax with a girl that's real
She will chill at my place and I will cook the meal
I've been so many places and saw many faces
One city I remember was the city of Vegas
Othe night never quits, prostitution's legit
And the crowd only cheered at the end of a skit
Oh, one other fact, I lost 300 smack
But soon I got the bets and I won it all back

[*Human Mix Machine Wise plays his 'human guitar'*]

[*scratching of*]

(Stet Troop)

[*Human Mix Machine Wise plays his 'human guitar'*]

[Fruitkwan]

All my sneakers are gold, on the mic I'm bold
Don't play me like I'm a kid, I'm 24 years old
I like to fly in a plane, call a woman a dame
Like the Empire State it's recognition I gain
Stet Troop and a beat, the world of Stet is complete
A lotta records are weak, but this one is unique
Like they were just grapes, crushin suckers we hate
Yo Wise, come in on time, but not too late

[*Human Mix Machine Wise plays his 'human guitar'*]

[Fruitkwan]

On weekdays I build, the weekends I chill
And the closer you listen, you detect the skill
Then you think in your head about the lyric I said
You kick beats in the bed, I be creatin instead
People boogie in crowds, we can boogie alone
Though the music is loud you're in a 3D zone
Stet appearance react like a deck that's stacked
And like Radio Shack we're all over the damn map

[*Human Mix Machine Wise plays his 'human guitar'*]

[all]

We like cordless mics, we ride ninja bikes
We don't sing heavy metal and we don't wear spikes
We're classified as a fam, we operate six man
And if you call us a group, you get a body slam
Fruitkwan tailors clothes, Delite waxes foes
And we both rock house with Daddy-O
Paul's on the Technics, Wise kicks the beats
And DBC is on the keys with the drum machine
STET

TROOP

'88

'88

'88

Visit [Michael Peterson F/ Bekka Bramlett](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.