

Bust That Groove

Stetsasonic

Yo, Prince Paul
("yea")
Bust that groove
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
To pimp ya hand slips, I'm set to rip tits
The Rhyme-a-rator, king and I'm runnin' the ship
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)
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
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 want to fight that, we could go for some
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
'cause 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)
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
'cause we the best M.C.'s in the whole gym class
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
'cause we're the must and the cuts we trust
Grand Wizard Prince Paul is ya vitamin plus
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
"You got the time - I got the time"
"You got the feeling - I got the shit on right..."
"Uh! Uh-Uh-Uh!" - scratched up