

# 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