

# Stet Troop '88!

Stetsasonic

STET  
TROOP  
'88  
'88  
'88

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

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 a ring  
I cool with Walter and Lumumba in an Aero Star  
Yo Wise, a little bit of that human guitar

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

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

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  
Other 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

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

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

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

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