DBC Let The Music Play

Stetsasonic

(Okay)(Daddy-O)
Well under normal situation
You jump in your car, you put your tape in
But when that tape is (Stetsa-Stet!)
You tally a time, you won't forget
You listen to a band, the sound is hoopin'
It ain't no time for party poopin'
You could get down to the real McCoy
And enjoy, the music we employ
How that sound? The Stet's a-bound
The Hip-Hop band, the six renowned
A musical flow with an added twist
And for you girlies, Wise is gonna throw you a kiss
So break out the champagne, pop the cork
The year's '88, the town New York
The crowd is loud and everything's okay
DBC let the music play!
(Okay)
(Frukwan)
With the band, guarantee you bop
'Cause what you get with Stet is Hip-Hop
Increase the knobs, lighten up the bass
Turn it to the max, and it might taste
Like popcorn, but I don't pop
Instead of doin' the whop, I build up the drop
Ya fake MC's ya get treated like slop
And they get mopped?
'Cause we're not like cops
'Cause we're top notch
Wait you know we're better than that
We're like scotch tape
Stickin' as if on the court
But we resort in the square
Just a hopin' and darin'
That you would on to make the move sucker
We're not even through
Everybody gets pumped that we showed you
So listen to the band with the musical sway
DB' let the music play!

(Okay)
(Wise)
Now all you ladies start the clappin'
'Cause the mix machine is rappin'
Fellas, start your fingers snappin'
'Cause I just came to say what's happenin'
Your boy Prince Paul is doin' the jammin'
While the MC's take care of the rammin'
And DBC, his beats are slammin'
The human percussion, everybody examine
So check out the bass line with the beat
Playin' along, right by I mean
Keys and beats while I'm bustin' the rhyme
Right about this time I know it's blowin your mind
Showin' the group that he's a step above
Up on the microphone is Wise's supreme love
So before I go, and get on my way
DB' let the music play
(Okay)(Delite)
When our triggers are copped out work is immediate
And you can take some? ingredient
With speed, we give you what you need
And any barracade we will truly stampede
Go with the bowl,? plus the heart y'all
And on the script kings of the rap jaw
plain and simple, we're out to win
Grease bumpy slip, but we're smilin'
Right out the box we got a rough, hard core
The Stet's mystique is like a lion's roar
Your rhythm slam, I'll slam it like a hammer
The DBC with another hot jammer
You coup de grace and now de ja vou
Give him a space and he will fill the room
And we are the band earnin' our heyday
So DBC let the music play
(Okay)
Yeahhh *echoes*
uh huh *echoes*
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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