

# Blowing Down

## Digable Planets

We always roll down, no doubt  
At the funky side of ten spotsDash yeah, crystals how clear, I broke out  
Pretenders bent out and ready to do my splendor  
Move, move the smoke groover, dudes from the zoo  
That play the mic like, wowWalk with a cane, talk where the slang  
Develop on crooklyn blocks which I walk  
But our radius is the whole universe  
Kiss yourself goodbye 'cause Amu know you no plushCheese dime, let me try her, gold smile  
Fro in the pile, beep beeped my sun visor  
She filled with sun visor, stat in the third  
Love, love, everyday, that's my word  
When I see your crew, I say that's them herbs  
So blau, blaum, blaw black and it just don't stopFresh, lush black, slick  
Right off the block, fat  
No doubt we turns it out  
'Cause weKeep black movement and castle keep rockin'  
Plus hang with my niggas and hit the dope spots  
Play in the corners and maybe even boogie  
Till the sun come up or a gun come upShootin' at the breeze the local emcees  
Stylin' wit ease, doin' it like the sun is in here  
'Cause we bomb rhyme, sayin', butter ain't playin'Blowin' out, blowin' outBlack on time been still layin' like I  
said  
Under the screen, be a eight wonder  
So for Dania, I do it, shit, push a little fist  
Fit my one twenties, greet the avenue blueCorner flyin' it into a forty, twenty  
Brothers lay in a bottle, thirty fly right by double time and shit  
Next, I'm hittin', so I can step sooner  
On the nova, so no water goes southSo see my G, yeah, she comin' and we not a flesh vendor  
Mecca got soul livin' so, livin' so  
Shot open on my left just in time  
No we finger pops it to a liter, whet it's coolIn a sense we smoother than oils contents  
Loyal to the kick drum like flavor  
Bounce, bounce, ease back when we do it fluid  
Yes, nickel type freshBlowin' out, blowin' outWe always blow out, without a doubt, without a doubt  
For the funky side of town, no doubt  
Yes, yes, y'all, yes, yes, y'all  
We always blow out, check it out  
For the funky side of town, no doubt, wordWe gets liver than any eighty fiver  
And the funk pots thicker out here in our Brooklyn

Every crews badder, we choose to rack fatter  
'Cause I stimulate life and matterWhen I spread my wings, I dos my thing  
'Cause doodle big wants to live like a Zulu king  
So I swing with my crew to where the beats be fat  
Swoon units by the pound and they natural blackWithout a doubt, this is the place to be  
I see baseball caps, hear beats by Warren G  
I sinks into the mode of the cool out breeze  
You know, the cool breeze rocks the beats wit easeSo nigga, please, full of the dread poetic  
The sun moon sect in the house made to set it  
With the peace signs, fat rhymes, the planet fix  
Add butter to the mec then jet to eighty sixBlowin' out, blowin' outYou better blow that shit out

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnlrics.com/>