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

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