

# The May 4th Movement Starring Doodlebug

## Digable Planets

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Funky, alright One time for your mind, two times for Mumia's saint crew  
Three times for my Brooklyn dimes, seven times for pleasure  
I don't trip, I don't trip, we don't trip, we don't trip  
He don't trip, please don't trip, we don't trip, pleasure Now, sixteen times for the mind thieves  
For my thinking in tell and I am Erica  
Counter fits don't stop the wettest of us we Brooklyn  
We define the black people equal to who Yeah what you supply? I know when I know when I drop dip  
That was in beetle's but a snake try to spill a score  
On my pride I'm in my Cammy  
We bust at cointelpro we creamy like Fuck that we Creamy Spies tell you schemey lies  
We let creamy bullets fly, should it reflect the sun  
We say yes when we think of getting dipped  
We says guess say yo comrades rest Because we all bounce, we all bounce, I do bounce  
He do bounce, she do bounce, we all bounce  
I all bounce, we all bounce From back since the crook caught a rep  
For giving birth to horn loopers  
I took my first step with campers, born troopers  
Got caps on both cans for the halls I spray  
Slap hand with my mans by the walls we play Now, waist chains and Cammy floors complete sag  
Live pools, my squad rules from solar to lunar, cheap to death  
From no boot to Puma, sewed up like mesh My cousin's hit the 'pike  
I read it in the, went it's circle C-low  
Now all the niggaz hating C-know  
As we move on the D E low  
For our fam in jail, no stars just bars No cars unless the B M T own 'em  
Crook-town bounce streets delph to south bar on a  
I drape soul hearts, I make soul darts  
Cover mad areas in my crepe soul Clarks  
MC's lyin', is dyin' rap off but here we all y'all  
With pleasure, so it's One time for your mind, twice times for Mumia's saint crew  
Thrice times for the Brooklyn dimes and it's seven times for pleasure  
I stay on, she stay on, we stay on, yeah we stay on

He is on, we be on, we stay on with pleasure  
Here I go, the seven odd, Manchu Squad  
Black notes I quote, I dedicate to my young star  
Via selway cars I span the metro, C-know sold stee-lo  
Is livin' on the D-low  
The galactic traveler eternal explorer  
Like the invincible master agent, a true warrior  
Neither here nor there, the master of illusion  
My son's moon sets, catch reps when we cruisin'  
The New York Boroughs with classic boom basctic  
Studied all the styles and got nasty at it  
Like a Thelonius Monk I travel in peace  
Left on right on black man from the east  
We don't quit, we don't quit  
We don't quit, we don't quit  
Yeah, like for nothin' but beats and cheese  
Subzero degrees can't freeze the cool breeze  
Ease, easay straight Brooklyn doob  
Hit you off with some pellets did Brooklyn smooth  
It's that certain style uh huh, I shoot a leg ball  
Squeeze off style quarters till herbs feel stressed  
Playing slick games and avoid all rest  
I shows, five seconds after that, I flows left one  
Caught your rebel grows, devils we grow, jonesin' on the curb I glow  
Still posin' a B-girl fresh as this leftist gets with MC's one and all of 'em  
Bust ninety, bi-evels and my whole crew walk with pleasure

Lyrics provided by

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