Good Music

D.Y.C.R.

Peace to all the hip cats, all the Nappy Sweets
This is the Brother Question, broadcasting live
Via satellite from the Never Never Tunnels
Now dig the rituals for today, is good music
So sit back, relax and dig the groove
Yo bust it, I digs hip-hop, and rocks for hip-hop
Not R&B because to me that's not my style and
The R-double-O-quotes ain't for radio, but major soul
The ones that's hip won't change the dial and
I remember one morning at the Soul Shack, coolin'
In the outback, on the songwritin' ship
Blizz a five, off a Bob Marley spliff
On the cloud I be relaxin' from last night and shit
In studio today but hey Brother Question
Was on the Westside asleep without a clue when
I hollered down to Crumbs to pick up the phone and tell him to get ready
Question, what ya doin'? Ain't nothing
Yeah, buttered chicken wings, so I met him in the West
Where we had to 'lax and wait for Rubber Band and Bes'
Bassey broke down on the other side of town
Yo you know what it's about, The Roots is out to the subway
Does anybody like real music?
Sweet music, soul music?
You know The Roots is a group that'll choose it
Just to use it, to make you move it, yeah
Does anybody like real music?
Sweet music, soul music?
You know The Roots is a group that'll choose it
Just to use it, to make you move it, yeah
From the subway to the studio
Gots to break fast if we wanna get to the bus
Runnin' like a Mex for the border
Umm, yo, oh umm, was it a bunch of yas?
Nah, just the four of us
Nuff nappy sweets on the transit, two fine
Three fine fo' five mo' fine, uhh!
A girl says, "Hey ain't y'all The Square Roots?"
And I'm like, "Heh, worrrd", and then the shorty passed the sign
Now we got to make out exit

Where?
To the pavement
To what?
Crushin' trail mix
Oh word man, yo look out
Say what?
Look out!
Question dropped a whole bag of drumsticks
Ain't nothing
But a chicken wing, so
He bends down to pick up the sticks and his pants fall down
(Dang!)
In my face, Question didn't frown, turned around
And thought he felt a draft, so I laughed
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Here comes the Crumbs, from the chums of the P.O.
Sprouted from The Roots and I was added to the trio
Now I'm cahoots and got a reason for my ego
In the words of, Los Lobos, ad-ios, a-migo
At the Rat Cave, mic I'm hand, I'm flowin'
Tellin' Question to keep it, goin'
What I'm doin', I'm not really knowin'
But umm, to me see it sounds oh-and-kay'n
(It sounds okay)
Layin', to the sounds playin'
Umm, hi to hoe and, yeah, hey to hay'n
Trippin', I'm tryin', not to laugh, bust it
It's the last paragraph, and I'm done half
But Question's jokin', and I'm like hopin'
That nobody comes in and opens, the door
Ah man, what is up with you man?
I'm leavin', what? Why you scratchin'?
Your face like that man?
Look ugly, self-righteous, do-gooder
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