Dog It

Digable Planets

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

DPS forever hit ya' with the live stuff
Suliman the Bronx Ripper on the live puff
V Love, that's my money like dominoes
Brooklyn do keep it rocking till the sun shows
I pop my junk my junk, I pop my junk my junk
I pop my junk my junk, Pop my junk my junk
I pop my junk my junk, like what you want you want
Pop my junk my junk, I pop my junk
The noise that we made is blue, in color sound
???? that play my crew couldn't walk the new found
I chalk the new sound
I bop like Teddy Charles was burning
when I excurse on excursions
Arriving at the doors of mind shores of seas
Burnt you with degrees solarly
Plus my leather jacket go acid disappear in the wisp
In the mist, with a fist
Proletariat, Cad-i-lac steering it
Fro soul gold Panther crew grab our poppers
Now, I'm making bacon
Still saying wa ah salaam ah lakum
Fresh joints we make 'em like water
Butter rap treasures at my leisure whatever whatever
So I gave my mind a pound cause y'all we had it down
We symbolize the blessed and represent the rest
Grass in my pockets I release my hot rockets
K.B. said "What you give 'em?" I was like "Mad rhythm."
That's my junkEric ???? always hits me with the live stuff
Bahamadia back the sounds with the love love
T.J. and Lisa real peoples 89 and still
In Fort Green on diamond back is where I'm at
Feelin' da funk da funk that's in the trunk the trunk

I feel the funk da funk, feelin' the funk da funk
I'm feelin' funk da funk I'm in the trunk da trunk
Feelin' da funk da funk, I am the funk
I raise everyday for the mass
Tote my fist right up right against the fascist
Descend to my borough digs my diction
It's way on time ????
So watch fifth line still shining
I'm left this year a ???? player
In my vein lives bell hooks Derrick Bell, Reggie Butler
See Marvin knew it, and Sly knew it
Cube know it and now we do it outta Brooklyn
Outta sight brown sandals ???? in M.C.s with angles
Commit to street corners where players be jayin
I'm saying a Digable swinger
Word to mouth brought the clout 'specially in the summer
We vanish like vapor
Burn paper
We deal real-real so chill
We linger in the funkYes Yes, bus stop what's (Watts) up
On the script side
Low down the whole mix and flips I 63
Jay be and M.C. baby blue great
Do it fluent keep it real and straightWe make it bump de bump, we make it bump se bump
We make it pump se pump, we make it bumpSave your corny missions for the tracks you lying on
We got ammunition for the streets we dying onStones, rocks, subways, blocks, chill modeLoot fold
Rebel wit no pause down to die for cause be-cause
Denia gotta see a fatter dayIt's Saturday I'm looking at the streets as my Nikes
Cover asphalt ???? the nightMy weight crush trash broken glass
Play the wall with one foot up
"Yo What up Ish?", "What's up."The flyer we get the higher we get
Good try-ersIs good die-ers that it so I move
We showed and we proveIt's groove foodWhat's going on
You want to see knowledge born, see see Knowledge Born
Before we fall victim we lick 'em
I ain't playin'Meet me at the corner Murder and Adolpha
I bless you with some joints, the mental hollow points
We do it in the park, we do it in the parkThat's right, that's right
We do it in the park, we do it in the parkI'm fluent after dark, in any sit-e-ationMy tools, jewels, the nationThat's how we bump

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