

# 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 excuse 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