

# Datskat

## The Roots

Datskat! I know you dig it when I kick it baby!Di-bi-dis-banks, hip-flip-a-didip-didim-dow-hound

You wonder bout the sweat pon my brow, formulatin nouns

I'll get down, boogie brother rock on, right on, right on

The brown, rhymers organically grown, I've shown, while

Sip-pida-didip-styles and proceed, to flow

You know I'm flyer than G.I. so yo Joe

Fuck, I run amuck, cause I'm the father of the fattest skatter

Black is intellectual, cat that is perpetually

Ritually catchin wreck, don't step, I cut ya

I mix the Sector 6 and now I knowledge butter words

To prop up Afrika Bambaataa, a lotta, brother is out there

Waitin on that new shit, well this is how we do kid

The levels is correct one-two, call in a blunt too

The front two, run through, good for you

Brand new styles like Kung-Fu

And rip this from the front to the back

To all my peoples where you at I know you dig it when I kickDatskat! I know you dig it when I kick it  
baby!Wadibi-dee-doo-bop-bop-bop-bop-bop

Skiggy-dang, skiggy-dang, you knows we gonna rock

And don't stop, just droppin off my bags you fags

When you define, the word behind, deserves you lags

We blast off like launchers, launchin off the rockets

If you bugs, if you act like plugs, you're gettin pulled

Out of sockets, the extra-curricular particularly this

Miraculous in lyrics they be callin me Jesus

Please just call me Malik I'm not a prophet

Pass me a topic and I'll drop it

Because it gets, hairier, never marry or flurries a throne

To hell with a boy upon the microphone

Will be convenient, I'm never bein lenient

On them folk who gonna slow-up cause they a dope

But a-bi-dee-doo-bop-bop-bop-bop-bop

We makin touchdowns, cause we knockin butts down, so

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