

Examination Of What

Digable Planets

One day while I was sipping some groove juice
I realized that in the span of time we're just babies

It's all relative, time is unreal

We're just babies, we're just babies, man

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We're just babies, we're just babies, man

We're just babies, we're just babies, man Every man's a planet and the props are there to get it

Insects roll together with the spirit in our orbit

Life, it comes and goes and you do not punch a clock

I don't take shit for granted, I think of Scott la rock

Also of tyreo and battles at the borders

My cousins in the joint and the homeless grippin' quarters

The forests are all shrinking, this deepens to my thinkin

Don't cover up the nappy, be happy witcha kinkin'Dwellin', yes, you're dwellin' as the norm is itty-bitty

Figure eighty-fifty for a smidgen of the city

In the Serengeti, be ready for a box

But beware of the shanks and the pistols and the glocks

If your peoples don't getcha, you still ain't off clean

The politicians' mask is worse than Halloween

I write the funky scripts so you know I got to kick 'em

Now tell me who's the vice and tell me who's the victim So what is really what, is really what

If the funk don't move your butt

And if the box don't make you hot

And if the cats don't dig the raps

If your life ain't got no spice

Or if the guns just wreck your fun

Or if some shouts ain't in the house

Or if your crew ain't down with you Peace, this is Mecca the ladybug

And I'm sayin' though, what is really what

If I can't even get comfortable

Because the supreme court is like

All in my uterus? Peace, this is Cee-Know of the doodlebug

And I wanna say, what is what if

You can't walk through your hood

With Bert, Ernie and Sesame Street

Mossies trying to give the snuffleupagus My father taught me jazz, all the peoples and the anthems

Ate peanuts with the dizz and vibe with Lionel Hampton

Now I'm swimming deep in the hip-hop with eclectics

Now do we got the power or is it getting hectic?

Scribble swings the paddle at the mantel where I placed it
Hip-hop grew from roots but some emcees never traced it
The old jacks buck wild and some babies bore their fists
But the crew from outer space is here shitWe grew up digging styles of the fabulous fifth Freddy
And scoping out for days crazy legs and rock steady
Now bleach is in the laundry, same old beats is handy
The label may okay it but radio won't play it
The censors are about so watch your mouth close your drapes
The legs that's in the boots is on the corner, watch your tape
Making papes off the crust, for money and for lust
You're playing out the planets get slammed, trustYou think it, see it, run it and slam it
They peep it, hear it, lynch it and ban it
It just ain't the haps if they know they can't control it
Your grass be in the joint but they licked it and rolled it
So what?I'm saying what is really what
If the funk don't rule your cut?
Or if the streets don't dig your beats
Or if my man ain't fifty grand?
Or if the hoods don't think you're good?
Or if your church don't really work
Or if the pigs wanna knock your wigs
Or if the jeeps don't roll with beats'Cause butterfly is baby, I'm just a baby, man
I'm just a baby, I'm just a baby, man
I'm just a baby, I'm just a baby, manAnd Mister Doodle? I'm just a baby too
And Miss Mecca I'm just a baby, man
And Mister Silk, he's just a baby, too
And 801s, they just babies, man
And Miss Venus, she's just a baby, man
The AC-facts, they just a babies, man
And DPS, they just a babies, tooOh and, Dash, she's just a baby, man
Danny and Dani, they are my babies, man
Oh and Liz, she's just a baby, man
Oh and Stella, she's just a baby, too
Doc Shane, he's just a baby, man
Mike Mann, he's just my main man
And doctor Timba, he's just a baby, man
And Nappy Jackie, she's just a baby, too
Benefi-Cent, he's just a baby, man
Oh, and you? you're just a baby, man