

# Appointment At The Fat Clinic

## Digable Planets

[Butterfly]

Smooth to the ooze came Butter  
Try to gank my style and I'll hip you to the heater  
At the speed of bop grew the hard rock  
You can ask my dads Chairman Mao comrades  
Squattin' at they pads  
Diggin' on the jazz that's the half of it  
Uncle Sam showed us all his space we refuted it  
Told him that ghetto is the aim, let go of my brain  
Then we changed your boogie 'cause your boogie had to change

[Ladybug]

Caught a fat chat with a cat where I'm from  
Flipping mad tracks on a love child Nickel Bag  
Ah Mecca much jive and a jazz touch  
With a straight no chase, a Dig Plan erase  
Snatch an acid insect changed her dialect  
{ Kept it }  
Mr. Doodlebug come tight with a ticket  
Said we couldn't drip it  
Came in and we kicked it with a glass of water on the rocks  
Nip it

[Doodlebug]

Jazz, in the last 5 years has progressed in its fits  
and starts of sudden discoveries and  
startled reactions. New principles, new sounds,  
new rhythms and harmonies have been advanced with unusual frequency.  
Not surprisingly, many of the younger musicians have been quietly digesting  
this information almost as quickly as it has appeared.  
As a result, they've acquired a degree of  
musical sophistication which supersedes many of the previous standards of excellence.  
So it's no longer especially relevant to ask the young saxophone player,  
for example, to demonstrate his ability by running through all the Charlie Parker licks.

[Ladybug]

Come little hoods peep out the eyelids  
Stash a fat gat 'cause the loops let you dig  
With a Bloom Swoon and a Full Moon

Mecca Bug no fake takes we let alone baits  
Pitchin' up your cakes might cause a horn rush but then a bass flush  
Meta more emphasis as I trip this Butter bug pour it out the mouth

[Butterfly]

O.K. floater to the order don't we wreck before we split  
From the chaos came the fattest little shit  
By the soak of it at the point of hammer click  
You could either read a little Marx or hang with Spiddyocks  
When the bass faces fix the deepest cuts they're the sickest  
Then we just make you think you boomed with a quickness  
This is what's the haps when I go to do my smack  
'Cause the word got around about three cool cats

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