

# Examination of What

## Digable Planets

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

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  
    We're just babies, we're just babies, man  
    We're just babies, we're just babies, man  
We're just babies, we're just babies, manEvery 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 victimSo 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 youPeace, 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 shit We 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, trust You 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, man And 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, too Oh 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

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