

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, 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 witch a 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 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

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnyrics.com/>