Appointment At The Fat Clinic

Digable Planets

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 changeCaught 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 itJazz, 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 quiuckly 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 licksCome 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

Songwriters
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