

# Rebirth of Slick (iamxl remix)

## Digable Planets

We like the breeze flow straight out of our lids  
Them they got moved by these hard-rock Brooklyn kids  
    Us floor rush when the DJ's booming classics  
    You, dig the crew on the fattest hip-hop records  
    He touch the kinks and sinks into the sounds  
She frequents the fattest joints caught underground  
    Our funk zooms like you hit the Mary Jane  
    They flock to booms man boogie had to change  
    Who freaks the clips with mad amount percussion  
    Where kinky hair goes to unthought-of dimensions  
    Why's it so fly cause hip-hop kept some drama  
When Butterfly rocked his light blue-suede Pumas  
    What by the cut we push it off the corner  
    How was the buzz entire hip hop era  
    Was fresh and fat since they started saying audi  
Cause funks made fat from right beneath my hoodie  
    The poobah of the styles like Miles and shit  
    Like sixties funky worms with waves and perms  
    Just sendin' chunky rhythms right down ya block  
    We be to rap what key be to lockBut  
    I'm cool like dat  
I'm cool, I'm coolWe be the chocolates taps on my raps  
    She innovates at the sweetest cat naps  
    He at the funk club with the vibrate  
    Them they be crazy down with the five plate  
    It can kick a plan then a crowd burst  
    Me I be digging it with a bump verse  
    Us we be freaking til dawn blinks an eye  
He gives the strangest smile so I say hi (wassup)  
    Who understood, yeah understood the plan  
    Him heard a beat and put it to his hands  
    What I just flip let borders get loose  
    How to consume or they'll be just like juice  
    If its the shit we'll lift it off the plastic  
    The babes'll go spastic  
    Hip hop gains a classic  
    Pimp playing shock it don't matter I'm fatter  
Ask Butta how I zone (man Cleopatra Jones)And  
    I'm chill like dat

I'm chill, I'm chillBlink  
ThinkWe getcha free cause the clips be fat boss  
Them they're the jams and commence to going off  
She sweats the beat and ask me cause she puffed it  
    Me I got crew kids seven and a crescent  
    Us cause a buzz when the nickel bags are dealt  
        Him, that's my man with the asteroid belt  
        They catch a fizz from the Mr. Doodle-big  
        He rocks a tee from the Crooklyn nine-pigs  
        The rebirth of slick like my gangsta stroll  
        The lyrics just like loot come in stacks and rolls  
        You used to find a Bug in a box with fade  
Now he boogies up your stage plaits twist or braidsAnd  
    I'm peace like dat  
I'm PeaceCheck it out man I groove like dat  
    I'm smooth like dat  
        I jive like dat  
        I roll like datYeah I'm thick like dat  
        I stack like dat  
        I'm down like dat  
I'm black like datWell yo I funk like dat  
    I'm phat like dat  
        I'm in like dat  
        Cause I swing like datWe jazz like dat  
        We freak like dat  
        We zoom like dat  
        We out, we out

#### Songwriters

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