Last Of The Spiddyocks

Digable Planets

I'm blue mood y? all, I slive with jiva y? all
I'm actually deep y? all, invented time y? all
In ten fourths y? all, I pay your cap y? all
I player late y? all and draw down toI bust raps y? all, in love with naps y? all
The sweet beats kid, I speak my thoughts y? all
I wreck the break y? all, don? t trust the flag y? all
I dig the birds y? all, I'm layin' out now, yeahThe season? s been good like a sweet
I hang out with a gang out flat bush with cool beats
I found the reverberated shout was goddamn
And questions 'bout the methods how the Planets made jamWallowed through a gang a murk in the interim
I couple time we got jerked but still invented them
Wicked little kinky joints that got us ghetto weight
And also kept the jazz alive by pullin' off the plates
Maybe only we was hip to stretchin' out the brain
I felt Bird Parker when I shot it in my vein
I toss these major losses on the Mingus jazzy strum
Flip off into a nod and dig myself a dyin' youngIt? s like cool was the bop and the flair
I kicks to my pools by the nap of their hair
I'm pinnin' Uncle Sam for the death of swingin' quotes
For losin' Bud Powell slidin' over Dizzy's notesWas it that the rebirth was the birth for new shit, of cool shit
The jazz power showers from the crew was sure legit
But hey, present since gone Hank Mo's gone
They kill the coolest breeze in this land of the freeAnd it been like that since they lied about they flag
Like all my main mans gave they beats up for skags
So I pops it at your crew like Bu I did a lid
But I used Lee's Cooker got my buzz around midnight
I'm so shy y? all, I'm hip to badge y? all
From sector six, yeah and now and then too
I slows the trims y? all and fades a fake now
I know the nat y? all I'm layin' out y? all, yeahThe season? s been smooth like the suede
Pumas that butter got when butter got paid
Or better yet Dolphy's archetypes for cool dudes
Or better still Trane usin' space in afro blueIt? s simple, swing be the freakin' of the time
The spinnin' by the kings good for speakin' of the mind
The forty seven sessions gave the buzzes that I caught
They asked was it cool blues knowledge
(What you thought?)I told 'em it was solid, dig, the licks was way out
My baby loves to kiss when Ornette just lays out
So the quotes be as such bout the kits, uh

You down with Digable Planets yous a hipster, shitI lay it on the cats about monk
The logical extensions comin' boomin' out that trunk
Assumin' that the room in which you zooms designed by your mind
Not the stars and stripes but red Cali? booms
And the rat-a-tat-tat by Max or Philly Joe on we goThe fly shit y? all, we don? t quit y? all
It? s slick beats here and it? s out there
A smooth groove kid, the jive is high y? all
We ain? t marks y? all okay pow me upUh, the seasons been fat like some boom
Doodlebug? s math jazz fillin' up the room
When Booker jam with Eric at the funky five spot
Jimmy Cob's job was layin' crashes on the topButter cop his lid at this little Harlem jam
The tenor bop the middle and his shades and his tam
I'm diggin' how these dudes made my buzz a little hipper
And angles on the moves really couldn? t get no blackerI'm sinkin' deep to the sleekness of the horn
I'm thinkin' take the hipness and just lay it in my form
So when the hoodlums flood waitin' for another anthem
I say it? s in the blood cause it notin' but rhythmAnd rhythm goes on and on to the break of moon, baby
The dads is gone but they used to come lovely
The sickness towards the world? s cause Sam caused the blues
But hipness takes a swirl and jams by my crewInfect space y? all, we swing time y? all
It? s like milk yeah, it? s like be bop
The new scat slips, oh shit, we got fly kicks
It? s like jazz, uh, it? s like us now
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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