

Nickel Bags

Digable Planets

The Bloom, the Swoon, the Sugars on your block
The Planets land in flesh in the corners of New York

The ghetto, the meadow, the Mr. Butter flew
The Honeybugs dug and licked the honey dew

The sun, the kiss, the funk for a bliss
The lips with the soul and some jazz for ya hips

The puff, the buzz, the lids be heavy slick
The Mecca get a rush when the beats be very thick
The hands, the feet, the brown baby treat
The femmes fumble loose and drink the doodlejuice
The steps, the flams, the Planets goddamn

The peoples get a grip with a tape from a jamA nickel bag of funkThe big, the fat, the cool cool cats
The psychedelic soul puts the Planets on the map

The chic, the love, the far out name
The lack of the funk's the main why we came
The boogie gets done, the colors won't run
The funk hits the square, the kids gotta come
The pizza with the pop, the west 4th stop
The crew after crew that do the grasshop
The true cool is black, the new school is fat
The beats by the ounce, the funk by the pack

The hanging off the butts with the fat sole kicksA nickel bag of funkThe wide, the hip, dig it it's the trip
The loops, the scene and the funkifying it

The sounds, the pounds, the stacks, the flair
The baggy baggy jeans, the knotty knotty hair
The twinkle in the eye, the kids that livin' fly

The crew from the sky, the stuff that gets you high
The action, the work from the rhyme
We goes the whole nine

The papers won't rot, the vapors get got
The streets give the buzz the funk up your block
The opium groove, the smacked out soul

The kickin' it live the fat gotta rollA nickel bag of funkA nickel bag, a nickel bag Ladybug'll hit ya with a
nickel bag

A nickel bag, a nickel bag Butterfly'll hit ya with a nickel bag
A nickel bag, a nickel bag Doodlebug'll hit ya with his nickel bag
A nickel bag, a nickel bag DPs always hit you with they nickel bag

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