

Examination Of What

Digable Planets

[butterfly]

one day..while I was sipping some groove juice I realised..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 (x

4)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 & goes and you do not punch a clock

I don't take shit for granted, I think of scott la rock

also of tyrel 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 witcha kinkin!

dwelling, yes, you're dwelling as the norm is itty-bitty

figure eighty-fitty for a smidgen of the city

in the serengetti, 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 Hallowe'en

I write the funky scripts so you know I got to kick 'em

now tell me who's the vics and tell me who's the victimchorus [butterfly]what is really 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[ladybug]

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?![doodlebug]

peace, this is cee-know the doodlebug and I want to say, what is what if

you can't walk through your hood with bert, ernie and sesame street

mossie trying to give the snuffleupagus.[butterfly]

my father taught me jazz, all the peoples and the anthems

ate peanuts with the dizz and vibed 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 oldjacks buckwild 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 rocksteady
 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 sayin, what?!chorus [butterfly]what is really what is really 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 want to knock your wigs
 - or if the jeeps don't roll with beats[butterfly]
 cause butterfly is..baby, I'm just a baby, man
 I'm 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, man
 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

Songwriters

Butler, Ishmael R. / Sample, Joseph LesliePublished by

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