Rebirth of Slick (Cool Like Da

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

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