

What Cool Breezes Do

Digable Planets

You gotta do what ya feel
Do what ya feel
If it's realExit planet Venus for a Brooklyn stroll
Jazzy fly, nappy things, plaits, to a roll
Leaves fumble fallin' down; wind blowin' 'round
Dig the layer change, the funkifying sound
Mecca, the Ladybug, changin' like seasons
Moves I be seein', changes life's reasons
On to express the ways that I profess the
Swoon unit glow, as I go; Butter flow
I take a chance, go against the norm
But they used to make advance to my lady form
Ok, shall I smack a ghetto punk with the line? (but, Mecca)
Ok, slap a meadow punk with a fine
I flip this only to the ones who lack respect
The rest, just get your ticket pronto and jet, but please
You gotta do what ya feel
Do what ya feel
If it's realCheck out the funk-brown bass, my man
This be the medium used by Dig Plans
Hit the cosmics like a funkonaut
Leave the ladybugs with forget-Funk-nots
Black sunflowers, blue be your tulip
The sound from the gates, it'll zoom up your room
Bugs block spots where Hip Hop be your norm
If the Pri is the Kid, the floor's gettin' stormed
With the bass in ya face, space is the place
Bugs take a stand, goddamn, it's a jam
C-note be no uncivilized just
Poppin' out the jive in the jazz-causin' rush
Can you dig it? My mellow, it's that cool cat sound
(Doodlebug, Japrim told that the G be gettin' down)
Shit, it's mandatory, so you gots to demand it
And if they cannot handle, take a ticket from the Planets and
You gotta do what ya feel
Do what ya feel
If it's realMan, I ooze that, in the mad degrees
With my crew and shit, honey dip, cool breeze
Can you dig it? (I'm with it) (Butter, now you know)
I know the wig gets the grade out
It's fat or else we'd be out

Copped the rap bats from these cats out on Bleeker
Rejuvenate the plates for my people and they speakers
Nietzsche, Rap, make Anita crutch
Planets wouldn't allow themselves to grow like such
Expressions, sightings, scripting, taught
Finest status quo is being an artist in New York
Tongues be often fought, clothes be often caught
If they call it a fad, we just ignore it, like it's pork
Planets got them thoughts bloomin' flowers in the dense
They said that Rap was Venus, so we snuck and hopped the fence
Landed in a meadow, glimpsed and saw a shadow
Of brothers with guitars, common sense and puffy afros
Lucks was getting brazed, Paps was getting blazed
Feds was crackin' domes, but these cats, they wasn't phased
In tights grips, yet, their lips was talkin' fun
Rhythms and the struggle kinda funneled into one
True funk cannot disguise, because the streets have eyes
Who's gonna revive? Well us and delic vibe
Did it like a Dig Planet, goddammit
To get a good kick it, suggest ya get ya ticket and You gotta do what ya feel
Do what ya feel
If it's real

Songwriters

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