Black Ego

Digable Planets

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

So now lets let into, in my pocket pack
Pummel and I epic, black ethic lack
I walk again, you were shade gray, come display
Mazes in black, fire in the west
Shit is shakin', it's fly
I'm in lookies when I'm pushing vinyl time
Up the fort, where I'm caught
And my thought to shakin' up a few loose
Now I let my cause shoot, KRS One
Cause we fade in and out, are you swinging or coming?
I'm solid on this thought, this ain't living
It's heavy every setback, even when I was a shorty
Now we catch you in your four, thrice
Check me in another place, space, and joy
Nothing you could serve could ever
Ace me boy
Fat laces, I'm out, fat and no babies"That's right baby"That's right, sho you rightI got Harlem on my mind,
Darren on my back
Brooklyn in my blood and butter's on the track
I got insect thoughts, catch the cool ways
Clouds of purple haze keep me in a daze
The jazz, the jive, the poetry
The style, the lingo, the bags of equality
Many different things try to get to me
But in a world of hard rock, I keep my humility
The funkanaut from the kingdom of not
With galactic sure shot, they can't won't don't stop
Flock to the rhythm I bring
Sing songs call survival on the Mingus revival
Scored the bass hit, with my bugged out clique
It's Doodlebug, give me love for a visual script
Sip the groove juice, it's kind of rough

Sevens never bluff, I had enough, elevenThat's right, sho you rightIn the east I rose
Froze in the pose
Of a land diseased
Flows that cooler summer breeze
Nikki did Kevin's braids, we got four in the lac
As we swoop at warp seven, holler don't crowd cats
Cause look, corpie is the color and Butter he do it low
All you hear is poppers and rubber I'm saying oh
And we keep it popping on hot days
Shit, I got the fish eggs dropping any block you dip
And I dazzle that mood with the cool out, fool
Easing semi-swerve to the curb like the do
I'm fro, blow, got that right
Groove with soul and I'm still spinnin'
Cross 110 and indicate them something else
Blackest space, deepest sea
(Scoff) My shit's, a natural high, the man can't put no thing on me
So dig me when my mind stretch out, it's astro black
Time reaching into end, nappy afro blue
I swoop, out and inside the corners
Do my tha-a-ang like Huey with it, niggaThat's right, sho you right

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