

# 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 funkonaut 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-scurve 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  
(Scuff) 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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