

# What Cool Breezes Do

## Digable Planets

{ all together }

Ya gotta (x4)

Ya gotta do what you feel

Do what you feel

Do what you feel yeah

Do what you feel (x3)

Do what you feel yeah

Do what you feel (x3)

Do what you feel yeah

Do what you feel (x3)

If it's real

[Ladybug]

Exit Planet Venus for a Brooklyn stroll

Jazzy fly naps, hands clap to a roll

Leaves fumble falling down, wind blowin' round

Dig the layer change, the funkifying sound

Mecca the Ladybug changing like seasons

Moves I be seeing changes life's reasons

On to express

The ways that I can flex the Swoon Unit glow

As I go Butter flow

I take a chance, go against the norm

But then you still make advance to my lady form

O.K. shall I smack a ghetto punk with the line

{But Mecca!}

O.K. smack a meadow punk with the fine

I slip this only to the ones who lack respect, the rest

Just get your ticket pronto and jet but please

{ all together }

Do what you feel (x2)

Do what you feel yeah

Do what you feel (x3)

If it's real

[Doodlebug]

Check out the funk brown babies my man

This be the medium used by Dig Plans

Hit the cosmos like a funkanaut  
Leave the ladybugs with forget-funk-nots  
Black sunflowers bloom be a tune  
If the sound's from the Digs it'll zoom up your room  
Bugs flock spots where Hip Hop be a norm  
If Capri is the Kid, the floor's gettin' stormed  
With the bass in your face, space is the place  
Bugs take the stand, God damn it's the jam  
Cee-Know be no uncivilised just  
Popping out the jive and the jazz causing rush  
Can you dig it? My mellow it's that cool cat sound  
{Doodlebug, Japreme told me that the Gee be gettin' down}  
Shit that's mandatory so you gots to demand it  
And if they cannot help, here's a ticket to the Planets so

{all together}  
Do what you feel (x2)  
Do what you feel yeah  
Do what you feel (x3)  
If it's real

[Butterfly]  
Man I doos that in the mad degrees  
With my and crew and shit honey dip cool breeze can you dig it?  
{I'm with it}  
{Butter now you know}  
I know the wig gets a braid out, it's fat or else we be out  
Cop the rap backs from these cats out on bleaker  
Rejuvenate the plates for my peoples and their speakers  
Bleach your rap, make it need a crutch  
Planets wouldn't allow themselves to roll like such  
Expressions, sighting, scripting, talk  
Fighting the status is being an artist in New York  
Tongues be often forked  
Flows be often corked  
If they call it fad, we just ignore it like it's pork  
Planets got them thoughts blooming flowers in the dense  
They said the grass was greener 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  
Knucks was getting' raised, paths was getting' blazed  
Feds was cracking domes but these cats they wasn't phased  
in tight grips yet the lips wasn't talking fun  
Rhythms and the struggle kinda funneled into one  
True funk cannot disguise, because the streets have eyes

Whos gonna revive? Well us and delic vibe  
Did it like a Dig Planets God dammit  
To get a good kicket, suggest you get your ticket and

{ all together }  
Do what you feel (x2)  
Do what you feel yeah  
Do what you feel (x3)  
If it's real

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written by Irving, Craig L. / Vieira, Mary Ann / Butler, Ishmael R.  
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