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 cosmics 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 bleeker
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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