

# La Femme Fetal

## Digable Planets

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

It was 8:49 on a beautiful 9th day of July  
There was not a cloud to speak of  
So the orange sun hung lonely in the sky  
I lay prone in my catboat home  
Thinking of fine nappy Jackie and his jazz cat's horn  
Sliding in a tape of bird on verve when suddenly rang my phone "Hey butterfly", the voice said  
Slip on some duds comb out your fro and slide on down to my pad  
The vibe here is very pleasant and I truly request your presence  
A problem of great magnitude has arose and as we speak it grows  
Damn, what could it be I thought  
A juice I bought and rolled on down to her [Incomprehensible]  
Seeing bros I know slapping fives I arrived and pressed G-5  
And there was Nikki lookin' some kind of sad  
With tears fallin' from her eyes she sat me down  
And dug my frown and began to run it down "You remember my boyfriend Sid that fly kid who I love  
Well our love was often a verb and spontaneity has brought a third  
But do to our youth an economic state, we wish to terminate  
About this we don't feel great, but baby that's how it is  
But the feds have dissed me, they ignore and dismiss me  
The pro-lifers harass me outside the clinic  
And call me a murderer, now that's hate  
So needless to say we're in a mental state of debate "Hey beautiful bird, I said digging her somber mood  
The fascists are some heavy dudes  
They don't really give a damn about life  
They just don't want a woman to control her body  
Or have the right to choose but baby that ain't nothin'  
They just want a male finger on the button Because if you say, War, they will send them to die by the score  
Aborting mission should be your volition  
But if Souter and Thomas have their way  
You'll be standing in line unable to get welfare  
While they're out hunting and fishing  
It has always been around, it will always have the niche

But they'll make it a privilege not a right accessible only to the rich  
Hey pro-lifers should dig themselves 'cause  
life doesn't stop after birth  
And for child borne to the unprepared it might even just get worse  
The situation surely change if they will find themselves in it  
Supporters of the h-bomb and fire bombing clinic  
What type of shit is that? Orwellian in fact  
If Roe V Wade was overturned would not the desire remain intact  
Leaving young girls to risk their healths  
Doctors to botch and watch as they kill themselves  
Now I don't want to sound macabre  
But hey, isn't it my job to lay it on the masses  
And get them off their asses to fight against these fascists  
So whatever you decide make that move with pride  
Sid will be there and so will I  
An insect 'til I die  
Rhythms and sounds, spinning around  
Confrontations across the nation  
Your block, my block, dreadlocks what a shock  
Land of the free but not me  
Not me, not me, not me, not me  
Not me, not me, not me, not me

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>