Pacifics (Sdtrk "N.Y. Is Red Hot")

Digable Planets

Butterfly searching for a relax
Pulling from the jazz stacks cause it's Sunday
On the air is incense, sounds to the ceiling
Tried to get this feeling since Monday
Looking out the window watching all the people go
Bugging off a funny vibe cause now it seems they're equal
Wonder what would Trane say wonder what my pop say
Bugging off the calmness in the Apple
Who me I'm cooling in New York
I'm chilling in New York
The hoods is on my block and the brother's at the court
The baseball hats is on and the projects is calm
Dreamtime's extended and highly recommended
But early birds like me's up checking out the scene
The early worms jog, forget about your job
Just come dig the essence while the decadence is hidden
When people act like people, the theory is in pigeon
If you know the norm it's like Hades transformed
On Sunday's early hours the city sprouts its flowers
So get with the rhythms while you getting with the Planets
Vibe off the jams but don't take em for granted, just chillWe venture through the streets in search of funky beats
Extensive is the travels and it's heavy on the sneaks
Ye it's kicking out the speakers of the Sunday morning jeepers
My man do Planets do it lovely
Am I my brother's keeper
We foot it to the park where the swoon units walk
And sit with the phoenicians digging on musicians
Hanging with the rebels sipping on a Snapple
Bugging with my crew just tripping in the Apple
You be thinking peace when you're vibing with your flock
But you be thinking damn everybody got a Glock
If you got some beef please express that in silence
Or else, violence
But right here is the life, it's the children of the concrete
Living off the fruits and the functions of the fat beats
Hip-hop's all around, the members is growing
Please dig on the sounds cause the good vibes they snowing, so chillWake up, praying that the game's on
Maybe it's the Running Rebs, maybe it's the Knicks
Maybe it's a rerun of an old TV show

Like Hawaii 5-0 or karate flicks
Maybe if the phone rings Butterfly will take wings
Speaking on some cool things fronting like I cope
Born unto flat ground now I'm chilling shaky ground
Reaching for Pacific Heights Sunday is my rope, dig it
Sunday's to relax
Sunday's to relax
Some Sunday morning drama is calling up my Mama
The hot line is in I guess the ? knew the deal
Vibing off the jams of the crews on Sugarhill
Lay around and think ain't nothing to do
Checking out some Fromm, some Sartre, Camus
Mingus' Ah Um, damn Roach can drum
The DP's are life, there they go, here they come
It's time to grab some loot, put on the Timber boots
Checking out some Dali's like Tasha and Kamali
New York is a museum with its posters and graffiti
If you're in the city on Sunday
Come check me, get with me

Songwriters
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