

# 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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