

Examination Of What

Digable Planets

one day..while I was sipping some groove juice I realised..that in the span of time we're just babies..it's all relative, time is unreal.

we're just babies, we're just babies, man
every man's a planet and the props are there to get it
insects roll together with the spirit in our orbit
life, it comes & goes and you do not punch a clock
I don't take shit for granted, I think of scott la rock
also of tyrel and battles at the borders
my cousins in the joint and the homeless grippin quarters
the forests are all shrinking, this deepens to my thinkin
don't cover up the nappy, be happy witcha kinkin!
dwellin, yes, you're dwellin as the norm is itty-bitty
figure eighty-fitty for a smidgen of the city
in the serengetti, be ready for a box
but beware of the shanks and the pistols and the glocks
if your peoples don't getcha, you still ain't off clean
the politicians' mask is worse than Hallowe'en
I write the funky scripts so you know I got to kick 'em
now tell me who's the vics and tell me who's the victim
chorus what is really what is really what is really what:

- if the funk don't move your butt
- and if the box don't make you hot
- and if the cats don't dig the raps
- if your life ain't got no spice
- or if the guns just wreck your fun
- or if some shouts ain't in the house
- or if your crew ain't down with you

peace, this is mecca the ladybug and I'm sayin though! what is really what if I can't even get comfortable because the supreme court is, like, all in my uterus?!

peace, this is cee-know the doodlebug and I want to say, what is what if you can't walk through your hood with bert, ernie and sesame street mossie trying to give the snuffleupagus.

my father taught me jazz, all the peoples and the anthems
ate peanuts with the dizz and vibed with lionel hampton
now I'm swimming deep in the hip-hop with eclectics
now do we gots the power or is it getting hectic?
scribble swings the paddle at the mantel where I placed it
hip-hop grew from roots but some emcees never traced it
the oldjacks buckwild and some babies bore their fists
but the crew from outer space is here.....SHIT
we grew up digging styles of the fabulous fifth freddy
and scoping out for days crazy legs and rocksteady
now bleach is in the laundry, same old beats is handy
the label may okay it but radio won't play it
the censors are about so watch your mouth close your drapes
the legs that's in the boots is on the corner, watch your tape
making papes off the crust, for money and for lust
you're playing out the planets get slammed, trust!
you think it, see it, run it and slam it
they peep it, hear it, lynch it and ban it
it just ain't the haps if they know they can't control it
your grass be in the joint but they licked it and rolled it
so what? I'm sayin, what?!

chorus what is really what is really what is really what:

- if the funk don't rule your cut?
- or if the streets don't dig your beats

- or if my man ain't fifty grand?
- or if the hoods don't think you're good?
- or if your church don't really work
- or if the pigs want to knock your wigs
- or if the jeeps don't roll with beats
cause butterfly is..baby, I'm just a baby, man
I'm a baby, I'm just a baby, man
and mister doodle? (I'm just a baby too)
and miss mecca (I'm just a baby, man)
and mister silk, he's just a baby, too
and 801s, they just babies, man
and miss venus, she's just a baby, man
the ac-facts, they just a babies, man
and dps, they just a babies, too
oh and, dash, she's just a baby, man
danny and dani, they are my babies, man
oh and liz, she's just a baby, man
oh and stella, she's just a baby, man
doc shane, he's just a baby, man
mike mann, he's just my main man
and doctor timba, he's just a baby, man
and nappy jackie, she's just a baby, too
benefi-cent, he's just a baby, man
oh, and you? you're just a baby, man