

It's Good To Be Here

Digable Planets

the ticky ticky buzz the sun winks the sky
i fumble through my fuzz and buzz mr. i
tell him scoop the beats in the flying saucer kit
meet me at the port with the nickel bags and shit
tell my pops i'm out earthbound with the crew
he said butterfly may the boogie be with you
left my moms a note with these quotes on a trunk
it says i split to earth to resurrect the funk
a dozen snapple pops and a little box of beats
travellin through space with the funky funky beats
stopped at pluto to cop some petrol
met some klingons and got our things on
cruisin warp 6 with mr. wiggles in the mix
hendrix passin peas star child get the fix
the saucer shook the heavens with the blooms and the blams
because when we hit new york - shazam
we droppin like a comet and this vulcan tried to spock it
these martians tried to do it, but knew they couldn't cop it
the others from our brother planet lands in the flesh
from up in sector 6 yes y'all
and it's good to be here
when we landed up on lex
stirrin up the ground with the sound of doug e fresh
and the hard rockin kids that did it for the black
with the pumas on their feet and the barmas on their back
we learned and we earned it so you know you got to hand it
we planned it when we left how to freak it and to slam it
add a ladybug transformation is complete
for the metamorphosis from the box to the jeep
and it's good to be here
gettin fly with the raps
we love it where we from but we kick it where we at
bumpin out with somethin that pops and transcends
dps baby it's slim but not thin
in amongst the pebbles we rocks on your blocks
soakin in the ghetto for kids that have not
slappin on some skin when we slam check the cheers
so we greet their virgin ears with a kiss
it's so good to be here
we jazz up the streets to prove we have beats
fat jazz fat style and the sound so sweet
and there ain't no doubt that you got to check
doodle, silk, butter, mec
it's so good to be here
yeah baby that's the style
the jazz can fill a club or papers by the pile
just ask toy soldier, toy soldier could of told you
at the boomin funk hut it was the afro with the butt
so to the flam lovers that crowd in dark spots
so see em kick the lingo and grip that little crotch
now we have arrived with crazy boogie sounds
get yourself a mate today's to boogie down
this is all we know we feel it when we slams
you could hear the love, it comes out in our jams
the hiphop diggin cats just deliverin the words
from the ghetto-dwellin youth to the bourgies in the burbs
and it's good to be here