

Last Of The Spiddyocks

Digable Planets

The season's been good like a sweet
I hang out with a gang out Flatbush with cool beats
I foun the reverberated shout was "god damn"
And questions about the methods how the Planets made jams
Wallowed through a gang of mirk in the interim
A couple of times we got jerked but still invented them
Wicked little kick it joints that got us ghetto wheight
And also kept the jazz alive by pulling off the plates
Maybe only we was hip to stretching out the brain
I felt like Bird Parker when I shot it in my vein
I toss these major losses on a Mingus jazzy strum
Flip off into a nod and dig myself for dying young
It's like cool was the bop and the flair
I kicks it to my pools by the nap of the hair
I'm pinning Uncle Sam for the death of swinging quotes
For losing Bud Powell sliding over Dizzy's notes
Was it that the rebirth was the birth of new shit or cool shit
The jazz power shower showed the crew was sure legit
But hey presence is gone
Hank Mo's gone
They killed the coolest breeze in this land of the free
And it been like that since they lied about they flag
Like all my main man's gave their beats up for skag
So I pops it at your crew like Bu I did a lid
But I use Lee's Cooker I got my buzz around midnight

The season's been smooth like the suede
Pumas that Butter got when Butter got paid
Or better yet Dolphy's archetypes for cool dudes
Or better still 'Trane using space in afro blue
It's simple
Swing be the freakin' of the time
The spinning by the King's good for speaking of the mind
The 47 sessions gave the buzzes that I caught
They asked me was it cool blues Knowledge
{What you thought?}
I told them it was solid, dig, the licks was way out
My baby loves to kiss when Ornette just lays out
So the quotes be as such about the kits, uh
{You down with Digable Planets you is a hipster, shit}
I lay it on the cats about Monk
The logical extensions coming booming out that trunk
Assuming that the room in which you zoom's designed by your mind,
not the stars and stripes
But Red Callis booms and the rat-a-tat-tat by Max or Philly Joe
On we go

The season's been fat like some boom
Doodlebugs math jazz fillin gup the room
When Booker jammed with Eric at the funky 5 spot
And Jimmy Cob's job was laying crashes on the top
Butter cops his lid at this little Harlem jam
The tenor bopped the middle in his shades and his tam
I'm digging how these dudes made my buzz a little hipper
And angles on the mood really couldn't get no blacker
I'm sinking deep to the slickness of the horn
I'm thinking take the hipness and just lay it in my form

So when the hoodlums flood waiting for another anthem
I say it's in the blood 'cause it ain't nothing but rhythm
And rhythm goes on and on to the break of moon baby
The dads is gone but the youth still come lovely
The sickness towards the world when Sam caused the blues
But hipness takes a swirl in jams by my crew