

# 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