

## Rebirth Of Slick (cool Like Dat)

Digable Planets

We like the breeze flow straight out of our lids  
Them they got moved by these hard-rock Brooklyn kids  
Us flow a rush when the DJ's boomin classics  
You dig the crew on the fattest hip hop records  
He touch the kinks and sinks into the sounds  
She frequents the fatter joints called undergrounds  
Our funk zooms like you hit the Mary Jane  
They flock to booms man boogie had to change  
Who freaks the clips with mad amount percussion  
Where kinky hair goes to unthought-of dimensions  
Why's it so fly cause hip hop kept some drama  
When Butterfly rocked his light blue-suede Pumas  
What by the cut we push it off the corner  
How was the buzz entire hip hop era?  
Was fresh and fat since they started sayin audi  
Cause funks made fat from right beneath my hoodie  
The puba of the styles like miles and shit  
Like sixties funky worms with waves and perms  
Just sendin chunky rhythms right down ya block  
We be to rap what key be to lock

But

I'm cool like dat I'm cool...I'm cool...

We be the chocolates taps on my raps  
Innovates at the sweeta cat naps  
He at the funk club with the vibrate  
Them they be crazy down with the ?five plate?  
It can kick a plan then a crowd burst  
Me I be diggin it with s bump verse  
Us we be freakin til dawn blinks an eye  
He gives the strangest smile so I say hi (wassup)  
Who understood yeah understood the plan  
Him heard a beat and put it to his hands  
What I just flip let borders get loose  
How to consume or they'll be just like juice  
If its the shit we'll lift it off the plastic  
The babes'll go spastic  
Hip hop gains a classic  
Pimp playin shock it don't matter I'm fatter  
Ax Butta how I zone (man Cleopatra Jones)

And

I'm chill like dat I'm chill...I'm chill...

Blink..blink..blink..blink..blink..blink..blink....  
Think..think..think..think..think..think..think...

We get ya free cause the clips be fat boss  
Them they're the jams and commence to goin off  
She sweats the beat and ask me cause she puffed it  
Me I got crew kids seven and a crescent  
Us cause a buzz when the nickel bags are dealt  
Him that's my man with the asteroid belt  
They catch a fizz from the Mr. Doodle-big  
He rocks a tee from the Crooklyn non-pigs  
The rebirth of slick like my gangsta stroll

The lyrics just like loot come in stacks and rolls  
You used to find a bug in a box with fade  
Now he boogies up your stage plaits twist or braids

And

I'm peace like dat I'm Peace

Check it out man I groove like dat

I'm smmoce like dat

I jive like dat

I roll like dat

Yeah I'm thick like dat

I stack like dat

I'm down like dat

I'm black like dat

Well yo I funk like dat

I'm fat like dat

I'm in like dat

Cause I swing like dat

We jazz like dat

We freak like dat

We zoom like dat

We out...we out...