

Doo Woo You

Digital Underground

Don't be afraid to let a brother funk with you
Would you let a nucka doo woo you (x3)
Don't be afraid to let a brother funk with you
Yeah, would you let me doo woo you

Yo, I've got plenty of love
But I got no love for anybody trying to keep me down
I got a lot of love for all the ones who got my back
But not the monkey that's riding on it
They ride to hear a brother say 'shaggalackfragganack'
You know what I mean ... nothing
But like an FOI I can't tell a lie
I get too much juice when you turn me loose
And like fruit from a tree's got vitamin C
I'm from the Darkside and I'm fortified
I got the kind of vitamins to creep beneath your skin
That's why you're so afraid to let me in
I'll take you to a whole 'nother level
You know I got the Main Ingredient
So just keep on fronting
Gotta, gotta, gotta keep on fronting - keep on, keep on
Keep on running your mouth and pumping the lies
So I'm punking you out
Invest in all the young, funky minds of today
Infesting all the young, funky minds with the FADES:
Falsely Acquired Diluted Education Syndrome
That's why I need a Bodyhat
To block all the ooey-gooley brainwashed nuts with the bag
Make them drip back up the shaft of the system
Uh-huh, I just dissed them

You make me out to be the devil
Afraid that I'm a take you to a whole 'nother level
You know that I'm a creep beneath your skin

Well, what do we have here
Sheer bliss, Saafir hears this so
We getting our grind on
Put a little tuning and your grooming
They want us to zoomer-zoom, we already zooming
Putting on my mans, gotta think fast
I'm a lifesaver so I play blast
I'm drinking out the glass but the water ain't pure
And they wonder why I don't want to do you
First of all, you're scandalous
And I'm too real so you can't handle this
Then you'll throw a fit and tell me I ain't shit
Go fatten up your lips
Or better yet go put some rhythm in your hips
I'll flip, never will I slip
On a front took her bust up
So now what? I'll tell you what:
Why don't you get a clue from within, mark
Otherwise I'm gonna creep beneath your skin

A wing-ding ding-a-ling, listen to me sing
I like chicken wings

All living things get treated like a brother
Cause I'm a planet Earth lover
And I'm surviving, I keep striving
Alive in my blood's the God from up above-uh
I gain strength from my mother
I'm potent cause soul is what I'm toting
Style runs deep in my family tree
Yeah, that's me
See, it's gonna feel good when I run right through you
So let me do you
Open up and take a bite of me, chew me up
Try to swallow my blackness. Go on, taste it
Face it, it's fact that you're attracted to my style
But still you lie to me
You see, being afraid is the same as being shallow
So why follow the masses?
We're in the Nineties
Try to release your mind and be deep
Peep/peace

[Chorus]