

# Oregano Flow

## Digital Underground

A little high belongs to you . . .  
- Yeah, getting high off the soup, (drink it up)  
A little high belongs to me . . .  
- Top rhyming's how we're coming with the loop, (sip it down)  
A little high belongs to you . . .  
- A dab of this, dab of that, not too heavy on the garlic, (take it easy)  
A little high belongs to me . . .  
- With just a touch of oregano . . .

Now everybody's funk'ing but they don't know how  
They wasn't down back when the bull funk'd the cow  
But the chest of the cow was vestless  
So the stank from the D-thang bang left the breathless  
Oregano flow  
Don't waste your time sticking out your chest, for no  
Reason: it's the season for the lovely flow:  
The 'D', we're sick enough of stress, let it go  
Now follow as I slip into the butter melody  
This is the part I take your heart and leave your vision blurry  
So try to focus on my dope  
And I suggest you invest in a telescope;  
As I'm kicking hella rhythm, move closer to your television  
Catch a look just like a hooker catch j-izm  
Even with bifocals for your ears, you still couldn't see me though  
As I flavour up this vide' like oregano:  
Slinging them nouns and verbs  
You couldn't see me with binoculars  
I guess I'm kind of different cause I do love them hoes  
Only not the same way that I love my niggaroos  
Cause I love it when they say something fly  
The ill caps make me laugh till I cry  
Some fries and some freaks and it's on, all night long  
I love to see my homies living strong  
But that cook with the cloudy cookbook  
rained salt on another brother's sunny day  
I wonder are we really happy here with this lonely G game we play

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A little high belongs to you . . .  
- A dab of this, dab of that, not too heavy on the garlic, (take it easy)  
A little high belongs to me . . .  
- With just a touch of oregano . . .

Now everybody's looking but they cannot see  
The 'D' because we're future and we're too slippery  
You know we're coming with oregano flow  
Don't waste your time sticking out your chest, for no  
Reason it's the season for the lovely flow:  
The 'D', we're sipping off the stress, let it go, let it go

Top rhyming's how we're coming with the loops . . .  
Oregano, baby, oregano

A little high belongs to you . . .

- Yeah, my soup'll get you high, (drink it up)  
A little high belongs to me . . .  
- Top rhyming's how we're coming, bye-bye  
A little high belongs to you . . .  
A little high belongs to me . . .