

# Doin' Our Own Dang

Jungle Brothers

Me, Plug Three, the one they call Baby Huey  
The one that gets all the money  
All the money  
Maybe that's right

A fat funky fruit with a whole lot of tang  
A little something called, doing our own thang  
Breaking the beat others wished they broke  
Baseline so dope that you just might choke

Don't bite off something that you can't chew  
And don't trail behind when I'm coming through  
Fronting the feel that you really can't feel  
'Cause you're trying to feel what's on my reel to reel

A tree is growing, can't you see what I see? A white blue fruit to boot  
We count to ten before we pass the crews  
Now that's family equipped with the brothers and the sisters  
And the sisters and the brothers, and all the others

With the funky flairs, the bugged-out hairs  
It's the life of Riley, I'm really ready, gazing at the dollar fill of rap  
The cool June bugs, the wicks, the wacks  
Praise the rhythms for what it being, and praise the Lord for the JB's

We're doing our own thang  
We're doing our own thang  
We're doing our own thang  
We're doing our own thang

Isn't it cool when you cut your hair  
And the blood is red instead of sellout green  
This is not the music for an R n' B mind  
This is flower intertwined with a vine

In other words this is rose  
You see what I mean? Or see what Grandpa Bam saw  
The funk we transmit is unstable  
One condition if I am able to say

Yes you may, well hey, let's get on with it  
Vocal confetti is thrown, sometimes spitted  
Out the vents of hecklers and fans  
Either which way they all hop on the van

The band, the band, here comes the band  
The tribe of fingers all on one hand  
Me, myself, and I is dark  
Monie Love the mouthpiece, it's now yours to spark

Sister Monie, the only one here who missed a plane back to London  
Residing with my brothers and I learned a lot from them  
About the group, how to be smooth and play funky  
And sometimes rated it's kind of funky, but it's cool

For we are beyond the stereotypes  
Co-ordination crazy, but still it sounds hype

Rocking off and on beat, and I do believe I'm right, you're right  
Am I wrong? Yes, son

Don't be mad, be glad I missed the plane, I'm staying  
With my Brothers Jungle, Soul, and the Tribe I'm saying  
Funky, funky rhymes that always stay in swing  
I believe we doing our own thing

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Well my family sets all the trends  
From soul to soul, large to lose ends  
And I all my groups like kill?  
'Cause that's where the money's at honey

Yeah, the industry's filled with copycats  
R n' B mixed with sloppy raps  
Tribes like us always open doors  
But what for, so you can get yours?

You ain't in to it, all you want is profit  
So I ask you please to stop it  
Leave me alone, get off my bone  
'Cause I'm doing my own

A new seed, a new breed  
A new man you to feed the greed  
A new pair of boots for a new piece of butt  
Sweet daddy are you there? Sammy B is on the cut

Spinning back for a rap that's laid back  
Ready to kick back, those get no slack  
I may rock a rhyme or I may start to sing  
But still, I'm doing my own thang

In comes the mood of Jungle and Daisies  
Play the same and let the vibes grace me  
All hold hands and let's walk about  
And form a circle and talk about

Don't follow the path that we're stepping  
Truth to the soul is what I'm cramming  
Reasons for this is the family's strong  
And like Bob Marley said, "We're jammin'"

Seeing is believing, so see and believe  
And let the groove of the new proceed  
A whole bunch of love, peace signs, and fun  
So let's do what's got to be done, you know?