

Digital Underground, Oregano Flow

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

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 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 . . .