

# Digable Planets, Examination Of What

[butterfly]

one day..while I was sipping some groove juice I realised..that in the span of time we're just babies..it's all relative, time is unreal.

we're just babies, we're just babies, man [x4]

every man's a planet and the props are there to get it  
insects roll together with the spirit in our orbit  
life, it comes & goes and you do not punch a clock  
I don't take shit for granted, I think of scott la rock  
also of tyrel and battles at the borders  
my cousins in the joint and the homeless grippin quarters  
the forests are all shrinking, this deepens to my thinkin  
don't cover up the nappy, be happy witcha kinkin!  
dwellin, yes, you're dwellin as the norm is itty-bitty  
figure eighty-fitty for a smidgen of the city  
in the serengetti, be ready for a box  
but beware of the shanks and the pistols and the glocks  
if your peoples don't getcha, you still ain't off clean  
the politicians' mask is worse than Hallowe'en  
I write the funky scripts so you know I got to kick 'em  
now tell me who's the vics and tell me who's the victim

[chorus: butterfly]

what is really what is really what is really what:

- if the funk don't move your butt
- and if the box don't make you hot
- and if the cats don't dig the raps
- if your life ain't got no spice
- or if the guns just wreck your fun
- or if some shouts ain't in the house
- or if your crew ain't down with you

[ladybug]

peace, this is mecca the ladybug and I'm sayin though! what is really  
what if I can't even get comfortable because the supreme court is,  
like, all in my uterus?!

[doodlebug]

peace, this is cee-know the doodlebug and I wanna say, what is what if  
you can't walk through your hood with bert, ernie and sesame street  
mossie trying to give the snuffleupagus.

[butterfly]

my father taught me jazz, all the peoples and the anthems  
ate peanuts with the dizz and vibed with lionel hampton  
now I'm swimming deep in the hip-hop with eclectics  
now do we gots the power or is it getting hectic?  
scribble swings the paddle at the mantel where I placed it  
hip-hop grew from roots but some emcees never traced it  
the oldjacks buckwild and some babies bore their fists  
but the crew from outer space is here.....SHIT  
we grew up digging styles of the fabulous fifth freddy  
and scoping out for days crazy legs and rocksteady  
now bleach is in the laundry, same old beats is handy  
the label may okay it but radio won't play it  
the censors are about so watch your mouth close your drapes  
the legs that's in the boots is on the corner, watch your tape  
making papes off the crust, for money and for lust  
you're playing out the planets get slammed, trust!  
you think it, see it, run it and slam it  
they peep it, hear it, lynch it and ban it  
it just ain't the haps if they know they can't control it

your grass be in the joint but they licked it and rolled it  
so what? I'm sayin, what?!

[chorus: butterfly]

what is really what is really what is really what:

- if the funk don't rule your cut?
- or if the streets don't dig your beats
- or if my man ain't fifty grand?
- or if the hoods don't think you're good?
- or if your church don't really work
- or if the pigs wanna knock your wigs
- or if the jeeps don't roll with beats

[butterfly]

cause butterfly is..baby, I'm just a baby, man  
I'm a baby, I'm just a baby, man  
and mister doodle? (I'm just a baby too)  
and miss mecca (I'm just a baby, man)  
and mister silk, he's just a baby, too  
and 801s, they just babies, man  
and miss venus, she's just a baby, man  
the ac-facts, they just a babies, man  
and dps, they just a babies, too  
oh and, dash, she's just a baby, man  
danny and dani, they are my babies, man  
oh and liz, she's just a baby, man  
oh and stella, she's just a baby, man  
doc shane, he's just a baby, man  
mike mann, he's just my main man  
and doctor timba, he's just a baby, man  
and nappy jackie, she's just a baby, too  
benefi-cent, he's just a baby, man  
oh, and you? you're just a baby, man