

Digable Planets, Jimmi Diggin' Cats

[Butterfly]

Yo, everybody's goin retro, right?
And I was thinkin... if the 60's and 70's were now,
Isaac Hayes woulda have his own 900 number.

[Mecca]

I know, and MC Hammer would've been a pimp, right?

[Butterfly]

Word, and jimmi would've dug us right?

[Doodlebug] Word.

[Butterfly] Yeah.

[Butterfly]

Get yours, float up to the stars
Planets hits a spot 'bout six blocks east of Mars.
Air soul kicks and crush velvet hats,
hangin off the ave with the beautifulest naps.
Ride in the crest with the blessed, give a yes.
Planets kinda funky, as if you hadn't guessed.
Placebo's gettin blocked, funky joints get rocked
Jive is not found, we fly from the flesh
Whether Jeep or 'Lac, Peak you as you been there and
Float to them raps, Butterfly's planets for the
Jam 8 Tracks... from the 90-tops with the
Twists and plaits, look beneath my hat
Find the braids that hit ya, metro quite equipped
Knows of all the funk that was laid in 7-zips
Funk is phat, homey homey don't you know me?
Cool is back, give some skin, lay it on me
Groovy you could call it, hip, yeah, you could call we,
Fikky sticky fingers stuck us, loot junkies.
If you diggin rhyme, then you diggin rap
Jimmi's diggin this and we be diggin that...
yeah...

(The song is by some groovy cats. If you can dig
the cats, you can dig the song).

[Butterfly]

Yo, the black panthers would've had their own show right?

[Mecca]

I know, and 8-track walkmans, right?

[Doodlebug]

True, The Jackson Five would've had dreads.

[Mecca]

Word, my man Tito would look fly, right?

[Butterfly]

Word, and Jimmi would've dug Dig Planets for real, word.

[Butterfly]

Planets bustin out of this L-7 square
Check out the wares, check out the hairs
Sweetback chills with Shav, on the ave
Jimmi's diggin cats, and that's just the half
Where'd they find the stuff to freak it like a wizzard,
Slick just like a lizzard? really weird, or is it?
It's just the logic, from how we rocks it
Pop shock picks it up and drops hits

We, the synthesis of then and now melts
channeled to the masses through a DJ and some felts
Long haired hippies, Afro blacks,
All get together across the tracks
Because when we shows up, rythm rolls up
Funk cannot be measured while the pleasure grows up
Life ain't what it seems, life is but a dream
Planets wreakin havok is as constant as the rain
Yeah...

(The song is by some groovy cats. If you can dig
the cats, you can dig the song.

Yeah, I can really dig how these cats get down with the
sound as it is today. The way they're bringing it all
together, they're cool. Brothas are doin it right. And
they're paying good respect to the masters, I can
dig it. It's exactly the way it should be.