

# The Roots, Datskat

Datskat! I know you dig it when I kick it baby! [4X]

Di-bi-dis-banks, hip-flip-a-didip-didim-dow-hound  
You wonder bout the sweat pon my brow, formulatin nouns  
I'll get down, boogie brother rock on, right on, right on  
The brown, rhymer organically grown, I've shown, while  
sip-pida-didip-styles and proceed, to flow  
You know I'm flyer than G.I. so yo Joe  
Fuck, I run amuck, cause I'm the father of the fattest skatter  
Black is intellectual, cat that is perpetually  
ritually catchin wreck, don't step, I cut ya  
I mix the Sector 6 and now I knowledge butter words  
to prop up Afrika Bambaataa, a lotta, brother is out there  
waitin on that new shit, well this is how we do kid  
The levels is correct one-two, call in a blunt too  
The front two, run through, good for you  
Brand new styles like Kung-Fu  
And rip this from the front to the back  
To all my peoples where you at I know you dig it when I kick

Datskat! I know you dig it when I kick it baby! [8X]

Wadibi-dee-doo-bop-bop-bop-bop-bop  
Skiggy-dang, skiggy-dang, you knows we gonna rock  
and don't stop, just droppin off my bags you fags  
When you define, the word behind, deserves you lags  
We blast off like launchers, launchin off the rockets  
If you bugs, if you act like plugs, you're gettin pulled  
out of sockets, the extra-curricular particularly this  
miraculous in lyrics they be callin me Jesus  
Please just call me Maliq I'm not a prophet  
Pass me a topic and I'll drop it  
Because it gets, hairier, never marry or flurries a throne  
To hell with a boy upon the microphone  
will be convenient, I'm never bein lenient  
on them folk who gonna slow-up cause they a dope  
But a-bi-dee-doo-bop-bop-bop-bop-bop  
We makin touchdowns, cause we knockin butts down, so

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