digable planets, “Rebirth of Slick (Cool Like Dat)”

from *Reachin: A New Refutation of Time and Space*, 1993

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=cM4kqL13jGM>

[Butterfly]

We like the breeze flow straight out of our lids

Them they got moved by these hard-rock Brooklyn kids

Us flow a rush when the DJ's boomin classics

You dig the crew on the fattest hip hop records

He touch the kinks and sinks into the sounds

She frequents the fatter joints called undergrounds

Our funk zooms like you hit the Mary Jane

They flock to booms man boogie had to change

Who freaks the clips with mad amount percussion

Where kinky hair goes to unthought-of dimensions

Why's it so fly cause hip hop kept some drama

When Butterfly rocked his light blue-suede Pumas

What by the cut we push it off the corner

How was the buzz entire hip hop era?

Was fresh and fat since they started sayin outie

Cause funks made fat from right beneath my hoodie

The poobah of the styles like miles and shit

Like sixties funky worms with waves and perms

Just sendin chunky rhythms right down ya block

We be to rap what key be to lock

But

I'm cool like dat [x7]

I'm cool...I'm cool...

[Ladybug]

We be the chocolates taps on my raps

She innovates at the sweeta cat naps

He at the funk club with the vibrate

Them they be crazy down with the ?five plate?

It can kick a plan then a crowd burst

Me I be diggin it with sa bump verse

Us we be freakin til dawn blinks an eye

He gives the strangest smile so I say hi (wassup)

Who understood yeah understood the plan

Him heard a beat and put it to his hands

What I just flip let borders get loose

How to consume or they'll be just like juice

If it’s the shit we'll lift it off the plastic

The babes'll go spastic

Hip hop gains a classic

Pimp playin shock it don’t matter I'm fatter

Ax Butta how I zone (“man, Cleopatra Jones”)

And

I'm chill like dat [x7]

I'm chill...I'm chill...

[All]

Blink..blink..blink..blink..blink..blink..blink....

Think..think..think..think..think..think..think...

[Doodlebug]

We get ya free cause the clips be fat boss

Them they're the jams and commence to goin off

She sweats the beat and ask me cause she puffed it

Me I got crew kids seven and a crescent

Us cause a buzz when the nickel bags are dealt

Him that’s my man with the asteroid belt

They catch a fizz from the Mr. Doodle-big

He rocks a tee from the Crooklyn non-pigs

The rebirth of slick like my gangsta stroll

The lyrics just like loot come in stacks and rolls

You used to find a bug in a box with fade

Now he boogies up your stage plaits twist or braids

And

I'm peace like dat [x7]

I'm Peace

[Butterfly]

Check it out man I groove like dat

I'm smooth like dat

I jive like dat

I roll like dat

[Ladybug]

Yeah I'm thick like dat

I stack like dat

I'm down like dat

I'm black like dat

[Doodlebug]

Well yo I funk like dat

I'm fat like dat

I'm in like dat

Cause I swing like dat

[Butterfly]

We jazz like dat

We freak like dat

We zoom like dat

We out...we out...