

# Examination of What

## Digable Planets

One day while I was sipping some groove juice  
I realized 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  
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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 and goes and you do not punch a clock  
I don't take shit for granted, I think of Scott la rock  
Also of tyreo 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-fifty for a smidgen of the city  
In the Serengeti, 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 Halloween  
I write the funky scripts so you know I got to kick 'em  
Now tell me who's the vice and tell me who's the victim  
So 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  
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? Peace, this is Cee-Know of the doodlebug  
And I wanna say, what is what if  
You can't walk through your hood  
With Bert, Ernie and Sesame Street  
Mossies trying to give the snuffleupagus  
My father taught me jazz, all the peoples and the anthems  
Ate peanuts with the dizz and vibe with Lionel Hampton  
Now I'm swimming deep in the hip-hop with eclectics  
Now do we got 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 old jacks buck wild 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 rock steady  
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 saying 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 'Cause butterfly is baby, I'm just a baby, man  
I'm just a baby, I'm just a baby, man  
I'm just 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, too  
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

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>