

# What Cool Breezes Do

## Digable Planets

You gotta do what ya feel  
Exit planet Venus for a Brooklyn stroll  
Jazzy fly, nappy things, plaits, and a roll (?)  
Leaves fumble fallin' down; wind blowin' 'round  
Dig the layer change, the funkifying sound  
Mecca, the Ladybug, changin' like seasons  
Moves I be seein', changes life's reasons  
On to express the ways that I profess the  
Swoon unit glow, as I go; Butter flow  
I take a chance, go against the norm  
But they used to make advance to my lady form  
Ok, shall I smack a ghetto punk with the line? (but, Mecca)  
Ok, slap a meadow (?) punk with a fine  
I flip this only to the ones who lack respect  
The rest, just get your ticket pronto and jet, but please...  
Check out the funk-brown bass, my man  
This be the medium used by Dig Plans  
Hit the cosmos like a funkonaut  
Leave the ladybugs with forget-Funk-nots (?)  
Black sunflowers, blue be your tulip (?)  
The sound from the gates, it'll zoom up your room  
Bugs block spots where Hip Hop be your norm  
If the Pri is the Kid, the floor's gettin' stormed  
With the bass in ya face,  
space is the place  
Bugs take a stand, goddamn, it's a jam  
C-note be no uncivilized just  
Poppin' out the jive in the jazz-causin' rush  
Can you dig it? My mellow, it's that cool cat sound  
(Doodlebug, Japrim (?) told that the G be gettin' down)  
Shit, it's mandatory, so you gots to demand it  
And if they cannot handle, take a ticket from the Planets and...  
Man, I ooze that, in the mad degrees  
With my crew and shit, honey dip, cool breeze  
Can you dig it? (I'm with it) (Butter, now you know)  
I know the wig gets the grade out (?)  
It's fat or else we'd be out  
Copped the rap bats from these cats out on Bleeker  
Rejuvenate the plates for my people and they speakers  
Nietzsche, Rap, make Anita crutch (?)  
Planets wouldn't allow themselves to grow like such  
Expressions, sightings, scripting, taught

Finest status quo (?) is being an artist in New York  
Tongues be often fought, clothes be often caught  
If they call it phat, we just ignore it, like it's pork  
Planets got them thoughts bloomin' flowers in the dense  
They said that Rap was Venus (?), so we snuck and hopped the fence  
Landed in a meadow, glimpsed and saw a shadow  
Of brothers with guitars, common sense and puffy afros  
Lucks was getting brazed (?), Paps (?) was getting blazed  
Feds was crackin' domes  
but these cats, they wasn't phased  
In tights grips, yet, their lips was talkin' fun  
Rhythms and the struggle kinda funneled into one  
True funk cannot disguise, because the streets have eyes  
Who's gonna revive the (?) vibe  
Did it like a Dig Planet, goddammit  
To get a good kick it, so get a good ticket and...

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