Roots, The
"Dat Scat"

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

Datskat! I know you dig it when I kick it baby! (8X)

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Datskat! I know you dig it when I kick it baby! (8X)