

Digable Planets

"Examination Of What"

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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
We're just babies, we're just babies, man
We're just babies, we're just babies, man
We're just babies, we're just babies, man

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

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