

Digable Planets

"Pacifics (From The Soundtrack To The Motion Picture 'n.Y")

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Butterfly searchin' for a relax
Pullin' from the jazz stacks 'cause it's Sunday
On the air is incense sounds to the ceiling
Tried to get this feelin' since Monday

Lookin' out the window, watchin' all the people go
Buggin' off a funny vibe 'cause now it seems they're
equal
Wonder what would 'trane say, wonder what my pop
say
Buggin' off the calmness in the Apple

Who me I'm coolin' in New York, I'm chillin' in New York
The hoods is on my block and the brother's at the court
The baseball hats is on and the projects is calm
Dream time's extended and highly recommended

But early birds like me's up checkin' out the scene
The early worms jog, forget about your job
Just come dig the essence while the decadence is
hidden
When people act like people the theory
[Incomprehensible]

If you know the norm it's like Hades transformed
On Sunday's early hours, the city sprouts its flowers
So get with the rhythms while you gettin' with the
planets
Vibe off the jams but don't take them for granted

Just chill, just chill
New York, it's red hot
New York, it's red hot
New York, it's red hot
New York, it's red hot

We venture through the streets in search of funky
beats
Extensive is the travels and it's heavy on the sneaks
Ya it's kickin' out the speakers of the Sunday morning
jeepers

My man do planets do it lovely? Am I my brother's
keeper?

We foot it to the park where the swoon units walk
And sit with the Phoenicians, diggin' on musicians
Hangin' with the rebels sippin' on a Snapple
Buggin' with my crew just trippin' in the Apple

You be thinkin' peace when you're vibin' with your flock
But you be thinkin' damn everybody's got a glock
If you got some beef please express that in silence
Or else violence

But right here is the life it's the children of the concrete
Livin' off the fruits and the functions of the fat beats
Hip-Hop's all around the members is growin'
Please dig on the sounds 'cause the good vibes they
snowin'

So chill, so chill
New York, it's red hot
New York, it's red hot
New York, it's red hot
New York, it's red hot

One
New York, it's red hot
Two
New York, it's red hot
Three
New York, it's red hot
Four
New York, it's red hot

Wake up, prayin' that the game's on
Maybe it's the Runnin' Rebs, maybe it's the Knicks
Maybe it's a rerun of an old TV show
Like Hawaii 5-0 or karate flicks

Maybe if the phone rings, butterfly will take wings
Speakin' on some cool things frontin' like I cope
Born under flat ground, now I'm chillin' shaky ground
Reachin' for pacific heights Sunday is my rope, dig it

Sunday's to relax, Sunday's to relax
Some Sunday morning drama is callin' up my mama
The hot line is in I guess the [Incomprehensible] knew
the deal
Vibin' off the jams of the crews on Sugarhill

Lay around and think ain't nothin' to do

Checkin' out some frommes, some satire, Camus
Mingus's ah um, damn Roach can drum
The DP's are life there they go here they come

It's time to grab some loot put on the timber boots
Checking out some Dali's like Tasha and Kamali
New York is a museum with its posters and graffiti
If you're in the city on Sunday, come check me

Get with me, get with me
New York, it's red hot
New York, it's red hot
New York, it's red hot
New York, it's red hot

New York, it's red hot
New York, it's red hot
New York, it's red hot
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