

The Roots "Datskat"

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Datskat
I know you dig it when I kick it, baby
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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 Africa 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

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Wadibi-dee-doo-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

We makin' touchdowns, 'cause we knockin' butts down,
so

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