

# Jimmi Diggin' Cats

## Digable Planets

(Yo, everybody's goin' retro, right  
And I was thinking  
If the 60's and 70's were now  
Isaac Hayes would have his own 900 number

I know, and MC Hammer woulda been a pimp, right

Word, and Jimmi woulda dug us right)

Get yours, float up to the stars  
Planets hits a spot bout six blocks east of Mars  
Air soul kicks and crushed velvet hats  
Hanging off the ave with the beautifulest naps  
Ride in the crest with the blessed, give a yes  
Planets kinda funky, as if you hadn't guessed  
Placebos getting blocked, funky joints get rocked  
Jive is not found  
We fly from the flesh  
Whether Jeep or Lac  
Peak you as you been there and float to them raps  
Butterfly's planets for the jam 8 Tracks  
From the 90-tops with the twists and plaits  
Look beneath my hat  
Find the braids that hit ya, metro quite equipped  
Knows of all the funk that was laid in seven zips  
Funk is phat, homey homey don't you know me  
Cool is back, give some skin, lay it on me  
Groovy you could call it  
Hip, yeah you could call we  
Fikky sticky fingers stuck us, loot junkies  
If you digging rhyme, then you digging rap  
Jimmi's digging this and we be digging that  
Yeah

(The song is by some groovy cats  
If you can dig the cats, you can dig the song

Yo the black panthers woulda had their own cartoon right

I know and 8-track Walkmans, right

True, The Jackson Five would've had dreads

Word my man Tito would look fly right

Word and Jimmi would've dug Dig Planets for real, word)

Planets busting out of this L-7 square  
Check out the wares, check out the hairs  
Sweetback chills with Shaft, on the ave  
Jimmi's digging cats and that's just the half  
Where'd they find the stuff to freak it like a wizard  
Slick just like a lizard  
Really weird, or is it  
It's just the logic, from how we rocks it  
Pop shock picks it up and drops its  
We, the synthesis of then and now melts

Channeled to the masses through a DJ and some felts  
Long haired hippies, Afro blacks  
All get together across the tracks  
Because when we shows up, rhythm rolls up  
Funk cannot be measured while the pleasure grows up  
Life ain't what it seems, life is but a dream  
Planets wreaking havoc is as constant as the rain  
Yeah

(Jimmi's digging cats...)

(The song is by some groovy cats  
If you can dig the cats, you can dig the song

Yeah, I can really dig how these cats get down with the  
Sound as it is today  
The way they're bringing it all  
Together, they're cool  
Brothas are doin' it right  
And they're paying good respect to the masters  
I can dig it  
Exactly the way it should be)