

Black Ego

Digable Planets

alright boy
ahh man
give you your rights
here we go again
you have the right to remain silent
hey ish what's goin on?
chill, chill it's cool
give up the right to remail silent
anything you say can and will be used against you

whatever man, whatever
do you understand each of these rights i've explained to you

oh like i ever had rights kid
do you wish to give up the right to remain silent?

hell yeah

so now lets let into
in my pocket, pummel and i epic
black ethic lack, i walk again
you were shade grey
come display mazes in black
fire in the west
shit is shakin it's fly
i'm in lookies when i pushin vinyl time
up the forts, where i'm caught
and my thought to shakin up a few loose
now i let my cause shoo krs one
cause we fade in and out, are you swingin or coming
i'm solid on this thought, this ain't livin
it's heavy every set back, even when i was a shorty
now we cross you and your foe, thrice
check me in another place space enjoy
nothing you could server could ever ace me boy
fat laces i'm out fat and no babies
that's right baby
that's right, show you right
i got harlem on my mind, darren on my back
brooklyn in my blood, and butters on the track
i got insect thoughts, catch the cool ways
clouds of purple haze keep me in a daze
the jazz the jive the poetry
the style, the lingo, the bags of equality
many different things tryin to get to me
but in a world of hard rock, i keep my humility
the funkanaut from the kingdom of not
with galactic sure shot, they can't won't don't stop
flock to the rhythm i bring
sing songs call survival on the mingus revival
scored the bass hit with my bugged out clique
it's doodlebug give me love for a visual script
sip the groove juice, it's kinda rough
sevens never bluff, i had enough, eleven
that's right, show you right
in the east i rose
froze in the pose

of a land diseased
flows that coolest summer breeze
nikki did kevin braids, we got four in the lac
as we swoop at warp seven, holler don't crowd cats
cause look corpie is the color and butter he do it low
all you hear is poppers and rubber i'm sayin oh
man we keep it poppin on hot day shit
i got the fish eggs droppin any block you dip
and i dazzle that mood with the cool out fool
easin semi-swerve to the curb like the do
i'm fro, blow, got that right
groove with soul and i'm still spinnin
cross 110 and indicate em somethin else
blackest space, deepest sea
my shit's on natural high
the man can't put no thing on me
so dig me when my mind stretch out, it's astro black
time reachin end to end, nappy afro blue
do my ang like you be with a nigga

that's right, show you right