

Highing Fly

Digable Planets

Hey
Glide through the corner bout peace the hour
Slide twenty spaces to mate a life
Went through my place, ain't nothing but hers
You wind at the box and they playing my joint, uh huh
Limped through the concrete, the hell we a buzz
Afros, cubatas and the round ball cuffing
They say, what's happening?

What's happening nigga?

The six fly honeys and the new bomb tape
Nothing but the baby cutting jazzy core
While they kick a butter flow where the fly shit be had
We the most
Ninety three million miles
And I kicked that on everything
Time for the countdown mec

Gimme the countdown
Word
Hey
Right on
Hey
Block, blocks and blocks
Blocks...