

Jettin

Digable Planets

We jettin, we jettin, we jettin uptown
We jettin, we jettin, we jettin downtown
We jettin, we jettin, we jettin crosstown
We jettin, we jettin, we jettin, we jettin
We jettin uptown (uptown)
We jettin downtown (downtown)
We jettin crosstown
We jettin all around
No wonder, no wonder, 8th wonder, 8th wonder's
Funkay

I live Brooklyn like year 24 for sure
Sul, C-Know, in my tennis skirt
And the kick hurts so good that I gotta sorta accents for this
Now here's a notion for my
Nation cause I place you on the dynamite
Right? The creamin' is schemin' to get it
Right, the means almighty dolla
The green power, let loose for the hour
I chose the Black Power, extra fly joint from marker to yellow paper
And you know I don't delay
Together with my honey like silk and soul
We grow and take you back to like afros
And no quittin or gettin jumped by the system
Its all day, all play got verbs and such
And cuts and crew, no blue eyes
To emulate, some straight but yeah we straight up

Funkay
Ease back, the g's back as an o.d. gettin
Funkay
The sun sets, you vex, we gets, mad
Funkay
East coast to west we stays fresh
Ezay
Smoke rise from the borough where that black cool blow

The globe spins, gems is drop
No fakin, no bacon three bridges fo money makin
Crooklyn, the ebb-swingers lounge-out spot
Roll with our pants leg up, bump my sounds
Grab my mic-ro, you know how we do in the joint
Do a borrough check to see exactly who in the joint
Hot spots, city streets lot spots and jeeps
As a flow-er I'm Nile, rivers of style
(fresh kid)
Yea, stories complete
(fresh kid)
Rollin on them New York streets
With them No pork beats at the Parliaments
7s up C-know steelo no equal, but the sun and that's
Funkay

Ease back, the g's is back as an o-d gettin
Funkay
The sun sets, you vex, we gets, mad
Funkay

East coast to west we stays fresh I say
Quicklay
Smoke rise from the borrogh where that black cool blow

Its that nickelslick nig, keep it deep from my heads
Let a fed up, appearin' in my camouflage
My hustler walk say New York
Su fronts say Gucci we make lucci, and never hesitates to set it
Slap hands with my hands from the lands of Crook
Bein lovely over jams that's on the flams with hook
Burn Musk, wear Kush, its Flatbush
Hear the mental's instramental cause it's ash to dust
I like to hit lye deep, keep fam tight tight
Keep the vocal strictly any joint, it's right
Let me fly
Ease back, the g's back with the OD
Sun is in, the clouds on loud
I got raised by the dim street lights of four cities
My heroes died in prison: George Jackson
Action, she's Buttaflyin, I'm cool eyein'
And I rocks no 'Lo unless its scrambler gotten
Me and my honey, we be like Bobby and Erica
Me and my monies, we'll hurt you boulevard empire
One love, gun love come free the land with us
Pigs they cannot shoot this plush and creamy lavishnuss
Before I pop I'd rather die in baggy Guess and Timbs
And I put that on the BKLYN and that's
Funkay

Ease back the g's back as an o.d. gettin
Funkay
The sun sets, you vex, we gets mad
Funkay
East coast to west we stays fresh and we do it on the
Slicklay
Smoke rise from the borough where the black cool blow

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