

What Cool Breezes Do

Digable Planets

{all together}

Ya gotta (4x)

Ya gotta do what you feel

Do what you feel

Do what you feel yeah

Do what you feel (3x)

Do what you feel yeah

Do what you feel (3x)

Do what you feel yeah

Do what you feel (3x)

If it's real

[Ladybug]

Exit Planet Venus for a Brooklyn stroll

Jazzy fly naps, hands clap to a roll

Leaves fumble falling down, wind blowin' round

Dig the layer change, the funkifying sound

Mecca the Ladybug changing like seasons

Moves I be seeing changes life's reasons

On to express

The ways that I can flex the Swoon Unit glow

As I go Butter flow

I take a chance, go against the norm

But then you still make advance to my lady form

O.K. shall I smack a ghetto punk with the line

{But Mecca!}

O.K. smack a meadow punk with the fine

I slip this only to the ones who lack respect, the rest

Just get your ticket pronto and jet but please

{all together}

Do what you feel (2x)

Do what you feel yeah

Do what you feel (3x)

If it's real

[Doodlebug]

Check out the funk brown babies my man

This be the medium used by Dig Plans

Hit the cosmos like a funkanaut

Leave the ladybugs with forget-funk-nots

Black sunflowers bloom be a tune

If the sound's from the Digs it'll zoom up your room

Bugs flock spots where Hip Hop be a norm

If Capri is the Kid, the floor's gettin' stormed

With the bass in your face, space is the place

Bugs take the stand, God damn it's the jam

Cee-Know be no uncivilised just

Popping out the jive and the jazz causing rush

Can you dig it? My mellow it's that cool cat sound

{Doodlebug, Japreme told me that the Gee be gettin' down}

Shit that's mandatory so you gotta demand it

And if they cannot help, here's a ticket to the Planets
so

{all together}

Do what you feel (2x)
Do what you feel yeah
Do what you feel (3x)
If it's real

[Butterfly]

Man I doos that in the mad degrees
With my and crew and shit honey dip cool breeze can you
dig it?
{I'm with it}
{Butter now you know}
I know the wig gets a braid out, it's fat or else we be
out
Cop the rap backs from these cats out on bleeker
Rejuvenate the plates for my peoples and their speakers
Bleach your rap, make it need a crutch
Planets wouldn't allow themselves to roll like such
Expressions, sighting, scripting, talk
Fighting the status is being an artist in New York
Tongues be often forked
Flows be often corked
If they call it fad, we just ignore it like it's pork
Planets got them thoughts blooming flowers in the dense
They said the grass was greener so we snuck and hopped
the fence
Landed in a meadow, glimpsed and saw a shadow of
brothers with guitars,
common sense and puffy Afros
Knucks was getting' raised, paths was getting' blazed
Feds was cracking domes but these cats they wasn't
phased
in tight grips yet the lips wasn't talking fun
Rhythms and the struggle kinda funneled into one
True funk cannot disguise, because the streets have
eyes
Whos gonna revive? Well us and delic vibe
Did it like a Dig Planets God dammit
To get a good kicket, suggest you get your ticket and

{all together}

Do what you feel (2x)
Do what you feel yeah
Do what you feel (3x)
If it's real