

Paradigm

George Clinton

Hey brother, can you paradigm?
And as the shifting of the tectonic plate
That causes the earth to quake
When you're standing and the epicenter
Let the shaking begin
The shaking starts here
Hey brother, can you paradigm?

And like the shifting
Of the combined weight of the massive atlas
Of the head fake
That fake the numbers off of 1's chest
Brother, can you paradigm?

Pump pump, fake, fade-forward, jump slam dunk and your face
From tip-off to tap n, rushin', jumpin'
Backboard crushin' dunkin' and your face
Brother, can you paradigm?

Shape-shifting
Shifting the shapes of things to come
Plays and instant replays of plays to come
Came and went, time well spent
Brother, can you paradigm?

From tip-off to tap n, rushin', jumpin'
Backboard crushin' dunkin' and your face
Pump pump, fake fake, fade-forward, jump slam dunk and your face

Like the o and the tectonic plate (Like the tectonic plate)
The shift that caused the earth to quake
You're standing and the epicenter
Let the shaking begin
The shaking starts here

(Let the shake shake shaking begin)
Hey brother, can you paradigm? (Shaking begin, shaking begin)
You caught me shape-shifting (Shake shake shaking begin)
(Shaking begin, shaking begin)
Shape of things that come (Shake shake shaking begin)
(Shaking begin, shaking begin)
Instant replays of plays to come came, went, time well spent
Brother, can you paradigm?

She wear pretty like the word "cute" was tattooed on her smile
She's cute
She wears gorgeous like she had it tailor-made
Fine like it's going out of style
She be sportin' the hell out of beautiful
And can you paradigm?

The shape of things that come
Ooh
She wear naked like she... (Wait wait, wait a minute)
She wear naked like she... (Hang on)
Uh uh uh
She wears naked like the word "free" was inscribed on her mind

She's free
She's fully dressed when she's sportin' and the raw
So free

Oh, innocent as she sports her birthday suit
She be sportin' the hell outta nudity (Ooh)
And she's a fashion statement if I ever seen 1
Par-par-paradigm (Yeah)
Par-par-paradigm
Par-par-paradigm (Haha)
I take the square root cuz I get boxed and every time
Brother, can you paradigm?
Par-par-paradigm
Par-par-paradigm

Pump pump, fake fake, fade-forward, jump, slam dunk!
You ain't runnin' shit around here
(Ooh, runnin' no things round here...)
No pump pump, fake fake, fade-forward jump (Ooh)
Naw, you ain't runnin' shit around here
No tip-off to tap n, rushin', jumpin', backboard crushin' (Ooh)
Naw, you ain't runnin' shit round here (Runnin no things round here)
You ain't runnin' shit round here (Runnin no things round here)
And your face
Brother, can you paradigm?

She wears pretty like the word "cute" was tattooed on her smile
She's cute
She wears gorgeous like she had it tailor-made
Fine like she's going out of style
She be sportin' the hell outta beautiful (She's cute)
Brother, can you paradigm?

Shake! Shape-shifting
The shifting like the tectonic plates that cause the earth to quake
You're standing and the epicenter
Let the shaking begin (Shaking begin)
The shaking starts here (Shaking begin)
The shape of things to come came, went (Let the shaking begin...)
Time well spent (Shaking begin)
So brother, can you paradigm?

Shake! Shake! (Oh baby)
Any spare change? (Shake! Shake!)
Can you paradigm? (Oh Lord) (Shake!)
She wears naked like the word "free" was inscribed (Shake!)
On her mind, she's free (Shake!)
She's fully dressed and her birthday suit (Shake!)
Innocent sportin' and the raw (Shake!)
She be wearin' the hell outta nudity (Shake! Shake!)
And she's a fashion statement if I ever seen 1 (Shake! Shake!)
Always on time
Brother, can you paradigm?

Ooh... (Oh, she makes me pop my finger on time)
She makes me pop my finger on time
The sign of things that come to my mind
And when you cross my mind, look both ways
Before you cross my mind (before you cross it)
Brother, can you spare a dime?
Brother, can you paradigm? (Paradigm)

The shape of things that come came

To young whores and muck row there
Ahead and time, the soul-searching beam of a strobe
As I rise, the cries of kings are great
Made way there, near here, now gone far
Shall we rise?
I feel my wrists, no light refilled to rule over me
She sees me panic, she starts to run away
I scream and silent comforts but I'm not heard
She's still and panic for I've not said a word
For what, for fear for truth, is truth the light?
Is truth the light, is truth the light?
Brother, can you paradigm?

It was kinda like... (Time and darkness)
All the holes that it creates... (And space do not exist)
Way down there but at least ad lib
Can you paradigm and virtual Israel? (Ooh)