

The May 4th Movement Starring Doodlebug

Digable Planets

Funky, alright One time for your mind, two times for Mumia's saint crew
Three times for my Brooklyn dimes, seven times for pleasure
I don't trip, I don't trip, we don't trip, we don't trip
He don't trip, please don't trip, we don't trip, pleasure Now, sixteen times for the mind thieves
For my thinking in tell and I am Erica
Counter fits don't stop the wettest of us we Brooklyn
We define the black people equal to who Yeah what you supply? I know when I know when I
drop dip
That was in beetle's but a snake try to spill a score
On my pride I'm in my Cammy
We bust at cointelpro we creamy like
Fuck that we Creamy Spies tell you schemey lies
We let creamy bullets fly, should it reflect the sun
We say yes when we think of getting dipped
We says guess say yo comrades rest Because we all bounce, we all bounce, I do bounce
He do bounce, she do bounce, we all bounce
I all bounce, we all bounce From back since the crook caught a rep
For giving birth to horn loopers
I took my first step with campers, born troopers
Got caps on both cans for the halls I spray
Slap hand with my mans by the walls we play Now, waist chains and Cammy floors complete
sag
Live pools, my squad rules from solar to lunar, cheap to death
From no boot to Puma, sewed up like mesh
My cousin's hit the 'pike
I read it in the, went it's circle C-low
Now all the niggaz hating C-know
As we move on the D E low
For our fam in jail, no stars just bars No cars unless the B M T own 'em
Crook-town bounce streets delph to south bar on a
I drape soul hearts, I make soul darts
Cover mad areas in my crepe soul Clarks
MC's lyin', is dyin' rap off but here we all y'all
With pleasure, so it's One time for your mind, twice times for Mumia's saint crew
Thrice times for the Brooklyn dimes and it's seven times for pleasure
I stay on, she stay on, we stay on, yeah we stay on
He is on, we be on, we stay on with pleasure Here I go, the seven odd, Manchu Squad
Black notes I quote, I dedicate to my young star
Via selway cars I span the metro, C-know sold stee-lo
Is livin' on the D-low The galactic traveler eternal explorer
Like the invincible master agent, a true warrior
Neither here nor there, the master of illusion

My son's moon sets, catch reps when we cruisin' The New York Boroughs with classic boom
basctic
Studied all the styles and got nasty at it
Like a Thelonius Monk I travel in peace
Left on right on black man from the east We don't quit, we don't quit
We don't quit, we don't quit Yeah, like for nothin' but beats and cheese
Subzero degrees can't freeze the cool breeze
Ease, easay straight Brooklyn doob
Hit you off with some pellets did Brooklyn smooth It's that certain style uh huh, I shoot a leg ball
Squeeze off style quarters till herbs feel stressed
Playing slick games and avoid all rest I shows, five seconds after that, I flows left one
Caught your rebel grows, devils we grow, jonesin' on the curb I glow
Still posin' a B-girl fresh as this leftist gets with MC's one and all of 'em
Bust ninety, bi-evels and my whole crew walk with pleasure

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>