

Doin' Our Own Dang

Jungle Brothers

Me, Plug Three, the one they call Baby Huey
The one that gets all the money
All the money
Maybe that's right

A fat funky fruit with a whole lot of tang
A little something called, doing our own thang
Breaking the beat others wished they broke
Baseline so dope that you just might choke

Don't bite off something that you can't chew
And don't trail behind when I'm coming through
Fronting the feel that you really can't feel
'Cause you're trying to feel what's on my reel to reel

A tree is growing, can't you see what I see? A white blue fruit to boot
We count to ten before we pass the crews
Now that's family equipped with the brothers and the sisters
And the sisters and the brothers, and all the others

With the funky flairs, the bugged-out hairs
It's the life of Riley, I'm really ready, gazing at the dollar fill of rap
The cool June bugs, the wicks, the wacks
Praise the rhythms for what it being, and praise the Lord for the JB's

We're doing our own thang
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We're doing our own thang

Isn't it cool when you cut your hair
And the blood is red instead of sellout green
This is not the music for an R n' B mind
This is flower intertwined with a vine

In other words this is rose
You see what I mean? Or see what Grandpa Bam saw
The funk we transmit is unstable
One condition if I am able to say

Yes you may, well hey, let's get on with it
Vocal confetti is thrown, sometimes spitted
Out the vents of hecklers and fans
Either which way they all hop on the van

The band, the band, here comes the band
The tribe of fingers all on one hand
Me, myself, and I is dark
Monie Love the mouthpiece, it's now yours to spark

Sister Monie, the only one here who missed a plane back to London
Residing with my brothers and I learned a lot from them
About the group, how to be smooth and play funky
And sometimes rated it's kind of funky, but it's cool

For we are beyond the stereotypes
Co-ordination crazy, but still it sounds hype

Rocking off and on beat, and I do believe I'm right, you're right
Am I wrong? Yes, son

Don't be mad, be glad I missed the plane, I'm staying
With my Brothers Jungle, Soul, and the Tribe I'm saying
Funky, funky rhymes that always stay in swing
I believe we doing our own thing

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Well my family sets all the trends
From soul to soul, large to lose ends
And I all my groups like kill?
'Cause that's where the money's at honey

Yeah, the industry's filled with copycats
R n' B mixed with sloppy raps
Tribes like us always open doors
But what for, so you can get yours?

You ain't in to it, all you want is profit
So I ask you please to stop it
Leave me alone, get off my bone
'Cause I'm doing my own

A new seed, a new breed
A new man you to feed the greed
A new pair of boots for a new piece of butt
Sweet daddy are you there? Sammy B is on the cut

Spinning back for a rap that's laid back
Ready to kick back, those get no slack
I may rock a rhyme or I may start to sing
But still, I'm doing my own thang

In comes the mood of Jungle and Daisies
Play the same and let the vibes grace me
All hold hands and let's walk about
And form a circle and talk about

Don't follow the path that we're stepping
Truth to the soul is what I'm cramming
Reasons for this is the family's strong
And like Bob Marley said, "We're jammin'"

Seeing is believing, so see and believe
And let the groove of the new proceed
A whole bunch of love, peace signs, and fun
So let's do what's got to be done, you know?