

# Thang

Esperanza Spalding

You best believe you came in with a real thang  
Your own gait and way of walking in this simulated world  
A kind of grease in the fulcrum of your inner space, that's your thang  
You've got yours and I've got mine  
Seat of the world inside

Stride grease  
For to loosen up your hip  
Joints and sink into  
Your thang, your thang  
Stride grease  
For to loosen up your hip  
Joints and sink into  
Your thang, your thang  
You've got a thang  
Inside

As you release all resistance to your natural pace  
Life-force collects in the basin of your openness  
And as it spreads like a smile inside your waste, that's your thang  
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And you glide in step with your ownness  
You're seated on a thang  
A sweet bowl of individuality  
Thickened in your soul distilled to fill it  
Aren't you tired of walking around afraid you might spill it? Oh

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