

Clap (One Day) - Feat. Showtyme & DJ Boogie Blind

Pharoahe Monch

You should never in your wildest dreams shit on a nigger.
Police eat a dick, straight up, you know why? Clap!
Clap on, clap off. Clap at 'em,
And I do not mean applause. Rap nicer than Santa with no Clause.
Trapped twice as bananas with no chorus.
Uh, yeah, it's suicide murder.
In the hood like catalytic converters. On the block like Lego.
In the streets like street light.
Three Little Pigs is what I be on these beats like.
In other words the police, say it, say it like Pac the police. Fuck 'em, and that's straight from the underground.
Where little kids got it bad 'cause we brown.
Now who am I? P-Monch, from Do or Die, South Suicide, Queens, where I get down.
I peep surveillance in the street every summer. You may not play lotto, but you know these numbers;
The 105th, The 103rd,
My peoples in Queens doing 13 if we get the urge to get on some tall Stock shit.
My brains a glock clip. My lames be on some 1-800, cops shot shit. Say we were gonna, say we were gonna get it
together, yeah, yeah, yeah.
One day, one day, one day, one day, one day I said the people gon' clap!
Watch me clap to this! We went from niggas to porch monkeys, to negroes, to blacks, back to niggas again.
Yet niggas is still hungry.
Abolish the N-word, the plan's so corny.
While homeland security cams are all on me. They watch through the fiber optics.
It dawned on me that cops can just run in your spot quick without warning.
They educate the masses to follow, it's so boring.
I sat in the back of the classes, asleep snoring. And they ask me why I'm vocal and animate
'Cause I lost my focus like governor Patterson.
And the ghetto is impossible to escape.
And the first obstacle is this tapeworm in my abdomen. Spear-Chucker fuck that, I tossed javelins and \$5,000
bills in the face of James Madison.
This is an American post mortem, to focus on your bogus NOVUS ORDO SECLORUM, clap! Say we were
gonna, say we were gonna get it together, yeah, yeah.
One day, one day, one day, one day, one day I said the people gon' clap!
Watch me clap to this!
Now everybody watch me clap! Clap! Said the people gon' clap!
Now everybody just No respect, no manners, it's Mad Max with multiple max.
Mad banana clips, and a black hammer that hits the back of a black talon.
Slew a hallow tips to the wall of your blue silence
And selective theatrics, collective dramatics. I'm systematically pissed, clap automatic for me and Abu Jamal
Maybe I'm... peace are fanatics for peace, but ain't got a pacifist.

The Gospel, I spit it like Jesus of Nazareth and then infatigably clap.
At the obstacle, an impossible feat, the famine is not logical But chronicle the thought of the people 'cause one
day we gon' clap.

Songwriters

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