

Promenade

Street Sweeper Social Club

Well I got a new kinda squaredance rap

Gon talk smack

Flash my gat

I'm finna spit and hold my dick

And hear shit up like a thermostat

Grab your partner by the chaps

Give your partner a pimp-slap

Ti symbolize the ghetto trap

Step to the right

Give three claps

Kids jam-packed in tenement shacks

Ain't shit cookin on the stove but crack

This is the bat this hell begat

Cuz bosses are kleptomaniacs

Two by two

Promenade

Duck from a B1 bomber raid

Ain't bout the plans Osama made

Banks gettin paid off petrol trade

Circulate

Dosey-do

How much cash could a o-z grow?

Til all are fed and all have beds

My skin is Black

My star is red

FBI comin round the outside

Which one of us finna die tonight?

Is we finna fight over crumbs to bite

Or make a whole muthafuckin world

Ignite?

Everybody throw them bows

Right upside your partner's nose

By now you've got bloody clothes

Crabs in the barrel

So the story goes

Think of all their savage acts

Grabbin scratch from average cats

Bureaucrats with strings attached

Walk in place
Light the match
Two by two
Promenade
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Dosey-do
How much cash could a o-z grow?
Til all are fed and all have beds
My skin is Black
My star is red
Everybody get down low
Bout the level of your toes
These dance moves we usually do
Are not the ones that we have chose
Grab on to that beat and grind
Try your best to stay alive
We can run
We can't hide
Might as well just stay and fight
Two by two
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