Clap (One Day)

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 Claus
Trapped twice as bananas with no chorusUh, 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 likeIn 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 brownNow who am I? P-Monch from Do or Die
Nah, South Suicide, Queens, where I get down
I peep surveillance in the street every summer
You may not play lotto but you know these numbersThe 105th, the 103rd, my peoples in Queens doing 13
If we get the urge to get on some tall stock shit
My brain's a glock clip
My lames be on some 1-800, cops shot shitSay we were gonna
Mmm, 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 thisWe went from niggas to porch monkeys
To negroes, to blacks, back to niggas again, yet niggas still hungry
Abolish the N-word, the plan's so corny
While homeland security cams are all on meThey 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 snoringAnd 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 abdomenSpear-Chucker, fuck that, I tossed javelins
And $5,000 bills in the face of James Madison
This is an American postmortem
To focus on your bogus novus ordo seclorum
ClapSay we were gonna
Mmm, 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 thisSaid the people gon' clap
Now everybody just, just
Come onNo respect, no manners
It's Mad Max with multiple max, mad banana clips
A black hammer that hits the back of a black talon
Slew a hallow tips through the wall of your blue silenceAnd selective theatrics, collective dramatics
I'm systematically pissed, clap automatics for me and Abu Jamal
Maybe I'm just beside this, peaceful fanatics for peace
But you ain't got a pacifistThe Gospel, I
Spit it like Jesus of Nazareth and then emphatically clap
At any obstacle, an impossible feat, the fathom is not logical
But chronical the thoughts of the people
'Cause one day we gon' clap

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