Promenade

Peter White

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 cleptomaniacs
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
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Dosey-do
How much cash could a o-z grow?
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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
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