

# 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 Claus  
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  
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 numbers The 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 shit Say 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 this We 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 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 postmortem  
To focus on your bogus novus ordo seclorum  
Clap Say 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 this Said the people gon' clap  
Now everybody just, just  
Come on No 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 silence And 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 pacifist The 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

Songwriters

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