

# Promenade

James Hill

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  
Duck from a B1 bomber raid  
Ain't bout the plans Osama made  
Banks getting paid of 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  
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  
Promenade  
Duck from a B1 bomber raid  
Ain't bout the plans Osama made  
Banks getting 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

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