

## Clap (One Day)

Pharoahe Monch

You should never in your wildest dreams shit on a nigga  
Police eat a dick, straight up, you know why? Clap!  
Clap on, clap off  
Clap at them and I do not mean applause  
Rap nicer than Santa with no Claus  
Track 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 Po-Lice"  
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, 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 Todd Scott s  
hit  
My brains a Glock clip  
My lames be on some 1-800-COPSHOT shit

Say we were gonna, 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 is 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 class, asleep, snoring  
And they ask me why I'm vocal and adamant  
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 toss javelins and \$5, 000 bills in the face of J  
ames Madison  
This is an American post mortem, to focus on you bogus, Novus Ordo Seclorum,  
clap!

Say we were gonna, 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!  
Now everybody watch me clap! clap!  
Now everybody just-

No respect, no manners, it's Mad Max with multiple macs  
Mad banana clips, and a black hammer that hits the back of a black talon  
A slew of hollow tips through the wall of your blue silence  
And selective theatrics, collective dramatics  
I'm systematically pissed, clap automatic for Mumia Abu Jamal

Maybe I'm Crispus Attucks, P's a fanatic for peace, but you angered a pacifi  
st  
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 chronicle the thought of the people cause on day we gon' clap!