

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 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 chronicle the thought of the people cause on day we gon' clap!