

## Promenade

### Street Sweeper Social Club

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

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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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