Tom Morello & Boots Riley ''Promenade''

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[Boots Riley] Well I got a new kinda squaredance rap Gon' talk smack, flash my gat I'm finna spit and hold my dick And heat shit up like a thermostat Grab your partner by the chaps Give your partner a pimp-slap To 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 'Cause bosses are kleptomaniacs [Chorus: Boots Riley] Two by two, Promenade Duck from a B1 bomber raid Ain't 'bout the plans Osama made Banks get paid off petrol trade Circulate, Dosey-do How much cash could a o-z grow? Till all are fed and all have beds My skin is black, my star is red [Boots Riley] 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 [Chorus: Boots Riley] Two by two, Promenade Duck from a B1 bomber raid Ain't 'bout the plans Osama made Banks get paid off petrol trade Circulate, Dosey-do How much cash could a o-z grow? Till all are fed and all have beds My skin is black, my star is red [Boots Riley] 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 [Chorus: Boots Riley] Two by two, Promenade Duck from a B1 bomber raid Ain't 'bout the plans Osama made Banks get paid off petrol trade Circulate, Dosey-do How much cash could a o-z grow? Till all are fed and all have beds My skin is black, my star is red

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