

## Juggaknots

### "Romper Room"

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My brothers and sisters I have a very  
serious message for you this afternoon  
I must warn you, that a very serious day is on  
the horizon for the United States of America  
And a very serious day for the black man and woman in  
America

In the room of the rompin the devious mischievious  
kids be stompin If you don't believe me just stroll  
with your gold fat rings and links  
And they'll be fuckin with your head like the riddle of  
the sphinx  
Question none, you're done, you're through  
Everybody packs so you're jacked by the ABC crew  
Another baby criminal living in the drama  
With a trigga for a nigga like he's playing Joey Farmer  
Now you play games for keeps, whoever sleeps  
Will be rudely awaken the attitude be fakin  
Don't work, they lurk, and then buck buck loose-  
-n the trigger at random like duck duck goose  
And you think they're only kids and toss toys  
Instead yo they bringin blood shed like The Lost Boys  
Word is born, to survive is bug  
Now you get your growing pains from a 45 slug  
This is Romper Room

All we can do is goin on (oh what's goin on?)  
All we can do is goin on (oh what's goin on?)

Ayyo thanks to pop groups for givin the ass whippin  
So a brother like the Brewin isn't slippin  
I'm flippin in the year book, 8th grade  
kept the faith made the choice to grasp prime  
some they chose crime as their passtime  
Heyo I used to play hide and go seek  
Now you seek to destroy the 9 is a toy  
In the game and you only played fame  
When you cheat and looked at all the young girls  
cheerleading  
They take severe beating from their man don't puzzle  
Pursuin young kids, yo the dollar is a puzzle

Patty cake, patty cake, straight to the villian  
Others pimp daddies gonna take you to the village  
Some will play house if your tummy's gonna swell  
Then your next baby doll ain't no toy from Matel  
It's a hell that we're livin in and we're givin up sloppily  
Shorties sellin rocks runnin blocks like Monopoly  
In Romper Room

All we can do is goin on (oh what's goin on?)  
All we can do is goin on (oh what's goin on?)

Used to play cach now the kiddies catch a bad one  
Shit like this, old fogies, you never had none  
Shorty on the corner only wanna rip the town up  
Cops, ya need crops, you're gonna play round up  
So pound up, lock away the key, throw the book at 'em  
If you gave 'em work a while back would ya look at 'em  
Like a punk brat livin fat in the vacant  
Who can only learn from a billy club spankin  
Little kids bringin wrath on the path to your doom  
Yo ya better stash cash for your tomb this is romper  
room

All we can do is goin on (oh what's goin on?)  
All we can do is goin on (oh what's goin on?)

Unless we, brothers and sisters, old and young  
rich and poor, educated and uneducated  
feel that spirit of bortherhood and family  
all of us will suffer a great catastrophe in the next few  
years

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