

Scritti Politti

"The Boom Boom Bap"

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The boom boom bap, the tap-a-tap tap:
well, that's the beat of my life.
A weak heart drop, oh Poppa don't stop,
bittersweet about life.

You know the barroom belles, well they're calling;
you know their perfume smells like blood.
If hooks could kill, singin' dollar-dollar bill,
well that's the beat of my life.

A Zigaboo kick, a Jimmy Chank lick,
well, that's the beat of my heart.
A come-again cut, but tell you what,
that's the bitterest part.

You know the barroom boys, well, they've fallen
and Juice Joint Jane got high.
If hooks could kill, singin' dollar-dollar bill
on the street of my heart.

To the beat, to the beat, to the beat,
play it over and over again, play it over and over again.
Let me know, let me know, let me know,
I am yours and I'm ready to go.

The yes-yes, y'all, was the siren call
to come around to my life.
It said big beat drum, hear it kitty come, come:
that's the sound of my life.

The Brewski Point was calling
It got belly-wash blood in my heart.
The boom boom bap, the tap-a-tap tap,
that's only the start.

I'll wait 'til December, baby;
I'll wait 'til my hands stay still.
And then in December, baby,
I'm in for the cure or kill.

Hard Times, Sucker M.C.'s,

Jay's Game, 30 Days,
Wake Up, Hollis Crew,
Rock Box, It's Like That.

I love you still, I always will.

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