

Destinys Child Featuring Wyclef Jean

"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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