Pimpin'

Keziah Jones

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I would like to think
That I was there
In the very beginning

Whitout me
There wouldn't be
No nigerians for you
To know
In the formless chaos
I would be doing our bidding
Extrapolating problems
From the one and only zero

Oh ho
Remember me
I'm pimping the background of
Sorrow
Yeah that's me
From a million miles of space
Is where you'll find me
Singing

Yoruba songs of navigation
For you to sing and play
And follow

All time I'll streche and bend

And mend for you at a single sitting
I'll measure you up and down
Just like a black vogue model

Oh ho
Remember me
I'm pimping the background of
Sorrow
Yeah that's me
From a million miles of space
Is where you'll find me
Singing

The songs we sing today
We'll pimp tomorrow
We'll just smile and say
We're pimps of sorrow

I'd like to think that you'll be there

With our space and time ending
Without you, there wouldn't
Be no Black Americans for me
To know
In the formless chaos
You would be doing their bidding
Manipulating data from
The one and only machine
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Oh ho
Remember me
I'm pimping the background of
Sorrow
Yeah that's me
From a million miles of space
Is where you'll find me
Singing

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