

Shooting Crap 7 Or 11 - song lyrics

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SHOOTING CRAP! 7 OR 11.

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Words by Walter Fletcher. Music by Otto M. Heinzman.

There is a high-toned barber shop down on Thompson street,
And there 'most every evening the west-side darkies meet;
Some want shaves and hair-cuts, some want razor straps,
But the biggest part of all the coons come down to shoot the craps.

Chorus.

Seven or eleven, you must come,
Seven or eleven, ain't you done.
Seven or eleven, hear dem snaps,
Seven or eleven, shooting craps.

The jocks from all the race-tracks, colored poker play'rs-
The coone that wait on tables are the gamest of the stay'rs;
Nigs from South Car'lina, reg'lar moss-back Japs,
They leave their little bundle in dat slipp'ry game of craps- Chorus.

There's Polo . Tim and Lida Green, Walk'long June-bug Snow,
And Buckskin Smith And old Jeems, come down to see the show;
Nigs from Gov'ner's Island, blue clothes, shoulder-straps,
Lost all them clothes and soldier buttons, fooling with them craps.- Chorus.

The captain of the precinct has as marked for sure.
But when he starts to pull us, we'll barricade the door;
Irish cop we'll do him, he's an easy snap-
The only man we're 'fraid of, is dat nigger shaking craps.-Chorus.

On Sunday night there's "Hot-stuff" flying 'round dat shop,
The coons have all got razors, and laying for dat cop;
If Parkhurst men got onto us, they'll send us up, perhaps.
We broke old brother Gardner in a quiet game of craps.----Chorus.