

Granny Goes To Hip Hop

Granny took me to hip hop class
Each Monday after school.
I told her how much I love to dance,
She agreed it looked real cool.

One day as we were driving home
She gave me quite a shock -
"I think I'd like to join the class!"
"You can't, you wear a frock."

"I'll pull out my old leotard."
"You'll pull out your old what?"
"Don't worry Sam, I'll sort it,
Your Granny will look hot."

All week I thought of nothing else.
What if she had enrolled?
"Grannies can't do hip hip," I moaned,
"Because they're far too old."

We drove to class in silence,
I felt terror deep inside.
As soon as we entered the studio
My fears were realised.

I felt an awful panic
As she strutted onto the floor,
Struck a pose and waited
For her audience to roar.

She began dancing to the music
Rapping as she moved,
"Come on y'all rock ya hips
Granny's in the groove. "

She was getting her boogey on
Gettin down with a boogaloo.
"Please Granny, don't start krumping
I won't know what to do."

The music came to a sudden end
But she lay there on the floor
Stretched out like a Siamese cat
People begging her for more.

As Granny struggled to her feet
She fell back on the floor.
"Come on Granny, please get up,
I don't want to do this any more."

"Sam I can't, I think I'm stuck,
You'll have to give me a hand."
"I told you, you were far too old,"
"Well this isn't what I planned."

Those who had just been cheering,
Were all now laughing at us,
With Granny flapping on the floor
And me making such a fuss.

Then I heard an awful snap
And Granny screamed in pain,
I'm sure I saw a bone appear
I couldn't bear to look again.

I rang for an ambulance on my phone,
"We need your help at hip hop."
They carted her off to hospital
Where she's now recovering from her 'hip op.'

