

Fugees, Mista Mista

Wyclef Jean:

Mista, mista,
Can I get five dollars,
So I can get something to eat?
Hell no, motherfucker,
You can't get no money from me,
'Cause everytime I give you a dollar
You go get shot up with more and more needles
And you tell me that you're drug free.
Drug free!

Mista, mista,
I haven't ate anything for a week
Can I get a quarter?
Hell no, motherfucker,
What can a quarter get you?
Nothing motherfucker,
You are just fucked up
Off them fucked up drugs,
You know you need to fuckin' leave alone
But you keep telling me that you're drug free
Motherfucker,
You ain't drug free, you're a fiend.

And every time I try to help you
You pretend as if it's okay.
Then later on in the week,
You go back to shootin' needles, to sniffin',
Oh motherfucker, but you told me you were drug free.
Drug free!
You ain't drug free motherfucker,
So you damn well, can't get no motherfuckin' money from me.