

# Wyclef Jean, Party To Damascus (Remix)

(feat. Missy Elliott)

[Wyclef Jean (Missy Elliott)]

Brrrr, yeah (ew, ew, ew, EW! yeah)

It's over, uh huh (that's right)

Missy with the Preachers Son, uh huh (ok)

It's over (ok), I told ya (yeah)

J-CLEF, let's go (ew, WOO)

Brrrrr

[Missy Elliott]

(uh oh)

Yeah, hey yo Clef (oh)

([Wyclef:] Uh huh)

Uh oh (uh oh), these motherfuckers ain't ready for

this shit (oh)

([Wyclef:] Hey)

[Missy Elliott]

Me and Clef on this track what you want

Heard you wanna battle us both I hope you don't

Hand me my mic, two woofers in my trunk (huh)

Sound like gonk-ga-gonk-ga-gonk-ga-gonk-ga-ga-ga-gonk

(c'mon)

I drink that Dom Perignon (oh)

I drink that shot of Petron to turn me on (uh)

I got that red eye bomb, get you stoned (yeah)

I got them gunshots, head knock 'til my bed stop

[Wyclef Jean]

Hey [echoes]

It goes, Missy you hit me with the henny got me dizzy

like a lesbi

I heard you wear turtleneckses' to hide your hickies.

I'm freaky, dickie, like Samantha Sex in the City'

Lookie, lookie here

I only came to party

Easy shorty, with one dance

I put you in a trance

Not a body experience

As time flies, we have fun

But I don't want it to pass

My total love gots you waiting like a whoop-lash

Hey [echoes]

[Break - Missy Elliott]

I teach you what you want (oh yeah)

The things you need to know (oh yeah)

Come in and shut the door (yeah)

Lets get this party goin (uh huh)

Baby let me show you, how you can satisfy a girl needs

(oh yeah, c'mon, c'mon)

[Chorus - w/ ad libs]

1,2,3,4

In the mornin, in the evenin

In the nighttime, gotta have it

It's a feelin I can't fight it

You got me speakin another language

[Female - singing: x2] Bo habibi, Nishtage'a

It's official raise your glasses

Cause this party gonna go to Damascus

[Wyclef Jean]

Its me turn

I'm Mr. International

Cause when I move, everybody moves (Causto mi la'more

mi das-mi-yor)

That's was French, if I missed ya

You want Spanish y'all

All my guys grab two ladies now (Mi alas amigos puedos  
dos senorita yo)

(Japanese lib)

Freakin' in Japanese shooting in the West Indies

Its breaking down, go and fetch the wrench

I'm suddenly all Jewish

And tossin' it up at a Bar-mitz-pha

[Break - w/ ad libs]

[Chorus - w/ ad libs]

[Interlude - Wyclef Jean - 2X]

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday

Friday, Saturday, Sunday, gotta have it

[Missy Elliott]

W-Y to the Clef (c'mon)

Boy I keep it realer than the titties on my chest

(yeah)

&quot;Milk does your body good,&quot; come on take a sip

Like [3 slurping noises], it taste good don't it

You's a fine dreadlock, come on get

How many times Missy crushed the very best?

How many bombs on my summer, Funk Flex? (uh)

As many times as Teddy Reilly said &quot;yep, yep&quot;

Did you get it?

I stays on your mind like a fitted (uh)

Like Diddy make you walk for cheesecakes to the city

(woo)

Rough chick, dirty jeans, ain't nothin pretty (uh)

Me and Clef steppin to the mic to get busy (c'mon)

[Chorus]

[Missy Elliott - talking]

(uh oh) Yeah, hey yo Clef

(uh oh) Uh oh

[Wyclef Jean - talking]

What's up Missy (uh oh)

You know I love ya girl (oh)

What's up Missy

Let's go (uh)

I got the guitar soundin like a satar

Holy, holy, Jerry Wonder I need some security

Call police [fades out]