

Canibus, Gone Till November

(Wyclef Jean)

Tell me how you like it

Right about now I know y'all diggin this, so just...

turn up, your radio wherever you at

We about to bring it

This is Wyclef Jean up here ("Word to Wyclef" - Busta Rhymes sample)

With Canibus workin the night shift ("Word to Wyclef")

Yo, we want all the ladies to put your hands in the air ("Word to Wyclef")

and sing this song with us ("Word to Wyclef")

Yo, R. Kelly, ya ready? Come on

(R. Kelly)

Now everytime I make a run (uh-huh, uh-huh)

Girl, you turn around and cry

I ask myself oh, why ohhh why... (uh-huh, uh-huh)

See you've got to understand

I can't work a nine to five

So I'll be gone... till November

(Wyclef + Khadejiah Bass)

Tell me say Michelle, my belle

Yo I'll be gone till November

Standin on the block where the spot get hot, selling rocks

Guaranteed to get set up, by crooked cop

Michelle, my belle (you was wrong)

I know it's wrong, I wrote this rap song

Forgive me when I'm gone, me and Canibus

we workin the night shift, shift, shift

(Wyclef Jean)

I got it made, hey last word from the hustler

Hey, young 'Clef, take care of your mother

Looked at him and replied, "Yo, daddy where you goin?"

He said, "To Baltimore," he'll be back in the mornin

Gave my mom a hug for her soul when she cry

Every man want heaven, no man want die

Vanished through the door, all I saw was his shadow

Heard mom echo, "I don't wanna be a widow"

That's when I realized, death was ahead

Old man pulled off, in a black caravan

With some dark skinned brothers who looked Sicilian

singing Karma Karma Karma Karma Karma Cha-me-leon

(Pras/Dirty Cash)

Yeah, yeah, check it, can't stop the shinin

You wanna stop the shinin? No doubt, ahh

(Wyclef Jean)

Everytime I make a run (uh-huh, uh-huh)

Girl, you turn around and cry (uh-huh, uh-huh)

I ask myself why, oh why (you need muscle for da hustle)

See you must understand (uh-huh, uh-huh)

I can't work a nine to five (uh-huh, uh-huh)

So I'll be gone, till November (uh-huh, uh-huh)

(Wyclef + Khadejiah Bass)

Tell me say Michelle, my belle

Yo, I'll be gone till November

Standing on the block where the spot get hot selling rocks

Guaranteed to get set up by a crooked cop

Tell me say Michelle, my belle (you was wrong)

I know it's wrong, I wrote this rap song

Forgive me when I'm gone, me and Canibus (soooo wronnng)

we workin the night shift, shift, shift

(Canibus)

Me and 'Clef, we ready to get it on, the three and a half pound
organ imbedded in our skulls is what makes us better than y'all
I'm telling you God, ain't nobody reppin this hard since Genghis Khan
We raise Hell til the heavens fall
Me and my Fugee affiliates buildin, wit plans to make millions
over a quiet game of billiards
Black Sicilians, the descendants of West Indian pilgrims
With the power to collapse buildings
Riding across the ocean floor like Poseidon on a seahorse
to reach our overseas tours
By the middle of March, when the pregnancy starts
in my lady's placenta, I'll be gone 'till November (come on)

(R. Kelly + Wyclef)

Now everytime I make a run
Girl, you turn around and cry (uh-huh, uh-huh)
I ask myself oh why, oh why (you need muscle for the hustle, uh-huh)
See you've got to understand (uh-huh)
I can't work a nine to five (uh-huh)
So I'll be gone, till November

(Wyclef + Khadejiah Bass)

Tell me say Michelle, my belle
Yo I'll be gone till November
Standin on the block where the spot get hot, selling rocks
Guaranteed to get set up by a crooked cop
Michelle, my belle (you was wrong)
I know it's wrong, I wrote this rap song
Forgive me when I'm gone, me and Canibus
we workin the night shift, shift, shift

(Are you a) S-O, S-O

(A meanine) so-so, so-so

(Wyclef Jean)

You gave the feds more info than Sammy "The Bull"; Gravano
Jeremiah wore the wire, snitch on Zachariah
In return the feds offer the throne to Neb'kenezer

(Canibus)

Trust me, you don't wanna be the one we bring it to
Our lyrical, can make your rap careers real miserable
You ain't invincible all we gotta do is get pissed at you
Point you out to some people that'll physically injure you

(Wyclef Jean)

It's like Lord, take this ass whippin some more
Like Jay-Z, "pa-pa's," someone pass the guaze

(R. Kelly + Wyclef)

Now everytime I make a run (uh-huh)
Girl, you turn around and cry
I ask myself oh why, oh why (you need muscle for the hustle)
See you've got to understand
I can't work a 9 to 5
So I'll be gone, till November...