

Wyclef Jean, Bubblegoose (Bakin' Cake Version)

(Wyclef - Hook)

What do you mean?
A pocket full of green
Here comes the fiend, all we do is bake cake
I've gotta get my break, if you can relate
We've gotta gotta gotta gotta escape

Yo, what do you mean?
Here comes the fiend
A pocket full of green, all I do is bake cake
I've gotta get my break, if you can relate
We've gotta gotta gotta gotta escape yo

(Wyclef - Verse One)

Hey yo, my pen's in my hand, okay what should I write next?
Oh yeah, and if you don't know, success brings stress
I'm vexed,
My phone rings, collect call from Jeff
The operator say, "If you accept, say yes"
"Yes, what's the deal, son?"
"I got bad news"
Yo, by the tone of his voice, I heard the ill street blues
"The friends who make you, them too can break you
They plan an execution like Fu Man Chu"
"Who?"
"You know the character from channel 5 kung-fu"
"Yo Jerry slow down son, I'm losing you yo"
"Your cousin Rohan who used to sell bang (uh-huh)
DT's found his hand in the back of Bennigans (uh-huh)
In a plastic bag with a note attached (mmhmm)
A million and a half or he won't be back"
"So meet me by the Brooklyn Bridge, 12:00 sharp"
If not, at the funeral they gotta play the harp"
Why they wanna start and make me play my part?
Don't they know like Sting, I can turn this murder into art?
Jumped into my car, it's gotta be a joke
Traffic's backed up, who's in town, the Pope, huh?

(Hook)

(Verse Two)

You're shootin' in the opposite position
I'm thinking, "Should I fire or hold back on ammunition
On your wig transition?"
My mission, like Take 6, is to spread love
But all you screwed mugs got me wearing black gloves
You up in my face, I see the fear in your eyes
You want to feel the pain like a grown man getting circumcised
Shalom, shalom, hey pardon my left
But my right hand's on your throat, massaging you to death
You provoke the cycle, call Michael
You're lookin' in the mirror, well, I'm in your window, uh-oh
You hear me Urkel? Your blood will turn purple
Like the colour, you holler, balling for your mother
No one hears you even though you knock
You used to walk around the block with the ditty bop
Things done changed since your spot got hot
Now you've got your knot wocked with your very own glock!

(Hook)

...He's dead...
The moral of the story is

Get out of the game, before the game plays you

Big shout out to Mike Tyson

Big shout out to Tiger Woods

I'm learning how to play golf now, even though I think the sport is...
B O R I N G ! ! !