

Wyclef Jean, However You Want It

[HOOK:]

However you want it, you don't want it, cuz when you get it it hurts

Your body carried out the church

Mom, she be cryin holdin on to her purse sayin... (oh my baby!)

They shoulda took me first

However you want it, you don't want it, cuz when you get it it hurts

Your body carried out the church

Mom, she be cryin holdin on to her purse sayin... (oh...)

[Verse 1]

Aiyyo

What y'all thought I was too busy writin songs with Whitney Houston

Cuz "My Love's your Love" will be my slugs wit blood

For any thug that wanna bang and play orangutang

Find yourself in the river with the rest of them

Wake up, wake up, I'm in a nightmare dream

Where I found myself loadin magazines after magazines

Ski mask on my face, gun on my waist

Fine pens shakin in my hand as I write this next line

You look strange, shootin victims at close range

And saw his vein burst from his neck, as I snatched his chain

Is this a Bible, I used to read the Gospel

Until I got betrayed by one of my twelve disciples

Which one, look through the crowd son

You could spot the traitor wit a tatto on his arm

The symbol is a microphone, an intellectual

A wannabe Rakim, but too extraterrestrial

I heard he's lethal and I'm too rusty to battle him

Me being rusty is like Biggie not being *Born Again*

It never happen, watch who you call fam

On MTV, he painted himself as the tin man

Predicted platinum, way before it happened

So that's why when you ship gold, you only sold aluminum

And now you wanna tell everybody I messed up your record?

C'mon!

[HOOK]

[Verse 2]

You a thug? You aint a murderer, just an undercover caligula

Cuz when you saw the luger became silent like Caesar

Enough of this rap stuff, Sedeck take his watch

If I wasn't rappin, I'd take that stash in your left socks

Don't make me raise my voice cuz I'm masterin a coo

So, and besides when they find you you'll be bones

Mom say watch my peers, hangin like chandeliers

Orderin Don P, you couldn't pay for one beer

Perpetratin, a fraud, oh god, you aint hard

Take thirty of y'all to murder one kid on the boulevard

You want Wyclef Jean, bring your same thug guys

Here's my advice, leave the ring with your bride

Cuz you aint comin back no more

We gon send you to a vacation for two, with crabs on the seashore

You freeze up, hold up I really thought you was psychotic

Is that tears in your eyes? You cryin for your life

Kid you tellin me what you did, you didn't wanna do

Watch what you say on record cuz it might come true

[HOOK]

[Outro:]

Should I take them? Should I wait?

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I say "No Woman, No Cry" like I should own a piece of the estate

But at the tribute they didn't invite me

So I put in a call to Halis Alassi

He said be easy, aint no need to bust a shot (BLOW! BLOW! BLOW! BLOW!)

Like Supercat said, yo the ghetto's red hot

Before bling, bling, bling it was BLING, BLING, BLING!