

Wyclef Jean, Pullin' Me In

"(Intro:)

Y'all know y'all done messed up now right?

Mmmm mmmm, fo' real

(opera singing)

You know, you messed up, I'm not laughing

All y'all beats is soundin the same, y'all rhymin the same

Some of y'all even wearing the same jewelry

And y'all doin the same videos

Shut up, you know you messed up right?

That's why they brought me back in this game

To bring it right back to the essence, mmm hmmm

Oh yeah, and all this kill this, kill that, kill this

Lemme tell you somethin, (what, what)

The real killers, they're standin right over there

Waitin for you to act like a killer, so they can kill you

Yo Sedeck, do me a favor yo

Yo tell everybody on this side of the stage

To just move back a little cuz it's about to get real rowdy

in the front yo, they comin yo

I could never forget the underground hip hop

I'ma dedicate this to everybody that knew me when I was broke

Workin at Burger King, hustlin dime bags on a twelve speed bicycle

All the projects man, youknowwhatimsayin?

Yo

(HOOK:)

Every time I keep pullin out, y'all keep pullin me in, sin

Kick a little somethin for the New Jerusalem

Let people know you aint forget where you came from, where you came from

Every time I keep pullin out, y'all keep pullin me in, sin

Kick a little somethin for the street DJs

Let people know you aint forget where you came from, where you came from

(Verse 1)

Yo, yo this probably the hardest verse that I ever recite

I'm in the studio with a gun in my neck it's all right

Surrounded by gangsters, I don't know how they got here

But I feel like the Haitian Frank Sinatra, in his young years

New York, on my way to Kennedy airport

L.A., I was told wear colors wherever you walk

Dirt, dirty south, I heard they run up in your house

Shakespeare, no time to jive blast your girl through the blouse

What? MCs, y'all aint nothing but assassins

Every two lines is killin, or incarceration

Murderation, closed casket cremation

Closest you got to prison was seein barson television

But I'ma go long as this thug phenomenon

Pass me a bandanna, two shots from my Mag-num

All of that, to get your attention

Here's a few things I been dyin to mention

Anyone talk about guns, I'ma buy the cartel

Any more beats soundin the same, I'ma put your MPC to cell

Listen, reminiscing on Nas, *It Aint Hard To Tell*

Still feel like somebody's watching me like Rockwell

Talk about diamonds, I'ma kidnap Jacob

Talk about the Fugees, I'ma break up the make up

Put your stake up, I'm about to work my way back to the streets

And y'all wanna bootleg cuz y'all will get Jay-Z

(HOOK (variations))

Kick a little something for the projects Clef

Kick a little something for the hip hop fans

(Verse 2)

Hip hop fans, y'all like the woman in my house
No matter how faithful I am, y'all still have your doubts
Talkin bout, is he real in this relationship
Or did he go pop, and on the side get a mistress
My mistress is a guitar, classical like Mozart
Paint murder on the wall just to show y'all some art
And y'all wanna start, and lose body parts
I suggest you start walkin, tell your man stop talking
You know the scenario, the innocent is always the first to go
And Dorothy sings somewhere over the rainbow
Kum Ba Ya, got you trapped in barbed wire
Dope delivery, but I'm the ghost writer
Tall tribes of Juda, deeper than books
Watch what you cook cuz you might get hooked
Man... I miss real MCs
Like Kool G Rap, written in graffiti
Before the plane, I used to take the train
Watch fiends puttin up they vein, moms raisin caine
Able's on the roof, cook like a goose
To calm my nerve, I drink Vodka 180 proof
I'm back in the shack, lay flat on my back
Two choices, sell rap or sell crack
Chose sell rap, but watch my back like I'm sellin crack
Cuz the music industry is the same street format
I sold y'all Nappy Heads, to The Score, to The Carnival
But yet y'all still wanted more
Since Sedeck went back, came off wit a break
I blend so perfect, that you would want it for your mixtape

(beatbox)

(HOOK (variations))

Kick a little something for the brothers up north"