

Wyclef Jean, The Mix Show

We gon send this out for every street DJ

This is somethin for the mix shows

Mix shows

You don't wanna go outside

Because the thugs are outside

They bustin slugs outside

So you don't wanna go outside

Let's go

Uh, I'm outside lookin in

I could feel it through the wind

From the streets' shore

I could see the shark's fin

They ain't eat nuttin in a week

And they hunger is the reason why the blood drips on the concrete

So run your juice

Pit bulls drew

They gon shoot you in the head so what good is your bullet proof

Unless your bullet proof-la what's your affiliation

You just a rat handin out information

You wanna run and said Clef took my paper

Clef ain't take your paper

Clef is just a narrator

Think I'm a singer

I'ma have you call a operator

911 now you breavin through a respirator

All dat gun-clappin yappin meet me outside

You never seen a ghost until you seen the other side

So think before you speak or blood is go leak

You shouldn't have no problems understandin

I ain't speakin Greek

I need a hundred grand

And I ain't talkin bout no candy bar

Take over your strip like it's Candahar
You gonna see so much red you think your man on Mars
That concrete that's under your feet gon land on hard
I got gooms that stand on guard
Post up waitin wit the toaster
Hit you from close up
Bare face
No black mask
No silencers
On the burners everybody hear da gat blast
Bodies found chopped up in black bags inside incenerators
I got power like generators
Slugs wit names on it
The message I send to haters
In my hood I'm know as a menace to neighbors
Me and my men for paper
We don't fear the morgue
Only thing we afraid of is we scared to starve
You can't stop the shine
Play a black cloud in my dollar signs and be a victim of a violent crime
For real
The flows is death defyin
Act real and ya neck be flyin
Brains and guts like I was savin private Ryan
Test the iron
And I show you a wall, cat
That's filled wit bodies
See where your balls at, if you all dat
And I show a wall, cat, that's filled wit bodies
And yours could be the next
Number 19, erased out the projects
I progress everyday I'm livin this life

I won't stop till I'm buried, dog
I'm livin it right
Just gimme the price and I'm willin to take a chance
I keep it ass hard
Cause this sh- in my pants
And if you wanna dance you need to jump to these lyrics
You feelin the physical form as well as the spirit
Don't try to compare it
Just listen and love to hear it
And if it's fire you know not to come near it
I keep it flame broil enough to make your brains boil
Put you in a stash where nobody could say they saw you
Check, G.O.D. put it down like it's burnin hot
Execute you on the spot no warnin shot
Comin Timothy McVay I burn down your block
First I kick in your door cause in war we don't knock
I got no competition
Only man that could see me is the man in the mirror
Keep wishin
Keep fishin
Get a hundred and fifty stitches
Your last rights
Last meal
Last wishes
This is summin for the mix shows
They call me most honorable, most knowledgeable
Toast bottles in blue
The hydroponic goose
I spit ten words blow you to molecules
I'm under your skin cells and your hair follicles
It's the jewel
Whatever I could see I could be
I saw hip-hop became a MC

Then I saw the streets became a OG
Then I learn to see myself became G.O.D.
We get them packs off often
I'm on da block where it's scorchin
The life that I live'll make you nauseous
Most of our n-ggs see a coffin
Most of our -ish see abortions
Of course we are lost in the circle of Karma
This is summin for the mix shows
Where you and your mama, grandmama
and great-grandmama live out the same drama
Where you and your father, father's fathers
great and fore fathers felt horror like no tomorrow
I'm from United Snakes, the country of crime
The city look -ish they changed the skyline
And it's us against swine and they loosin they mind
In the van with my grind
And thirst to gimme time
I'ma ball or get signed or bang and take mine
My design's undefined
I'm clearly one of a kind
It's best you realize only the fittest survive
For cowards it's suicide so don't come outside
You don't wanna come outside
Masquerade
Its Blaques outside
Fam and Prolific, we all outside
So you don't wanna come outside
Refugee
Ay, yo we gon send this out for every street DJ
that ain't getting no real radio airplay
You know I mean

That's comin on the radio at one o'clock in da mornin

That got da streets on lock

This generation!