

## Pot Comody

### "Ninety Nine"

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[CHORUS - Jenni Fujita]

Me and my crew in a little tour show  
Learned to flip the door with the money we've got.  
The blocks stay hot, getting knocked it's on  
Till one by one, we were gone.  
Subway sparks after dark.  
Flash the message: something's out there.

[Wyclef Jean]

Yo John, that was the eighties man.  
This is Ninety-nine.  
It's crazy out there.

[Jenni Fujita]

Flash the message: something's out there.

[Wyclef Jean]

John Forte', uh-huh, uh-huh.  
Hey yo, John Forte'.

[John Forte' - Verse 1]

Yo...yo...  
Hustle big, hustle small.  
All y'all relate to it.  
I'm a a culture power, baby, when I run right through it.  
What the biz, money? You know John and what it is.  
But then again too many yes-men...  
(Wyclef: "Yo John, they missed it.")  
Hustle big, hustle small.  
All y'all relate to it.  
I'm a a culture power, baby, when I slide right through  
it.  
What the biz, money? You know John and what it is.  
Then again too many yes-men inside the business.  
We stay grungy.  
Risk take on streets like a bungee.  
Hoes get nothing from me.  
I'm-a die feeling hungry.  
Rappers too complacent.  
I make hits in the basement.  
Got all the men on top wondering where they

placement.  
If it's real, then it's real,  
And it ain't no replacement.  
Them jealous cats who talk need to all walk adjacent.  
I trifold y'all all into a image my mold.  
So I can teach you how to walk, eat, drink, and buy  
gold.  
My shit is iz-ill.  
Wear three condoms out in Brazil.  
Brothers from the 'ville no fault at the iz-ill.  
Wanna have a duke? Get real! How you fiz-eel?  
You couldn't stick me if you brought the chisel.  
What the diz-eal?  
Eat four stars at every miz-eal.  
You kiz-ill the vibe.  
You just high from the twiz-ill.  
And sti-zill I flow riz-ill, leave you fiz-ill,  
And leave y'all all stuck like Jack from without the Jiz-ill  
What?

[CHORUS - Jenni Fujita (Wyclef's lyrics in parentheses)]

Me and my crew in a little tour show  
Learned to flip the door with the money we've got.  
(Make the money)  
The blocks stay hot, getting knocked it's on.  
Till one by one, we were gone.  
(I'm gone)  
Subway sparks after dark.  
Flash the message: something's out there  
(Suicide. It's a suicide. Parappa!)  
Flash the message: something's out there.

[John Forte' - Verse Two]

I shoot the gift cop.  
Find John at the strip spot  
Juggling three who all know to keep their lips locked.  
I don't get got.  
I told y'all before: it's hot.  
Fuck the floss.  
I'm the boss when I rock flip-flops.  
Culture hip-hop.  
Before I take your head you should skip bop.  
Or find us in your homes with the chrome and the shits  
cocked.  
What?  
Hey y'all pose hard, but they rip up.  
I leave them enemies with their lips shut.  
Did what?  
Yo money ease up how you cease us.  
You better off reefin' lighting trees up,  
Smoking with your mens fantasizing something swiftly.

But little did you know I had the whole country with me

[BRIDGE - Wyclef Jean]

Little do you know (3x)

I got the whole country with me.

Little do you know, huh?

[Repeat CHORUS]

[Repeat BRIDGE]

[Repeat CHORUS]

[Wyclef Jean]

Refugee Camp All-stars,

Dirty Cash, C.O., Wyclef Jean,

Nutzbaby, Nutzbaby.

John Forte', where you at baby?

Come on

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