

Wyclef Jean F/ Bono

"I Am"

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[Kool G. Rap]

G. Rap and my nigga G-Dep
'Bout to do it Gorilla style, you heard
It's a Igloo-Bad Boy collabo thing you know?
Y'all niggaz ain't ready for it
Coming Rambo style nigga
Two guns up
Y'all niggaz better duck down...or get your cap lifted
off
Thats how we doing it for the new millennium you
heard?

[Verse 1: G. Dep]

Regardless of the wait I'm gonna stay straight ghetto
Everybody high, don't nobody say hello
Even when the sunshining it ain't yellow
Get out of the borough if you know it ain't thorough
Niggas play ball, AWOL, on the furlow
Still came down on the furl and pumped hero
Red and grey Max's keep as clean as Ajax
Ghettos sling cracks while you niggas pay tax
Now how ghetto is this?
You can catch me in your hallway taking a piss
One hand on my dick one hand on a spliff
Burnt lips from the roach clip, yellow tips
If we aint closed it I get ferocious
Blow this whole shit and leave me in them roaches
In your car motion I cause commotion
And I probably need some lotion
But I don't get fucked

[Chorus - G. Dep]

I am
A ghetto nigga you can tell in a talk
On the corner selling the snort
It's hell in New York
Won't stop for a minute cops telling you walk
Fake guards telling you pork
Settle for shorts
Running from court
Newports, criminal thoughts

On the blocks bodies acourt
Nobody supports

[Verse 2: Rakim]

What's a ghetto nigga?
Thorough niggas that get cake
Five boroughs of niggaz do his ? a ? flip weight
Change garments to trick jake, yo dis jake
I want it, yo I got warrants in six states
Stay calm in a stolen whip with switched plates
Snitches hate, I never leave a print to trace
Only evidence I leave is hickies on chicks' face
On the corner with the crooked niggas, but yo shit's
straight
We start war to leave with these seven revolvers
Shell case never touch the floor, sneaky ain't slick
enough y'all
I'm man enough to put on a dress, creep up like grand-
mama and bust y'all
Get close enough to part your vest and tux off
Who would have thought the lady with the car crush
y'all
Too smart to get caught, but I got fam up north
So if they put me in cuffs and court, fuck y'all

[Chorus - G. Dep]

[Verse 3: Kool G. Rap]

Cock back the hammer slow and pop that canteloupe
For the venom in my python spit, it ain't no antidote
Jackpot from crack blocks, I was a man of dope
Snapshots'll get your camera broke
Your hoes used to plan a gross with the hands toast,
close and stand opposed
Rubber bands of c-notes, grams of the coke
Razor blade tuck the side the line
The banter of the coke
Watching niggas die with my hand on they throat
Sinkin' river banks and wash up on land when they float
Choking on your own words, should've watched the
grammar you spoke
One last final approach, make your whole family ghost
Bust bottles of cham and we toast, to your photo
stamped in the post
Sex gland cut off jammed in ur throat, man are you
gross
Bitch hanging from a lampost, we shoot from up close
Blow cannons the most, catch an overdose
Nigga we own the coast
?????

[Chorus - G. Dep]

I am...

(*few seconds pass*)

I am...

{*fade out*}

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