

Wyclef Jean F/ Small World

"The Hit Song"

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[Cut in Voice]

People always asking me, man how do you make a hit record, well heres what I do

[Abdominal]

Pulling the king and the seven and I'm feeling lucky, So I was like hit me

At which point my phone rang, and it hit me

That I had mentioned to format he should hit me

Off on the cell he put my cards down and hit these..hot buttons

"-Matty?- it's matt let me ask you something mate

I just come from london you know we're meeting with the label

They seem to want another hit, are you available?"

I was like dude, you know what to do

Peruse through a few new beats and promptly hit me

Out with a beat tape or better yet a disc so when I'm writing I can swiftly

Rewind and hittin drums, couple of weeks of hits I'll have written some

And I'll be kickin them, just as soon as I can hit eng-uh-land

I hope that my plane won't be swingin from, hittin turbulence

Or else I'll be hit with disturbances

Down in my gut, you know nervousness

But when we safely hit tempa firma it's

Only right the first thing we hit our palms together

Because that's been the hiphop greeting like for forever

After that I'll probably wanna hit the mic booth

But just the mic, so I don't hit my right tooth

Once I hit my comfort level, hit record

And soon enough we'll have another, hit record

In fact even though the song isn't done

By my count that was 18 hits alone

And it's only verse number one

[start chorus]

I use the word hit in many -said?- tenses

Listen how many hits I manage to condense in the first
verse

In the second I'm trying to rhyme as many words I can
find that sound like (hit!)

In the last third verse, -hitilating?- metpahors

example: I write more hits than mascot hit samples

[end chorus]

Abs and Format, not doing what others did, (step in
studio, it's just another hit)

[Same Cut In Voice]

Alright, I want you to listen to this next little verse
and if you feel like it sing along

And if you don't wanna sing along, maybe you can clap
your hands

[Abdominal]

As I sit, infinite scripts, like a list, it's from the tip of a
bic

Much betwixt my digits less, strictly from the itty bit of
sunlight

That manage to slip between the curtains thin slits,
(hits)

It's illumination adequate, to the point that I can refrain
from hitting electric switches

Which is a good thing, because it prevents my hydro
bill from reaching up to fever pitches

I'll keep it simply lit, my raps exhibit wit, which would
even shine through in egyptian crypts

I'll equipped, and resist that stupidly step to this,
surrender forfeit

Shit nit wit quit twit pit sing first versus the verses that
this kid spits

Insist to persist, you'll cease to exist

So cease and desist, or meet with my fist

Specifically your lips, because that's the just where -
nicholas afra?- hits

[chorus]

Abs and format, musical brothers kid, (step in the
studio, it's just another hit)

See I got hits kid, so many hits, (how many hits ya
got!?), lots

Exemplary metaphors, let me select a few

More hits than when you play blackjack with a deck of
twos

More hits than latin percussionists administer to wood
blocks

More hits than jimmy dropped at woodstock

I'm not kidding
I'm responsible for more hits than workaholic mafia
hitmen
I need to make hits in the worst way
Hitting harder than a family of starving steroid injected
mexican quintuplets
Armed with crowbars smacking the shit out of a candy
filled pinata
on their birthday - only hits when I write
More hits than germans surfing fetish websites
Yo, that is a lot of hits.
More hits than barry bonds playing slow pitch, in a
disabled seniors league
More hits than -goldoply?- in force or on a typical
hockey team
Instinctively you wince, from this flurry of hits
But if your still unconvinced, a last example but then I'll
be finished
More hits than roy jones junior in a ten round barefisted
cage match versus
A sleep deprived, blindfolded richard simmons

[chorus]

Abs and format, we hit you like your mother did
(step in the studio, it' s just another hit)

[Cut In Voice]

That's all, c'mon, that's all, that's all, that's all
that's allll, that's all, that's alllllll I need
To make a hit record...

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