

## Jean Wyclef

### "Masquerade"

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The streets is mad right now  
Tell em why we mad  
Rappers whatever you call yourself  
Pack ya bags and get out of town  
Cause I'ma strike down on thee wit great vengeance and  
furious anger  
Those who attempt to poison da hood  
I'ma let y'all know da preacher's son is back  
Uh, Refugee, one time, one time  
Uh, M.O.P., two time, two time, one time  
Bumpy knuckles now the world is in trouble  
Come on

Yo, you're number one on the charts  
You're a masquerade  
Paid for your billboard slots  
You're a masquerade  
Because the block knows hot  
You're a masquerade  
You're livin in a uh  
You're livin in a masquerade

I'm on first  
So, this ain't a rap verse  
It's more like a voodoo curse  
So when you die the kids'll throw rocks at ya hearse  
Cause you lie too much  
You don't got no gat  
At your arm reach is ink  
At your headpiece now you pissin in your briefs  
Hold up  
We just saw you on your BET and MTV, a public access  
channel  
Talkin bout I'ma thug  
You're an animal, a canibal, you even scare hannibal  
But when the blackout came no light for your candle  
So welcome to the real world where a spade is a spade  
And I'ma call it like I see it  
Ay, y'all living in a masquerade  
Even though Jacob iced you out wit the baguettes  
Money wit no respect C that makes you a suspect

So you can't ride through Brownsville  
You want peace you better call Churchill  
If not, feel Clef when he connects wit M.O.P. family and  
plays guitar at your eulogy

You wanna claim you run da block  
You're a masquerade  
Givin information to the cops  
You're a masquerade  
I mean you never seen a rock  
You're livin in a uh  
You're livin in a masquerade  
Masquerade

Now the grimy lil bastards line up  
Time's up  
I'm up  
They say we dem dans to show you how to get it crunk  
I'm still plottin wit Fox  
Today  
I do it wit Clef  
Whoever  
We throw mack and that's to the death bless royalty  
You youngstas better get back before you get a set  
back and get clapped  
That's it and that's that  
Clef

Hold that  
Take all dat and fall back  
I kick too much ass  
Kick ass  
To rock jewels, rock Prada  
F-ck Gucci shoes, Timbs mo hotta  
We still grip arms Brook norm bound sh-t  
The streets don't want that watered down sh-t  
Fam, we clear the whole stage  
You don't wannaa ride wit us  
We got road rage

Now I'ma let my hood tell you  
You're a masquerade  
I bet you feedin the dogs  
You're a masquerade  
I thought we still and we rob  
You're a masquerade  
You're livin in a uh  
You're livin in a masquerade

I'm hittin sixteen bars  
A murder, real murder, baby

This ain't a faade  
Ngas pumpin they fist like they punchin at gods  
Over ten years rippin MC  
I bring it hard  
Don't make me split yo chest and pull yo card  
R&B singer the greatest and now barred  
Cause he been feelin on booties of too young cuties  
Got no bombs left  
You punk ngas, we used to shake your pumpin hands  
You'll have no arms left  
You ain't a pimp  
You ain't a mack  
You keep bches in the house all day  
I keep em on the track  
Drinkin cocoa and wearin long mink coats black  
Hit em twelve-inch stilettos  
Tappin through the ghetto  
I can see it in your eyes  
Little ngas you ain't a part of shakin ngas hand, shakin  
ngas heart  
I keep the underground in shape  
It never be soft  
You wanna make it like them fat naked bches turnin me  
off

Now I'ma let my hood tell you  
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I bet you feedin the dogs  
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Neary Paneary won't you take em to the Middle East

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