

Jean Wyclef

"The Mix Show"

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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 ngs see a coffin
Most of our Cish 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 Cish 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!

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