

## WWE John Cena & Trademarc "Chickenhead"

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F/ Spragga Benz

(Intro - Wyclef)

Wyclef Jean with Spragga Benz

You know I got the reggae mix but this ain't complete  
Know what I mean - to all the girls I cheated on before  
Right about now - all my thugs around the world  
If you love reggae music I want you to do this  
Check it out, yo  
Ah, put your lighter in the air, right, right  
Put your lighter in the air, right, right  
Put your lighter in the air, right, right  
This is going straight to number one, check it out, yo

(Chorus - Wyclef)

Chickenhead [Jack it up, jack it up]  
Hey yo, what's your prize tonight [yes, we have to jack  
it up]  
I see it in your eyes [Yes, we have to jack it up]  
You'll be alright tonight

(Verse 1 - Wyclef)

To all the girls I cheated on before, it's a new year  
Hey yo, dear queen, by the time you get this letter  
It's four pages but my name ain't Aaliyah  
I don't know much about biology or chemistry  
Failed the S.A.T.'s, study Brooklyn zoology  
Remember me, Wyclef the memory  
Ecstasy with no theory of manoghany  
To be or not to be, last words from Shakespeare  
But a package says I wanna get the bitch with no fear  
A few good men in a new millenium  
Woman got a new law, if you cheat you're a dead man  
So I've been dead like 100 times  
Ask Cyndi Lauper, she'll tell you time after time  
She became an infomaniac, wanted it all the time  
A thin line between love and lust  
She mistake me for the rapper when I said Can-I-Bus

(Chorus)

(Verse 2 - Spragga Benz)

[To all the girls I cheated on before, Spragga Benz,  
where're you at,  
Wher're you at]

Chickenhead in a di bed, I feel dead, I feel dead  
We have to jack it up, jack it up - keep up your head  
Chickenhead in a di bed, I feel dead, I feel dead  
We have to jack it up, jack it up, jack it up, yo  
See my gal she a gimme a hug each day I come  
Each an hour, understand, now she be on the bum  
Wake up in di morning, all she know we are alone  
Each day I cheat on a chickenhead I figure on  
Bust it - man I go chill, me called a gal you wanna kill  
She have faith, she have di skill, I know she want it she  
will

Gimme the right, a me remember, me have to come  
back for November

But the gal fe mi calendar forget that be the day  
Chickenhead in a di beb, I feel dead, I feel dead  
We have to jack it up, jack it up - keep up your head  
Chickenhead in a di bed, I feel dead, I feel dead  
We have to jack it up, jack it up, jack it up, jack it up  
[Yo Spragga Man, what's going on]

(Chorus)

(Verse 3 - Wyclef)

To all the girls I cheated on before, it's a new year  
Yo, yo, from the college dorm, until dusk is dawn  
I never felt cold until I lost one  
Don't let go like En Vogue chocked on  
Clash of the titans, now I'm in my unicorn  
I left New Jerus, I'm on my way to Brooklawn  
Someone hit my bumper, I turned around and saw  
Sharon  
Got surprised because I saw little Shawn  
In the passenger seat with a bottle of dom  
Remain calm, called Cocren on the horn  
Salaam, warm up the jeep, cause a murder about to go  
on  
What the bomb bomb but this ain't a reggae song  
It's like a old flick, Godzilla vs King Kong  
If you saw the movie than you know what's gonna  
happen  
Down South, west coast, than back to Manhattan  
Like Vanessa from "Soul food" when she came at night  
Thank God it was a dream cause I woke up with my wife

(Chorus)

(Wyclef)

Thugs arond the world, yo  
Ah, put your lighter in the air, right, right  
Put your lighter in the air, right, right  
Put your lighter in the air, right, right  
Salaam Remi, Wyclef Jean, Spragga Benz  
Nobody's safe no more  
Lock your door, chickenheads on the loose  
Ooooooooooooooah, I'm out  
Refugee Camp abc, for your crews wanna test  
Good night, good night, good night

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