

Wyclef Jean "Another One Bites The Dust"

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(feat. Queen)

[Freddy Mercury]:

Are you ready?!

Hey!

Are you ready for this?!

Are you hangin' on the edge of your seat?!

[Wyclef]:

I need a break beat!

[Freddy Mercury]:

Are you ready?!

Hey!

Are you ready for this?!

Are you hangin' on the edge of your seat?!

[Wyclef]:

I need a break beat!

[Freddy Mercury]:

Are you ready?!

Hey!

Are you ready for this?!

Are you hangin' on the edge of your seat?!

[Wyclef]:

I need a break beat!

[Freddy Mercury]:

Outta the doorway, the bullets rip!!!

Repeat to the sound of the beat! HEY!!!

(Chorus [Wyclef & Freddy Mercury in parentheses]):

Yo...a-for the kids in the club that's ready to get
bugged!

(Another One Bites The Dust!)

A-for the thugs with the burners, that wanna blast off!

(Another One Bites The Dust!)

And for the kids on the blocks, shootin' at the crooked
cops, BLAOW!!

(Another One Bites The Dust!)

(And another one down, and another one down
Another One Bites The Dust, Hey!)
Wyclef, Dirty Cash, Young Free...Freddy, where you at?

((?) Drug Dealers (?) down the street, with the brim
pulled way down low!)
Some cat up in Brooklyn just got robbed with a Kangol!
(In tune with F.
Mercury)
(Are you ready?!)
Hey!
Are you ready for this?!
Are you hangin' on the edge of your seat?!
Out of the doorway, the bullets rip!!!
Repeat to the sound of the beat! HEY!!!
My man got shot, and the block got hot!
(Another One Bites The Dust!)
Yo, hey yo I hear more shots, it's like Fort Knox kid!
(Another One Bites The Dust!)
Yo, Hold your breath...Hold your breath...Hold your
breath...Yo, CHECK IT!!!
(And another one down, and another down, Another
One Bites The Dust!)

[Wyclef]:
If you're a soldier at ease
My military style is known to murder Nazi's, Brooklyn to
Germany (Come on)
My kamikaze will blow the U2, they hire Idi Amin in
Timbuktu
Whether you indo, or do the Voodoo
You can't foresee this unless I bring the previews,
HEY!!! HEY!!!
Yo, it's the number one rappin' band! (Come on, come
on)
Yo...This review, will be critically acclaimed
Leave you in critical pain, clinically insane
The name Wyclef Jean, with a yes, yes y'all!
Better have a vest y'all! I'll blast, and bless y'all!
"F"- y'all, the mark of the beast, the triple six
Time running out, listen to the tick!
If you see what I saw, then you seen what I seen, If you
know what I know,
You know what I mean!
Commanding officer of the Navy SEAL team
Once I give the orders, you feel the infrared
beam....BLAOW!!!

(Chorus [Wyclef]):
For all you critics, sayin' "another remake!"
(Another One Bites The Dust!)

Yo, If you know the deal, this is the master real, kid! Ha Ha!

(Another One Bites The Dust!)

Right! Right! Freddy Mercury, where you at yo?!

(And another one down, and another one down,

Another One Bites The Dust!)

(HOW DO YOU THINK I'M GONNA GET ALONG, WITHOUT YOU WHEN YOU'RE GONE!!!)

I need a break beat!

Yo if you're ready for the first of the month, for that welfare check, come

on!

(GET ME OUTTA MY HOME!!!) I need a break beat!

(ARE YOU HAPPY?!! ARE YOU SATISFIED?!!! HOW LONG CAN YOU STAND THE

HEAT!!!??) I need a break beat!

(OUTTA THE DOORWAY, THE BULLETS RIPPA!!! TO THE SOUND OF THE BEAT!)

Yo! Bulletproof vests, like the wild wild west

(Another One Bites The Dust!)

Yo! This is a stickup, now take off your Rolex!

(Another One Bites The Dust!)

Yo! Dirty money, good money, yo it's all money-money!

(Another One Bites The Dust!)

Yo! Dirty Cash! Dirty Cash! The adventures of Dirty Cash!

(And another one down, and another one down,

Another One Bites The Dust!)

[Prakazrel]:

Yo, for the love for the cash I'll blast you in my path!!!

Keep my eyes on the math, you cats don't know the half!

As far as I'm concerned, you cats can burn in flames

This ain't no game!!! I'm-a start callin' names!

So come get me, if you know the one-fifty

A million Refugees ready to bust wit' me!

Bloody, filthy, in this rap shhh---!

You gonna have to kill me, since you can't beat me!!!

Pras! Dirty! Cash! You're the greedy!

Believe me! God'll let me fly, like R. Kelly!

Bite another dust with my man Freddy Mercury!

What height nineties got ya cash, wannabe CRAZY!!!

[Free]:
Practically, I tactically destroy
Deploy more decoys than a presidential convoy
My whole envoy stay camouflaged out
And when I walk the street, I take the Refugee route
This one go out to all my thugs in the borough
So just stay thorough, like Kilimanjaro
Split it with an arrow, my girl platoon roll
Outta control, the female mandingos!
Free! I evolve from the egg of a seminarian
Don't go down, 'cause I'm a vegetarian!
And when I bust, it ain't in God we trust
and if you bring a gun, you better bring a black tusk!

(Chorus [Wyclef]):
She looked into my eyes and said F-B-I!!!
(Another One Bites The Dust!)
She said she loved me, she was a spy who lied!!!
(Another One Bites The Dust!) Right!
I could relate...could you relate?
(Another One Bites The Dust!)

Jerry "Wonder", The Product (Male singer from The Product, keys a vocal note)
{Don't you know we coming for yo?!} Yo, Canibus, John Forte', (Another One Bites The Dust!)
Yo, Dirty Cash, and baby Free! (Another One Bites The Dust!)
Wyclef Jean, Freddy Mercury! Ha-ha! I'm out baby!
(And another one down, and another one down, another one bites the dust!)

N A V Y S E A L S!!!!!!!

(Another One Bites The Dust!)

(Another One Bites The Dust!)

(Another One Bites The Dust!)

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