

## Wyclef Jean

### "Gone Til November (feat. Canibus)"

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[Wyclef Jean]

Tell me how you like it  
Right about now I know y'all diggin this, so just...  
turn up, your radio wherever you at  
We about to bring it  
This is Wyclef Jean up here ("Word to Wyclef" - Busta Rhymes)  
With Canibus workin the night shift ("Word to Wyclef")  
Yo, we want all the ladies to put your hands in the air  
("Word to Wyclef")  
and sing this song with us ("Word to Wyclef")  
Yo, R. Kelly, ya ready? Come on

[R. Kelly]

Now everytime I make a run (uh-huh, uh-huh)  
Girl, you turn around and cry  
I ask myself oh, why ohhh why... (uh-huh, uh-huh)  
See you've got to understand  
I can't work a nine to five  
So I'll be gone... til November

[Wyclef + Khadejiah Bass]

Tell me say Michelle, my belle  
Yo I'll be gone til November  
Standin on the block where the spot get hot, selling  
rocks  
Guaranteed to get set up, by crooked cop  
Michelle, my belle (you was wrong)  
I know it's wrong, I wrote this rap song  
Forgive me when I'm gone, me and Canibus  
we workin the night shift, shift, shift

[Wyclef Jean]

I got it made, hey last word from the hustler  
Hey, young 'Clef, take care of your mother  
Looked at him and replied, "Yo, daddy where you  
goin?"  
He said, "To Baltimore," he'll be back in the mornin  
Gave my mom a hug for her soul when she cry  
Every man want heaven, no man want die  
Vanished through the door, all I saw was his shadow

Heard mom echo, "I don't wanna be a widow"  
That's when I realized, death was ahead  
Old man pulled off, in a black caravan  
With some dark skinned brothers who looked Sicilian  
singing Karma Karma Karma Karma Karma Cha-me-  
leon

[Prazwell/Dirty Cash]  
Yeah, yeah, check it, can't stop the shinin  
You wanna stop the shinin? No doubt, ahh

[Wyclef Jean]  
Everytime I make a run (uh-huh, uh-huh)  
Girl, you turn around and cry (uh-huh, uh-huh)  
I ask myself why, oh why (you need muscle for da  
hustle)  
See you must understand (uh-huh, uh-huh)  
I can't work a nine to five (uh-huh, uh-huh)  
So I'll be gone, til November (uh-huh, uh-huh)

[Wyclef + Khadejiah Bass]  
Tell me say Michelle, my belle  
Yo, I'll be gone til November  
Standing on the block where the spot get hot selling  
rocks  
Guaranteed to get set up by a crooked cop  
Tell me say Michelle, my belle (you was wrong)  
I know it's wrong, I wrote this rap song  
Forgive me when I'm gone, me and Canibus (soooo  
wronnnng)  
we workin the night shift, shift, shift

[Canibus]  
Me and 'Clef, we ready to get it on, the three and a half  
pound  
organ imbedded in our skulls is what makes us better  
than y'all  
I'm telling you God, ain't nobody reppin this hard since  
Genghis Khan  
We raise Hell til the heavens fall  
Me and my Fugee affiliates buildin, wit plans to make  
millions  
over a quiet game of billiards  
Black Sicilians, the descendants of West Indian  
pilgrims  
With the power to collapse buildings  
Riding across the ocean floor like Poseidon on a  
seahorse  
to reach our overseas tours  
By the middle of March, when the pregnancy starts  
in my lady's placenta, I'll be gone 'till November (come

on)

[R. Kelly + Wyclef]

Now everytime I make a run  
Girl, you turn around and cry (uh-huh, uh-huh)  
I ask myself oh why, oh why (you need muscle for the  
hustle, uh-huh)  
See you've got to understand (uh-huh)  
I can't work a nine to five (uh-huh)  
So I'll be gone, til November

[Wyclef + Khadejiah Bass]

Tell me say Michelle, my belle  
Yo I'll be gone til November  
Standin on the block where the spot get hot, selling  
rocks  
Guaranteed to get set up by a crooked cop  
Michelle, my belle (you was wrong)  
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Forgive me when I'm gone, me and Canibus  
we workin the night shift, shift, shift

(Are you a) S-O, S-O

(A meanine) so-so, so-so

[Wyclef Jean]

You gave the feds more info than Sammy "The Bull"  
Gravano  
Jeremiah wore the wire, snitch on Zachariah  
In return the feds offer the throne to Neb'kenezer

[Canibus]

Trust me, you don't wanna be the one we bring it to  
Our lyrical, can make your rap careers real miserable  
You ain't invincible all we gotta do is get pissed at you  
Point you out to some people that'll physically injure  
you

[Wyclef Jean]

It's like Lord, take this ass whippin some more  
Like Jay-Z, "pa-pa's," someone pass the guaze

[R. Kelly + Wyclef]

Now everytime I make a run (uh-huh)  
Girl, you turn around and cry  
I ask myself oh why, oh why (you need muscle for the  
hustle) See you've got to understand I can't work a 9 to  
5 So I'll be gone, til November...

