

Wyclef Jean "Hey Girl"

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This is the life
This is the life of a night walker

Hey girl, the party's on the floor
What you doin' in the back of the club smokin' bud?
Hey girl, she said, ?I owe my pimp money
If I don't pay him tonight, then it's gonna get ugly?

Hey girl, she said, ?There is no excuse
This is the life of a prostitute?
From the club to your ride, straight to the telly
To make money, money, make money, money, money

There she goes again the [Incomprehensible] Ethiopian
See her walkin' by, but I can't believe what happened
She jumpin' in a car with a stranger she don't know
Movin' at night time, whatever it takes to get the dough

Hey girl, I hope you listen to this song
I know you feel like your daddy did you wrong
But only you can boot your destiny
She said, ?Thanks for the advice but I got to make my
money?

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So hey girl, I can see it all in ya eye
Everythin' you cry is wholesome in your life
How many men you done let between your thighs?
Listen ma, there ain't no surprise

You're a street walker, slick talker
The face of an hour, the terrible night
And do anythin' just to survive

When you make fun at me, I'm tryin' to stay alive

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This one goes out for
Diamonds, China, Phoenix, Belinda
Delicious, Star, Mercedes, peaches
Vanilla, cocoa, cinnamon, icky
Ebony, oh I can't forget India

Ecstasy, sparkle, fantasia, Francis
Sunshine, Vanessa, precious
Haitian Madonna, you're so precious girl
Don't let yourself go dirty

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