

Wyclef Jean "Masquerade"

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The streets is mad right now
Tell em why we mad
Rappers whatever you call yourself
Pack ya bags and get out of town
Cause i'ma strike down on thee wit great vengence and
furious anger
Those who attempt to poison da hood
I'ma let y'all know da preacher's son is back
Uh, refugee, one time, one time
Uh, m.o.p., two time, two time, one time
Bumpy knuckles now the world is in trouble
Come on

Yo, you're number one on the charts
You're a masquerade
Paid for your billboard slots
You're a masquerade
Because the block knows hot
You're a masquerade
You're livin in a uh
You're livin in a masquerade

I'm on first
So, this ain't a rap verse
It's more like a voodoo curse
So when you die the kids'll throw rocks at ya hearse
Cause you lie too much
You don't got no gat
At your arm reach is ink
At your headpiece now you pissin in your briefs
Hold up
We just saw you on your bet and mtv, a public access
channel
Talkin bout i'ma thug
You're an animal, a canibal, you even scare hannibal
But when the blackout came no light for your candle
So welcome to the real world where a spade is a spade
And i'ma call it like I see it
Ay, y'all living in a masquerade
Even though jacob iced you out wit the baguettes
Money wit no respect Âˆc that makes you a suspect
So you can't ride through brownsville

You want peace you better call churchill
If not, feel clef when he connects wit m.o.p. family and
plays guitar at your eulogy

You wanna claim you run da block
You're a masquerade
Givin information to the cops
You're a masquerade
I mean you never seen a rock
You're livin in a uh
You're livin in a masquerade
Masquerade

Now the grimy lil bastards line up
Time's up
I'm up
They say we dem dans to show you how to get it crunk
I'm still plottin wit fox
Today
I do it wit clef
Whoever
We throw mack and that's to the death bless royalty
You youngstas better get back before you get a set
back and get clapped
That's it and that's that
Clef

Hold that
Take all dat and fall back
I kick too much ass
Kick ass
To rock jewels, rock prada
F-ck gucci shoes, timbs mo hotta
We still grip arms brook norm bound sh-t
The streets don't want that watered down sh-t
Fam, we clear the whole stage
You don't wannaa ride wit us
We got road rage

Now i'ma let my hood tell you
You're a masquerade
I bet you feedin the dogs
You're a masquerade
I thought we still and we rob
You're a masquerade
You're livin in a uh
You're livin in a masquerade

I'm hittin sixteen bars
A murder, real murder, baby
This ain't a faÅšade

NâiÂ^agas pumpin they fist like they punchin at gods
Over ten years rippin mc
I bring it hard
Don't make me split yo chest and pull yo card
R&b singer the greatest and now barred
Cause he been feelin on booties of too young cuties
Got no bombs left
You punk nâiÂ^agas, we used to shake your pumpy
hands
You'll have no arms left
You ain't a pimp
You ain't a mack
You keep bâiÂ^aches in the house all day
I keep em on the track
Drinkin cocoa and wearin long mink coats black
Hit em twelve-inch stilettos
Tappin through the ghetto
I can see it in your eyes
Little nâiÂ^agas you ain't a part of shakin nâiÂ^agas
hand, shakin nâiÂ^agas heart
I keep the underground in shape
It never be soft
You wanna make it like them fat naked bâiÂ^aches
turnin me off

Now i'ma let my hood tell you
You're a masquerade
I bet you feedin the dogs
You're a masquerade
I thought we still and we rob
You're a masquerade
You're livin in a uh
You're livin in a masquerade

Neary paneary won't you take em to the middle east

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