

Wyclef Jean

"Mid Life Crisis"

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Intro:

Quincy Jones once told me
The music industry is not a 50 yard dash
It's global gumbo - and that's a marathon
Are you ready to finish what you started?
(I won't go out of this block!)

Verse 1:

Little burns on my back, I'm back from Hell's fire
Little games, you say the devil's alive
Anything we can conquer, Olympians
I'm on my second wind running like a Jamaican
I went from dreads to a bald cut
Took the few shots, still caught the wrap-up
Closest they got to me falling was on Dave Chappelle's
show
When Dylan was chocking the legend
And what an impression I leave on your girlfriend
Not physically, but it's my voice that she's hearing
(Aye)
She like that, aye, sing along - she know the words to
every song
Aye, she call me Don Dada - her favorite movie Top
Shotter
She love when I speak Creole, what up Cleo?
Me and colleagues go back with butter fuco

Hook:

Every morning, you still wake up
Brush my teeth and hit the block up
Hustle hard is what I'm made of
Some cut coke, I cut that guitar up
We keeps many cars with the big rims
Big mansions with Rottweilers fenced in
Some did anything just to get there
Some see fame and some saw the prison
Some see fame and some see the prison
Some see fame and some see the prison

Verse 2:

You're doing time, in prison?

Hold your head up, I hope you get a party
Could've been me, in the same place
That's why every night, I say my grace
Strong-headed, ain't a thing I can't achieve
So off the beat, top three emcees
Music mogul, philanthropist
Y'all know how I do with my epiphanies
Why now? Why not now?
Many'll call but only a few can move the crowd
I started off a battle emcee
Before the Smack DVDs and URL League
But lately, lyrically, been underestimated
But the rap side of my brain is reactivated
But thanks to my momma, used to pray, oh Lord
Have my son focus on music and not a sawed-off

Hook:

Every morning, you still wake up
Brush my teeth and hit the block up
Hustle hard is what I'm made of
Some cut coke, I cut that guitar up
We keeps many cars with the big rims
Big mansions with Rottweilers fenced in
Some did anything just to get there
Some see fame and some saw the prison
(Beat)Some see fame and some see the prison
(Beat)Some see fame and some see the prison

Verse 3:

Some say I had a mid-life crisis
The colleagues would pick on my birthday
Why envy Charlamagne? It's my birthday
It, it's my birthday, it, it's my birthday
But who know where we going, papi?
What it do? The catwalk, fashion week
"Ne me quitter pas", that mean "no, never leave me"
What's funny, man, she don't even know me
Aye, she like that, aye, sing along
She know the words to every song
Aye, she like that - gettin' her dance on
She know the words to all my songs
Go girl - shake it (Huh)
But don't hurt nobody
It's the Refugee Republic
All hands on deck - DJs on deck
Some see fame and some saw the prison
(Beat)Some see fame and some see the prison
(Beat)Some see fame and some see the prison

Outro:

Ladies and gentlemen

Could somebody pass me my electric guitar?
(Electric Guitar)

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