

# Wyclef Jean

## "Next Generation"

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**(feat. Rah Digga, Scarface)**

*[Wyclef]*

Hold on now, don't die now, be strong now  
He said, I was born a crack baby  
In a plastic bag in the alley  
Raised in a foster home  
With no mother to love and I never knew my papi  
Back in the days of Bobby McFerrin  
Used to sing don't worry, be happy  
Lord how can I be happy  
When I don't even know my own family tree Lord

*[Wyclef]*

We are the next generation, we ain't scared to die  
The only thing I fear is the after life  
Cos I don't know what's there on the other side  
But I pray the Lord forgives me, gives me one more try

*[Wyclef]*

Gang poppin' things, doing drive-by's and angers  
Kids going to school putting fears in their teacher  
The teacher let them know that it ain't all good  
Cos the gang was created to protect the neighborhood,  
now  
All you red now, all you blue now  
All you yellow now, follow me now  
To that place of righteousness  
Where the only thing that matters is your  
consciousness, he said

*[Wyclef]*

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*[Wyclef]*

In my father's kingdom there are many mansions  
All the rooms are free, there is no tax collection  
I can see Biggie, Tupac, Moses and Abraham  
Jason, the one and two's, jamming with the sun of man

*[Scarface]*

I've been kicked, I've been stabbed  
I've been shot, I've been ? by a  
Person that I thought I trusted, where I live  
It's a war at the cribs, walk with a strap  
Myself cos I don't want nobody's son on my back  
My mind playing tricks ?, to really ?  
Me out in five unless I take another hit

I done seen the sun set on the other side of town  
Now I'm drifting in the darkness, Heaven hold me down  
? ? ? but I know I'm born dying  
Feel the tears of the angels looking down on me crying  
For a lying ass but yo forgive us in a while  
And I'm sorry, never let me forget that I'm your child  
While I'm locked up in this basement staring eye to eye  
with Satan  
In this cold dark world with no patience  
We get plotted on by agents with talks of replacing  
The Africans, Jamaicans and the Haitians in this next  
generation

*[Wyclef]*

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*[Rah Digga]*

Whoa, we the next generation, look at what we facing  
The kids raise themselves, all kind of temptation  
Flowers and candles decorating all the pavements  
No, the perpetrator ain't seeing no arrangements  
Nobody cares about the feelings of the poor  
Man they suffer while we spending eighty billion on a  
war, uh  
Cutting school budgets, US stockmarket plummets  
Condition's only worse and I wonder what become it  
Metal detectors replace music classes  
Angry little kids wanna beat their teacher's asses  
The red and blue's, somebody gotta lose  
Reality TV be reality for who  
I don't question what the Lord found in me  
I just pass it on to folks with no boundaries  
Got a long road ahead of us, AIDS already gettin' us  
Now we got stars, how many will there be left of us

*[Wyclef]*

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The only thing I fear is the after life

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But I pray the Lord forgives me, gives me one more try

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