

Wyclef Jean "No Airplay"

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(feat. Canibus, Manhunt)

[Wyclef]

Yo the Brooklyn Bridge is gonna collapse y'know?
Yo this Wyclef Jean and the ReFugee All-Stars up in
here
Yo what's this I hear about the police in Brooklyn?
Turn this jam up, yo, yo
This the type of jam that be getting no airplay
I want the whole world to hear this joint right here, yo
This the type of jam that be getting no airplay
You asked for it buddy, here it comes

One two, watch out for the man in blue
Three four, I keep it raw and hardcore
Five six, you're beating us with nightsticks
Seven eight, I'm forced to pack a thirty-eight
Nine ten, you put me in a pen; if I could
do it all again, I'd probably bust your chin
[repeat 2X:] first time "ah"; second time "once I leave
the pen"

I'm from a land of black bats, alley rats and cats
Scratch up my car, set me up for the carjack
Under pressure, I gotta leave the gat
Two straps, a total of sixteen caps
Say something positive? No positivity
More positivity, more positivity brutality
Thugs get angry, the violence increase
You want peace, make Wyclef chief of police
Riding through the hood, it's the same ol story
It's either you play ball or you drug dealy dealy
Standin on the block when the spot get hot
Guaranteed to get set up, by a crooked cop
So I'm sittin back, rhymin on instrumentals
Anything I touch, it turns monumental
Me and Jerry Wonder, we keep it credible
for the streets, at the same time, we gotta eat
When we commercialize it's to enterprise
We guarantee to sell a hundred mil before we die
But Jerry is broke, that's the situation
Nine-seven, it's like no more eviction

No more war milk, no more government cheese
Police keep on shootin at our bulletproof Bentley

Yo this the type of jam that be getting no airplay
The Brooklyn Bridge about to collapse, apocalypse
This the type of jam that be getting no airplay
The ghettos are fed up, we got the arms in the air

One two, watch out for the man in blue
Three four, I keep it raw and hardcore
Five six, you're beating us with nightsticks
Seven eight, I'm forced to pack a thirty-eight
Nine ten, you put me in a pen; if I could
do it all again, I'd probably bust your chin

[Manhunt]

Yo bust this
Forty caliber, seventeen through your character
Waterworld's world, underwater, Sub Mariner

Derringer, twenty-two one in the challenger
Seven, four-eight, 23rd on the calender
My word verses, burst raps you rap nervous
It's worthless, you get smashed up, on the surface
Projectile, my forty-four style, blood on silver
The red ripper, fill up the resevoir nigga
Armageddeon, you smack dead on, a world crisis
The nicest, for sixteen bars, of preciseness

[Wyclef]

One two, watch out for the man in blue
Three four, I keep it raw and hardcore
Five six, you're sticking me with nightsticks
Seven eight, I'm forced to call Canibus
Nine ten, you put me in a pen; if I could
do it all again, I'd probably bust your whole chin

[Canibus]

You got a gat nigga, use it, go 'head pull it
Scientists got raw footage of me dodgin bullets
I walk the streets with heat, three biscuits
Outnumberin niggaz twin glocks with triplets
When I spit shit I lace it, you get punched in face with
puncutations of five-knuckle phrases
I assure you the vocalist standin before you
will destroy you with temperatures hot enough to
flamebroil you
My tongue moves much faster than yours do
Every three thousand styles I change my voiceboxes oil
Embarass you in front of your crew to annoy you
If you know some chicks that suck a good dick, then I'll

employ you
To this hip-hop shit, Canibus stays loyal
That's why every Killuminati I battle somebody for you
I'm warnin you, me versus you, I hurt you
My balance enables me to squaredance in a circle
Your head'll spin so fast you'll catch whiplash
I practice lyrical witchcraft on your bitch ass
Make your hard drive crash to C colon backslash (C:/)
Go back to the roots and reprogram your wack ass,
nigga

[Wyclef]

One two, watch out for the man in blue
Three four, I keep it raw and hardcore
Five six, you're sticking us with nightsticks
Seven eight, I'm forced to pack a thirty-eight
Nine ten, you put me in a pen; if I could
do it all again, I'd probably bust your whole chin
Where Brooklyn at? Where Brooklyn at? (right here,
right here)
A-ight? New Jersey in the house...

The people versus gestapo, what what
Yo, there'll be no sequel to this revolution
There will be no sequel to this revolution
The people versus gestapo
There'll be no sequel to this revolution, what what

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