

Wyclef Jean "Peace God"

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I'm only eight
I got no choice but to sling crack
Yo, who you pushin' weight for
Dog, I ain't no rat
'Cause rats get found in the back of garbage trucks
With their mouth taped up
Lookin' like sittin' ducks
Well you don't look like a sittin' duck and your mouth
ain't taped up

What more small the market, Clef
You get stuck up
With what, from a friend
I just bought a twenty-two
Now it's funny you should say that
'Cause the gun looks bigger than you
Now get your ass back in the house
Shut up

From BK back to NJ
Crouchin' tiger style
Let's go

Feel it
Feel it
Peace God

Peace God
You gave me the voice to speak, God
Speak God
Wyclef Jean 'bout to hit the streets hard
Peace God
Peace
You gave me the voice to speak, God
Masquerade, my message to the streets, y'all

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Yo peace God, these words came from a revelation
Whether you free or you going through incarceration
Inhale, exhale herbal meditation, put the fire arms
away
'Cause we don't want no confrontation
Not me, I'm talkin' 'bout you jerk
'Cause when you die your life ain't even worth the
paperwork
So, peace God, even through war we bring peace
And after the blood shed then your first son deceased

And you will understand I'm the beginning of the end
The Alpha, Omega, the present, and the future
So hold on to your Winchester
Cause the hollow tip penetrate lead through your
polyester
Peace god, even though we ice the wrist
Guzzle the fifth, protect us with a crucifix, Lord
And bless me with an extra clip
So just in case one jam release my twin from my
waistband

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Ay, yo peace God, I ain't tryin' to see the graveyard
But in this game of life I was dealt the wrong card
I wasn't born this way it just came to be
Sellin' crack through a alley where the fiends rally
Where the dealer was the President
And the fiend was the voter so they voted for the
Government
And stick ups was only natural

It seem every other day a new gun pointed at you

Peace God, yo only God got the answer
And sorry 'bout ya mom dyin' of cancer
But congratulations, I heard you no longer a runner
You a big man now, the black Tony Montana
But watch out 'cause I heard wealth bring envy
Trust me I did sing for the Kennedies
Until we meet again feel my words through my pen
And stay pure in the city of sin

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