

## Wyclef Jean "Pullin' Me In"

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Y'all know y'all done messed up now right? Fo' real  
You know, you messed up, I'm not laughing  
All y'all beats is soundin' the same, y'all rhymin' the  
same  
Some of y'all even wearing the same jewelry  
And y'all doin' the same videos  
Shut up, you know you messed up right?  
That's why they brought me back in this game  
To bring it right back to the essence

Oh yeah, and all this kill this, kill that, kill this  
Lemme tell you somethin'  
(What, what)  
The real killers, they're standin' right over there  
Waitin' for you to act like a killer, so they can kill you  
Yo Sedeck, do me a favor yo  
Yo tell everybody on this side of the stage  
To just move back a little 'cuz it's about to get real  
rowdy  
In the front yo, they comin' yo

I could never forget the underground hip hop  
I'ma dedicate this to everybody that knew me when I  
was broke  
Workin' at Burger King, hustlin' dime bags on a twelve  
speed bicycle  
All the projects man, you know what I'm sayin', yo

Every time I keep pullin' out, y'all keep pullin' me in, sin  
Kick a little somethin' for the new Jerusalem  
Let people know you ain't forget where you came from  
Where you came from  
Every time I keep pullin' out, y'all keep pullin' me in, sin  
Kick a little somethin' for the street DJs  
Let people know you ain't forget where you came from  
Where you came from

Yo, yo this probably the hardest verse that I ever recite  
I'm in the studio with a gun in my neck it's all right  
Surrounded by gangsters, I don't know how they got  
here  
But I feel like the Haitian Frank Sinatra, in his young

years  
New York, on my way to Kennedy airport  
L.A., I was told wear colors wherever you walk  
Dirt, dirty south, I heard they run up in your house  
Shakespeare, no time to jive blast your girl through the  
blouse

What? MCs, y'all ain't nothing but assassins  
Every two lines is killin', or incarceration  
Murderation, closed casket cremation  
Closest you got to prison was seein' barson television  
But I'ma go long as this thug phenomenon  
Pass me a bandanna, two shots from my Mag-num  
All of that, to get your attention  
Here's a few things I been dyin' to mention

Anyone talk about guns, I'ma buy the cartel  
Any more beats soundin' the same, I'ma put your MPC  
to cell  
Listen, reminiscing on nas, it ain't hard to tell  
Still feel like somebody's watching me like Rockwell  
Talk about diamonds, I'ma kidnap Jacob  
Talk about the Fugues, I'ma break up the make up  
Put your stake up, I'm about to work my way back to the  
streets  
And y'all wanna bootleg 'cuz y'all will get Jay-Z

Every time I keep pullin' out, y'all keep pullin' me in, sin  
Kick a little something for the projects Clef  
Let people know you ain't forget where you came from  
Where you came from  
Every time I keep pullin' out, y'all keep pullin' me in, sin  
Kick a little something for the hip hop fans  
Let people know you ain't forget where you came from  
Where you came from

Hip hop fans, y'all like the woman in my house  
No matter how faithful I am, y'all still have your doubts  
Talkin' 'bout, is he real in this relationship  
Or did he go pop, and on the side get a mistress  
My mistress is a guitar, classical like Mozart  
Paint murder on the wall just to show y'all some art  
And y'all wanna start, and lose body parts  
I suggest you start walkin', tell your man stop talking

You know the scenario, the innocent is always the first  
to go  
And Dorothy sings somewhere over the rainbow  
Kum ba ya, got you trapped in barbed wire  
Dope delivery, but I'm the ghost writer  
Tall tribes of Juda, deeper than books

Watch what you cook 'cuz you might get hooked  
Man, I miss real MCs  
Like Kool G Rap, written in graffiti

Before the plane, I used to take the train  
Watch fiends puttin' up they vein, moms raisin' Caine  
Able's on the roof, cook like a goose  
To calm my nerve, I drink Vodka 180 proof  
I'm back in the shack, lay flat on my back  
Two choices, sell rap or sell crack  
Chose sell rap, but watch my back like I'm sellin' crack  
'Cuz the music industry is the same street format

I sold y'all Nappy Heads, to the score, to the carnival  
But yet y'all still wanted more  
Since Sedeck went back, came off wit a break  
I blend so perfect, that you would want it for your mix  
tape

Every time I keep pullin' out, y'all keep pullin' me in, sin  
Kick a little something for the brothers up north  
Let people know you ain't forget where you came from  
Where you came from  
Every time I keep pullin' out, y'all keep pullin' me in, sin

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