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## Wyclef Jean "Streets Pronounce Me Dead"

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The return of the hip hop ammadeus Wyclef Toussaint St. Jean drama

Streets pronounce me dead Streets pronounce me dead

I tell 'em I'm alive but rumor says I'm dead The resurrection of the dead, I could never get And if I ever die, all I do is ride

The streets pronounce me dead Puttin' two holes in my head At the funeral, I had more friends than the grateful dead Haters started talkin' sayin' I went left

Akon took my spot, will.i.am took my vest Started beatin' on the coffin 'cause I could hear the crowd

But they can't hear me 'cause Lil' Jon's preachin' too loud

That's when the bishop said last words for friends and family

Then the fans stood up and said y'all forgot the Fugees Fifty million records sold straight from the basement How y'all gon' tell me Wyclef is irrelevant A rapper stood up and said, yup I got amnesia Last time I remember him was Gone 'til November

He said I don't spit no more, all I do is sing songs Last time he felt me was when I rhymed with Big Pun That's right get the hate off ya chest You a rap con artist, not a Kanye West (Lain't dead)

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I tell 'em I'm alive but rumor says I'm dead The resurrection of the dead, I could never get And if I ever die, all I do is ride

I mean the streets say it's been a while since they heard me spit That I spit so hard, my ghostwriter must be cannabis But far permit, this is how I started But my battle raps couldn't get me groceries from the super market So I found another target to aim at

I went from food stamps to the black a mac's Eight track cassettes, the CD's, the iPod's Bmx bixes, the hoopdies, the hot rods And my swag come from Nazareth

How you gon' say I'm dead when I rose like Lazareth And this ain't mystic, I ain't talkin' voodoo We do carry spears like the Zulu's So watch your mouth boy, I ain't dead

Fo' the city gon' turn red, blood will shed So before you speak boy watch your tone Fo' my chrome gon' turn you to a statue of stone (I ain't dead)

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They all got shocked when I rose from the coffin Dust my self off then headed out to new Jerusalem Destroyed and rebuilt, my voice sound like silk Audio tune like milk, I used to shop lift with no guilt

And Christmas time toy guns the size of elves I seen the ra-ta-ta turn into the real shells Yup killa, you press ya luck Went to sleep in the pond, woke up with the ducks

And this ain't gangsta talk, I don't talk the talk I suggest you walk or get outlined in chalk And you ain't from the street But yet you walk the streets You a C, O, P, a cop walkin' the beat

But the rule on the streets they could turn on you Like a pit bull after givin' him food Or the girl that you bought all the cars and the jewels Only to find out on memorial dey fuckin' in the swimmin' pool (I ain't dead)

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I tell 'em I'm alive but rumor says I'm dead The resurrection of the dead, I could never get And if I ever die, all I do is ride

Yea Warriors music Drama From the hut, to the projects, to the mansions So y'all know you, y'all ain't got no excuses I'm alive

Wyclef aka Toussaint St Jean

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