

## Wyclef Jean "The Mix Show"

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We gon send this out for every street DJ  
This is somethin for the mix shows  
Mix shows

You don't wanna go outside  
Because the thugs are outside  
They bustin slugs outside  
So you don't wanna go outside  
Let's go  
Uh, I'm outside lookin in  
I could feel it through the wind  
From the streets' shore  
I could see the shark's fin  
They ain't eat nuttin in a week  
And they hunger is the reason why the blood drips on  
the concrete  
So run your juice  
Pit bulls drew  
They gon shoot you in the head so what good is your  
bullet proof  
Unless your bullet proof-la what's your affiliation  
You just a rat handin out information  
You wanna run and said Clef took my paper  
Clef ain't take your paper  
Clef is just a narrator  
Think I'm a singer  
I'ma have you call a operator  
911 now you breavin through a respirator  
All dat gun-clappin yappin meet me outside  
You never seen a ghost until you seen the other side  
So think before you speak or blood is go leak  
You shouldn't have no problems understandin  
I ain't speakin Greek  
I need a hundred grand  
And I ain't talkin bout no candy bar  
Take over your strip like it's Candahar  
You gonna see so much red you think your man on  
Mars  
That concrete that's under your feet gon land on hard  
I got gooms that stand on guard  
Post up waitin wit the toaster  
Hit you from close up

Bare face  
No black mask  
No silencers  
On the burners everybody hear da gat blast  
Bodies found chopped up in black bags inside  
incenerators  
I got power like generators  
Slugs wit names on it  
The message I send to haters  
In my hood I'm know as a menace to neighbors  
Me and my men for paper  
We don't fear the morgue  
Only thing we afraid of is we scared to starve  
You can't stop the shine  
Play a black cloud in my dollar signs and be a victim of  
a violent crime  
For real  
The flows is death defyin  
Act real and ya neck be flyin  
Brains and guts like I was savin private Ryan  
Test the iron  
And I show you a wall, cat  
That's filled wit bodies  
See where your balls at, if you all dat  
And I show a wall, cat, that's filled wit bodies  
And yours could be the next  
Number 19, erased out the projects  
I progress everyday I'm livin this life  
I won't stop till I'm buried, dog  
I'm livin it right  
Just gimme the price and I'm willin to take a chance

I keep it ass hard  
Cause this sh- in my pants  
And if you wanna dance you need to jump to these  
lyrics  
You feelin the physical form as well as the spirit  
Don't try to compare it  
Just listen and love to hear it  
And if it's fire you know not to come near it  
I keep it flame broil enough to make your brains boil  
Put you in a stash where nobody could say they saw  
you  
Check, G.O.D. put it down like it's burnin hot  
Execute you on the spot no warnin shot  
Comin Timothy McVay I burn down your block  
First I kick in your door cause in war we don't knock  
I got no competition  
Only man that could see me is the man in the mirror  
Keep wishin  
Keep fishin

Get a hundred and fifty stitches  
Your last rights  
Last meal  
Last wishes  
This is summin for the mix shows  
They call me most honorable, most knowledgeable  
Toast bottles in blue  
The hydroponic goose  
I spit ten words blow you to molecules  
I'm under your skin cells and your hair follicles  
It's the jewel  
Whatever I could see I could be  
I saw hip-hop became a MC  
Then I saw the streets became a OG  
Then I learn to see myself became G.O.D.  
We get them packs off often  
I'm on da block where it's scorchin  
The life that I live'll make you nauseous  
Most of our n-ggs see a coffin  
Most of our -ish see abortions  
Of course we are lost in the circle of Karma  
This is summin for the mix shows  
Where you and your mama, grandmama  
and great-grandmama live out the same drama  
Where you and your father, father's fathers  
great and fore fathers felt horror like no tomorrow  
I'm from United Snakes, the country of crime  
The city look -ish they changed the skyline  
And it's us against swine and they loosin they mind  
In the van with my grind  
And thirst to gimme time  
I'ma ball or get signed or bang and take mine  
My design's undefined  
I'm clearly one of a kind  
It's best you realize only the fittest survive  
For cowards it's suicide so don't come outside  
You don't wanna come outside  
Masquerade  
Its Blaques outside  
Fam and Prolific, we all outside  
So you don't wanna come outside  
Refugee  
Ay, yo we gon send this out for every street DJ  
that ain't getting no real radio airplay  
You know I mean  
That's comin on the radio at one o'clock in da mornin  
That got da streets on lock  
This generation!

