

## Wyclef Jean "Thug Angel"

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Refugees yo all you say

Dirty Dirty Dirty South

I used to play while at the YMCA, in L.A

Sold my first A-K

I saw her man get murdered on Sunday, Bloody  
Sunday

(What about Texas?) They need to chill with the gun  
play

(New York city y'all) Police are at the door

The Magnum was by the ashtray

(Look at shorty y'all) He bout to go out like Scarface

He woke up in a cardboard box with no space

With Thug Angels singin, sayin

{Uh-huhhh uh-huhhh, ahh-ahh-ahh-ahhhh-ahhh-ahhh-  
-Uhhh-huhhh uh-huhhh }

{Uh-huhhh uh-huhhh, ahh-ahh-ahh-ahhhh-ahhh-ahhh-  
-Uhhh-huhhh uh-huhhh }

So you wanna be a thug?

To all my thugs in Houston, you wan' push drugs?

To all my thugs in Memphis, you want the cars in the  
videos?

To the Jacksonville Thug Angels, let me tell you how it  
really goes

I'm on the highway with a black bandana, headed to  
Atlanta

Until I heard WOOP WOOP, that "Sound of Da Police",  
should I pull over?

He had the dark shades on, but he ain't look like Stevie  
Wonder

His face was, pale and long - he looked like Cobey in  
December

Now let me ask the truth or somethin -

Should I slow down and be a good camper?

I heard a young thug scream

"It depends what you got in the beamer"

Now I got two choices I could blast and become Most  
Wanted in America

Or I could slow down like the man in the Bronco

And get Johnny Cochran to be my lawyer  
Ohh Sonya, hit her on the Motorola  
If I get locked up I ain't getting out 'til Tuesday  
Cause this is Saturday, and it's a holiday  
Now I got to spend a week hangin in the South in jail  
But you told me that crime payed

The Dirty Dirty Dirty South  
I used to play while at the YMCA, in L.A  
Sold my first A-K  
I saw her man get murdered on Sunday, Bloody  
Sunday  
(What about Brooklyn?) They need to chill with the gun  
play  
(Hey) Police are at the door  
The Magnum was by the ashtray  
(New Jersey) He bout to go out like Scarface  
He woke up in a cardboard box with no space  
With Thug Angels singin, sayin

{Uh-huhhh uh-huhhh, ahh-ahh-ahh-ahhhh-ahhh-ahhh-  
-Uhhh-huhhh uh-huhhh }  
{Uh-huhhh uh-huhhh, ahh-ahh-ahh-ahhhh-ahhh-ahhh-  
-Uhhh-huhhh uh-huhhh }

So you wanna be a thug?  
My thugs in Chicago, you wan' push drugs?  
My thugs in Orlando, you want the cars in the videos?  
To V-A and D.C., St. Louis, Miami

So you a killer, how many people did you kill?  
You a dealer, how many drugs did you deal-a?  
For'realla, used to sell crack on the hill-a  
Yeah right! My name is Elvis and your wife is Pricilla  
You're an ACTOR, you need a part in this thrilla  
Hold up, ain't no need to bust your four-fiff-a  
Theres two of us, one of us is bound to leave here in a  
coma  
So say your prayers, and give my regards to the  
undertaker

At the Dirty Dirty Dirty South  
I used to play while at the YMCA, in L.A  
Sold my first A-K  
I saw her man get murdered on Sunday, Bloody  
Sunday  
(What about New Orleans?) They need to chill with the  
gun play  
(New York City y'all) Police are at the door  
The Magnum was by the ashtray  
(Look at shorty y'all) He bout to go out like Scarface

He woke up in a cardboard box with no space  
With Thug Angels singin, sayin

{Uh-huhhhh uh-huhhhh, ahh-ahh-ahh-ahhhh-ahhh-ahhh-  
-Uhhh-huhhhh uh-huhhhh }

{Uh-huhhhh uh-huhhhh, ahh-ahh-ahh-ahhhh-ahhh-ahhh-  
-Uhhh-huhhhh uh-huhhhh }

{Uh-huhhhh uh-huhhhh, ahh-ahh-ahh-ahhhh-ahhh-ahhh-  
-Uhhh-huhhhh uh-huhhhh }

{Uh-huhhhh uh-huhhhh, ahh-ahh-ahh-ahhhh-ahhh-ahhh-  
-Uhhh-huhhhh uh-huhhhh }

So you wanna be a thug?  
To my thugs in Tampa, you wan' push drugs?  
To my thugs in Detroit, you want the cars in the videos?  
To the North, to the South, to the whole Carolina-lina  
Let me tell you how it really goes

(Rapping)

(Chorus again)

So you wanna be a thug?  
To my thugs in A-T-L, you wan' push drugs?  
To my thugs livin in Dallas, you want the cars in the  
videos?

Thug Angels in the Birmingham  
Let me tell you how it really goes, let's go

Watch out, for the beasts  
Watch out, if you got a seed homie  
Cause you don't want your kids growin up  
Thinkin they never had no daddy

Big Pun, rest in peace forever  
Bronx, pour some liqour, AHHH  
Slang Tom, rest in peace  
Police is in the news, watch yourself  
Y'all saw what they did to Diallo

Yeah you betta turn music down! I call 911

You gon' do WHAT?  
WAIT! Yo turn up your musics louder  
WAIT! All my people in the system Jeep  
WAIT! All my people goin to school early in the mornin  
WAIT! Eastern Parkway

Tet zaboka sevi tanyen anba latya aswe m' pap domi  
gyet gyet manman

Tet zaboka sevi tanyen anba latya aswe m' pap domi  
gyet gyet manman

Woy

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