

Montell Jordan F/ Master P, Silkk The Shocker

"Thug Angels"

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Refugees yo.. all you say

[Wyclef Jean]

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

[background harmonizing - repeat 2X]

{uh-huhhh uh-huhhh, ahh-ahh-ahh-ahhhh-ahhh-ahhh-
-uhhh-huhhh uh-huhhh..}

[Wyclef Jean] - (over harmonizing)

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

[Wyclef Jean]

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 cold day 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 pay

[Wyclef Jean]
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

[background harmonizing - repeat 2X]
{uh-huhhh uh-huhhh, ahh-ahh-ahh-ahhhh-ahhh-ahhh-
-uhhh-huhhh uh-huhhh..}

[Wyclef Jean] - (over harmonizing)
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

[Wyclef Jean]
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-fifth-a
It's two of use, one of use is bound to leave in a coma
So say your prayers, and give my regards to the
undertaker

[Wyclef Jean]
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

[background harmonizing - repeat 4X]
{uh-huhhhh uh-huhhhh, ahh-ahh-ahh-ahhhhh-ahhh-ahhh-
-uhhhh-huhhhh uh-huhhhh..}

[Wyclef Jean] - (over harmonizing)
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
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!

[Wyclef - with voice box effect]
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 liquour, AHHH
Slang Tom, rest in peace
Police is in the news, watch yourself
Y'all saw what they did to Diallo

[some man complaining]
Yeah you betta turn music down! I call 911!

[Wyclef Jean]
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

[Haitian singing to end]

