

80 Bars

Wyclef Jean

80 bars, 80 scars
Yo, engineer turn me up, yo

I started off in the underground
From mono to stereo, now I'm surround sound
Blowing through your tubes, leaving holes through your speakers
Cracking through your tweeters, my frequency's off the meter

Jam packed arenas from here to Bangkok
I'm ahead of my time like Jimi Hendrix playing Woodstock
Me, I'm playing Hoodstock before I had the dreadlocks
I use to reminisce "Should I do music or sell rocks?"

Wrote my own props, living in the PJ's
That's when the Angel came to you and said "It's all a Masquerade"
Eyes with no faces, speakers with no lace
I feel that Earth's spinnin, but I'm standin in the same space

With no trace of what happened last night
I seen two fiends fighting over a crack pipe
Now I'm watching TV, my antennae was a close hanger
Blurry vision, Mister McGee Hunn, David Banner

Flip the data, the kids was wearin bandanas
Totin hammers aimin at your medulla oblongata
Blaow blaow, a young thug with a slim figure
The romantic type like the movie "Castle Blanca"

Herbs, sell 'em once, got busted by undercover
Buyer, my supplier was a Gypsy cab driver
That's when I realize I need to find a new hustle
Living in the jungle to get taught became my muscle

I strive through snake eyes who wanted me crucified
I thought that I was drowning but I was getting baptized
Now behold, I heard you sold 20 mill'
But with no street credibility, your overkill

You ain't real, talkin bout keep it gangsta
Phony, if you knew the gangstas sent me to shank you
Gank you, gank you, tie up your ankles
And if that ain't enough, I call Henchman's to lynch you

Now, at the funeral, I can see the Priest bless you
But in the after life, I'ma still touch you
Knockin on heavens door, your beggin to get in
That's when the center man greets you with the face of Satan

Now you look frightened in the belly of the whale
That's when the warden say "I want to welcome you to hell"
Fools, is 5 bucks, get off the phone, times up
I seen him cut from his head to his nuts

You wish you wouldn't, wish you couldn't, wish it got to me
Cause you screamin so loud that a deaf man can hear
Back to the silence, no more droppin science
Er'body rappin about diamonds and violence

And they ain't are's, all they do is charge credit cards
And when the bill comes, they blame it on the rap stars
Now how you figure? I ain't rent a car
I wasn't at the spa, I ain't by the bar

Now here's a jewel when you get your first record deal
Don't subject yourself to the mass appeal
First Class, caviar in the vel'
In the new S Class with the Jordan wheels

Remember, the music in the streets like the streets
You know the cold of the streets, er'body tryin to eat
The evidence is concrete, I'm tired of the same song
You take me how, you must be high off heroin

Sharper than I ever been, this one gon get a 10
Rappers, I'ma murder y'all with your own medicine
I move with faith, I never have doubt
I'm so hungry you will think I'm just coming out

But I been here before, from "Blun" to "The Score"
To "The Carnival", Eclectic World Tour
I'm causin whores, waitin in the back doors
They want me to rock they boat and shift they more short

That's when the Father said "Take me to this lesson"
They want to cut your hair like Deliala did Sampson
I felt that, so I went back to my format
Raps and backpack, gats for carjacks

Hats for pussycats, cause Aids, I don't want that
And for the DJ's, here's something y'all can scratch
Technique 12, Benito hits the watts
Hypnotize the crowd, the dance floor is jam packed

Now sing along like a negro spiritual
No one got shot tonight, it's a miracle
What's this I hear, y'all want to take my spot?
You got a better chance putting a gorilla in a headlock

I'm too focused, I can see through your lens
You ain't a G, just a want to be, Kingpin said...
"The next time, y'all want to pay for protection
I suggest that you hit up the Haitian Sicilians"

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