

# Bubblegoose

Wyclef Jean

When I was young, Mama played a guitar  
A microphone and she said I'd go far  
She said, "Just keep all the lyrics hardcore"  
Listen to my talk and get up, I'm on the corner with my...

Hey kids, gather around, it's Wyclef and Melky Sedeck  
I got a story to tell, heeeeeere we go

Sit right back and hear a tale of a hustler 'round my way  
He used to clock around the block from where my grandma stayed  
Black BMW with rims to match, windows bulletproof  
One night, he jumped out the car  
and caught a bullet in his bubblegoose  
He caught a bullet in his bubblegoose  
He caught a bullet in his bubblegoose  
You can be at the party gettin' loose  
But you can catch a bullet in your bubblegoose

Hey yo, hey yo, my pen's in my hand, what should I write next?  
Oh yeah, and if you don't know, success brings stress  
I'm vexed, my phone rings, collect call from Jeff  
The operator say, "If you accept, say yes"  
"Yes, what's the deal, son?"  
"Yo, I got bad news"  
Yo, by the tone of his voice, I heard the ill street blues  
"The friends will make you, then too can break you  
They plan an execution like Fu Man Chu"  
"Who?"  
"You know the character from channel 5 kung-fu (wahoo)"  
"Slow down, man, Jeff, I'm losin' you"  
"Hey yo, your cousin Rohann..."  
"Uh-huh"  
"Who used to sell bang"  
"Uh-huh"  
"DT's found his hand in the back of Binnigans..."  
"What?"  
"In a plastic bag with a note attached"  
"Saying what?"  
"A million and a half or he won't be back"  
"So meet me by the Brooklyn Bridge, 12:00 sharp"  
"If not, at the funeral, you gotta play the harp"  
Yo, why they wanna start and make me play my part?  
Don't they know like Sting, I can turn this murder into art?  
I jumped into my car, there's gotta be a joke  
Traffic's backed up, who's in town, the Pope?  
S-s-s-s-someone blew the horn, I turned and looked left  
To my surprise, it was my sis, Melky Sedeck

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You're shootin' in the opposite position  
I'm thiniin', "Should I fire or hold back on ammunition  
On your wig transition?"  
My mission, like Take 6, is to spread love  
But all you screwed mugs got me wearin' black gloves  
You up in my face, I see the fear in your eyes  
You wanna feel the pain like a grown man gettin' circumcised  
Shalom, shalom, pardon my left  
But my right hand's on your throat, massaging you to death  
You provoke the cycle, call Michael  
You're lookin' in the mirror, well, I'm in your window, oh oh  
You hear me Urkel, your blood will turn purple  
Like the colour, you holler, ballin' for your mother  
No-one hears you even though you knock  
You used to walk around the block with the daily rock  
Things done changed since your spark got hot  
Now you got your knot wocked with your very own glock

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He caught a bullet in his bubblegoose  
You can be at the party gettin' loose  
But you can catch a bullet in your goose