

Chickenhead

Wyclef Jean

Wyclef Jean with Spragga Benz
You know I got the reggae mix but this ain't complete
Know what I mean - to all the girls I cheated on before
Right about now - all my thugs around the world
If you love reggae music I want you to do this
Check it out, yo
Ah, put your lighter in the air, right, right
Put your lighter in the air, right, right
Put your lighter in the air, right, right
This is going straight to number one, check it out, yo

Chickenhead (Jack it up, jack it up)
Hey yo, what's your prize tonight
(yes, we have to jack it up)
I see it in your eyes (Yes, we have to jack it up)
You'll be alright tonight

To all the girls I cheated on before, it's a new year
Hey yo, dear queen, by the time you get this letter
It's four pages but my name ain't Aaliyah
I don't know much about biology or chemistry
Failed the S.A.T.'s, study Brooklyn zoology
Remember me, Wyclef the memory
Ecstasy with no theory of manoghany
To be or not to be, last words from Shakespeare
But a package says I wanna get the bitch with no fear
A few good men in a new millenium
Woman got a new law, if you cheat you're a dead man
So I've been dead like 100 times
Ask Cyndi Lauper, she'll tell you time after time
She became an infomaniac, wanted it all the time
A thin line between love and lust
She mistake me for the rapper when I said Can-I-Bus

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You'll be alright tonight

(To all the girls I cheated on before, Spragga Benz, where're you at,
wher're you at)
Chickenhead in a di bed, I feel dead, I feel dead
We have to jack it up, jack it up - keep up your head
Chickenhead in a di bed, I feel dead, I feel dead
We have to jack it up, jack it up, jack it up, yo
See my gal she a gimme a hug each day I come
Each an hour, understand, now she be on the bum
Wake up in di morning, all she know we are alone
Each day I cheat on a chickenhead I figure on
Bust it - man I go chill, me called a gal you wanna kill
She have faith, she have di skill, I know she want it she will
Gimme the right, a me remember, me have to come back for November
but the gal fe mi calendar forget that be the day
Chickenhead in a di beb, I feel dead, I feel dead
We have to jack it up, jack it up - keep up your head
Chickenhead in a di bed, I feel dead, I feel dead

We have to jack it up, jack it up, jack it up, jack it up

Chickenhead (Jack it up, jack it up)
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To all the girls I cheated on before, it's a new year
Yo, yo, from the college dorm, until dusk is dawn
I never felt cold until I lost one
Don't let go like En Vogue chocked on
Clash of the titans, now I'm in my unicorn
I left New Jerus, I'm on my way to Brooklawn
Someone hit my bumper, I turned around and saw Sharon
Got surprised because I saw little Shawn
In the passenger seat with a bottle of dom
Remain calm, called Cocren on the horn
Salaam, warm up the jeep, cause a murder about to go on
What the bomb bomb but this ain't a reggae song
It's like a old flick, Godzilla vs King Kong
If you saw the movie than you know what's gonna happen
Down South, west coast, than back to Manhattan
Like Vanessa from "Soul food" when she came at night
Thank God it was a dream cause I woke up with my wife

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You'll be alright tonight

Thugs arond the world, yo
Ah, put your lighter in the air, right, right
Put your lighter in the air, right, right
Put your lighter in the air, right, right
Salaam Remi, Wyclef Jean, Spragga Benz
Nobody's safe no more
Lock your door, chickenheads on the loose
ooooooooooooooooaah, I'm out
Refugee Camp abc, for your crews wanna test
Good night, good night, good night