

# Da Cypha

Wyclef Jean

Yo 1, 2, 1, 2  
The Clef is back with some adjustments  
Refugee camp  
(Turn it up! Turn it up! Turn it up!)  
Yo, you see them Refugees right there, they goin' in the car

Woo woo woo woo woo  
Keys they goin' in the trunk  
Woo woo woo woo woo  
Fiends they don't give a uh

And Flex couldn't save you even if he dropped a bomb in this  
You still gon' be found in a ditch  
My name should be Robin Banks the way I be robbin' banks  
I'm a fiend for the S-500 I want it  
Used to stay high and blunted, but all that had to stop  
Chick like me be chasin' after cops  
And they don't stop at my block after the Diallo shootin'  
Soldiers in waitin', marksmen recruitin'  
Salutin', thug confederates, rhyme and reason  
Time and treatin', Air Force One we leavin'  
Panama red, holdin' 52 hands for ransom  
My man Johnny Handsome, itchin' to cancel 'em  
I'm like hold up, wait a minute, let's get down to business  
We could shoot up everything soon as the deal is finished  
Blah, blah, I got two hours to kill  
We want like 5 mil in a private jet so peel

Supreme see been after mean figures, ask my lil' nigga  
Since back in the days, before he was raised  
Ain't nobody puttin' fear in my heart, who need a jump start  
My art sharp, shoot your posse apart  
Nigga take you on one by one, gun by gun  
Son by son, done by done  
Whoever come murder fest, one of the best  
I'm gettin' assets, collect ass bets, squat by your address  
I come to kick it wit' you, walk beans stickin wit' you  
Why try to hide from accomplice vibe  
Yo we break bread, break heads, my people shake feds  
Gamble and scramble, F' what your man do  
It's all about this husltin' game, muscle and fame  
Tussels in rain, take aim, blush you with game  
My language is unexplainable, switch, changeable  
And I stay remaindable, with bigger guns aimed at you

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I run up in Da Cypha heavily armed with endless bars of metaphoric harm  
A python with poisonous charm, extending my arm  
Pushing figures way to the back  
Out of your reach, excessive like Fatal Attract  
Freeze, a renegade bar stroke, an ace of spades  
I'll kiss you wit' a blade when I think I'm gettin' played  
Made woman, you never in bed with the same woman

You say you want it, you don't want to see the omen  
When my sixth sense start flowin' I bless like holy water  
I don't want to die 'cause I'm my daddy's only daughter  
But yo, sometimes I see the writin' on the wall  
You know the ghetto testaments, the shootouts, the brawls  
Close frames in the hall, will you stand or will you fall  
Your whole click is on the run now would you tell it all  
About the night shifters, me, I'ma cypher drifter  
My sixteen bars is up so peace to the mixes

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October 31st I was standing by the sour  
These thugs don't want to talk they want these Pumas I just bought  
Fresh outta school, picked on 'cause I'm bilingual  
I barely spoke English but the gun language was universal  
Ran in the grocery store, spoke to Gabriel  
He said, you have problems, here's a feezy from Israel  
Ran back outside, just before I could say another homicide  
Threw the biscuit in the bushes runnin' like Jesse Owens  
Police showed up, but I was nowhere in existence  
Back in the crib thinkin' bout what I just did  
I'ma police of defense but I'm bound to catch this bid  
My hypothesis was right, they knocked the door, homie  
Like a super in the projects wantin' rent money  
Just when I thought I get my life straight in the states  
Is when I found myself climbin down the fire escape  
Bodies found in Virginia under the dumpsters, no  
18 shell cases in front of the grocery sto'  
Flee the scene of the crime before y'all kick the door  
No your honor that must be some old rhyme that I wrote  
And lyrics sometime man they misinterpretate it  
For example when I say gun I mean my pen and paper  
And every time I wave and spit the crowd jump  
'Cause I'm still Digital Underground like "humpty hump"  
Feel the funk comin' through your elephant trunks  
I ain't even "Kriss Kross" my clothes yet  
And yet y'all want to "Jump, Jump" in Da Cypha, "Jump, Jump"  
You in Da Cypha

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Stay in the house when you hear  
Woo woo woo woo woo  
It means the murder's outside you hear  
Woo woo woo woo woo  
Where the real killers at you hear  
Woo woo woo woo woo  
Honey who chill with the gats you hear  
Woo woo woo woo woo  
Yo don't talk crap man  
Woo woo woo woo woo

Just 'cause your girl's wit' you man  
Woo woo woo woo woo  
'Cause both o y'all gon' go man  
Woo woo woo woo woo  
To a place where no man knows man  
Woo woo woo woo woo  
Femme fatale, Hope  
Woo woo woo woo woo  
Supreme see, kinda dope  
Woo woo woo woo woo  
Marie Antoinette in the back with the techs  
Woo woo woo woo woo  
Y'all know the flavor Refugee Camp  
Woo woo woo woo woo