

# Haitian Experience

Wyclef Jean

Yeah, now I'm a rock-star, it started with my imagination  
Used to gaze at the twins before the birds hit 'em  
Daydream about the God, my axe, my Excalibur  
A man, who just saw the future beyond the dishwater

Yeah, cab driver used to gypsy cab rider  
But she stuck with me when I had nothin', so I had to wife her  
And I used write these thoughts on a black and white notebook  
Haitian experience, now I'm a page in a book

I'm a Haitian, Haitian  
When I landed in America, 'Merica  
I got myself a green card, green card  
Mamma say, if I ever break the law, they gon' send me back home

This is my Haitian experience  
First stop out in England, England  
Immigration send me back to Washington, Washington  
Said I need a visa if I wanted to be in the United Kingdom

I pray that the Queen of Buckingham is listening  
Your Highness, I got a palace out in Port Au Prince  
I got a hundred acres and a whole lotta land  
But I can't go back and see my people in the ticks

I'm a Haitian in America  
When papa first got his green card, worked seven jobs in America  
Then he came and got me from Haiti, told me I had one chance  
To make it in America  
In the legal Valley and lookin' for work in Manhattan in America

My papa was a Haitian, Haitian  
He got to America, 'Merica  
On a six month visa, visa  
When the visa expired, he went underground like rats in the sewer

This is the Haitian experience  
Runnin' from the Immigration interrogation  
But his vision was his chosen  
(How you gon' get us to New York?)  
Absolute lost and at sea and never see the airport

Yeah, I pray that the President is up there listenin'  
Your Excellence, I got a palace out in Port Au Prince  
I got a hundred acres and a whole lotta land  
So we go move from detention, we go, we build the land

I'm a Haitian in America  
When papa first got his green card, worked seven jobs in America  
Then he came and got me from Haiti, told me I had one chance  
To make it in America  
So I learned to play guitar with dreams of becomin' a rock star  
(In America)

(I'm a Haitian)  
I'm a Haitian in America  
When papa first got his green card, worked seven jobs in America

Then he came and got me from Haiti, told me I had one chance  
To make it in America  
In the legal Valley and lookin' for work in Manhattan in America

What we gon' do right now is we gon' go back  
Way back  
To what I call Lassie  
The roots, the Haitian experience  
Let's go

Look in her eyes, she will survive  
She smiles like she's in love  
She's 21, she lost her feedin' arms  
But she ain't lose her soul, dancin' outta control

Like Angelina Ballerina  
Like Angelina Ballerina  
Like Angelina Ballerina  
Na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na

Yes, I'm a Haitian in America  
When papa first got his green card, worked seven jobs in America  
Then he came and got me from Haiti, told me I had one chance  
To make it in America  
In the legal Valley and lookin' for work in Manhattan in America

Man, I just got on a plane leavin' Haiti  
And I landed in Brooklyn, New York City, Cooney Island  
Marlboro Projects, man, in projects, it's so rough to blend in  
I learned to how to rock, sing, dance, pop, loc, whatever it took  
[?]  
Yeah, that's my dad, a Haitian livin' in America