

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