

Masquerade

Wyclef Jean

The streets is mad right now (Tell em' why we mad!)
Rappers whatever you call yourselves pack your bags and get outta town
(Get outta town! Get out!)
Cause I'ma strike down on thee with grave vengeance and furious anger
Those who attempt to poison the hood
I'ma let y'all know the preacher's son is back! (Waiya!)

Uh, Refugees
One time, M.O.P. (Oh, oh, oh, oh)
Two times, uh, Bumpy Knuckles (Oh, oh, oh, oh)
Now the world is in trouble, come on (Oh, oh)

Yo, you're number one on the charts! (You're a masquerade!)
Paying for your Billboard slots! (You're a masquerade!)
Because the block knows hot! (You're a masquerade!)
You're livin' in a, you're livin in a (Masquerade!)

I'm on first so this ain't a rap verse it's more like a voodoo curse
So when you die kids'll throw rocks at your hearse
Cause you lie too much you ain't got no gat at your arms reach
Just aimed it at your headpiece now you pissin' in your briefs
Hold up we just saw you on your BET, your MTV
Your public access channel talkin' bout 'I'm a thug!'
You're an animal, a cannibal, you even scared Hannibal
But when the blackout came, no lights for your candles
So welcome to the real world where a spade is a spade
And I'ma call it like I see it and ya'll livin in a masquerade
Even though Jacob iced you out with the bagette
Money with no respect, that makes you a suspect
So you can't ride through Brownsville
You wan't peace, you better call Churchill
If not feel Clef when he connects with M.O.P. family
And plays guitar at your eulogy

You wanna claim you run the blocks! (You're a masquerade!)
Givin' information to the cops! (You're a masquerade!)
Howc ome you've never seen a rock! (You're a masquerade!)
You're livin' in a, you're livin in a (Masquerade!)

Uh, uh, uh
Now you grimey little bastards line up, times up, I'm up
(They see it) William Danze'll show you how to get it crunk
(I'm still) plottin' with Fox (to death) I do it with Clef
(Forever) We're world mackin' thats to the death
Nigga blast (blast) blast royalty you dumpsters better get back
Before you get a setback and get clapped
That's it and that's that, Clap!
(Blow! Blow! Blow! Blow! Blow! Blow! Blow! Blow! Blow! Blow! Blow! Blow! Blow!)
Now I'm gone nigga haul that
Take all that and fall back

I kick too much ass (kick ass) to rock shoes by Prada
Fuck Gucci shoes Timbs mo' hotter (hah)
We still down shit
The street don't want that watered down shit
Nigga Fame we clear the whole stage (uh)

You don't wanna ride niggas we got road rage!

Now I'ma let my hoods out! (You're a masquerade!)
Unless you feedin' the dogs! (You're a masquerade!)
That's why we steal and we rob! (You're a masquerade!)
You're livin' in a, you're livin in a (Masquerade!)

I'm here, I'm here
Sixteen bars of murder here murder baby this ain't a facade
Niggas pumping they fist like they punchin' at God
Over ten years rippin' emcees I bring it hard
Don't make me split your chest and pull your guard
R&B singer the greatest and now barred
Cause he been feelin' on booties of too young cuties
Got more bombs left you punk niggas
Reach to shake the Bumpy hand you got no arms left
You ain't a pimp nigga you ain't a mack
You keep bitches in the house all day I keep them on the track
Drinkin' coke cold wearin' long mink coats black
Hear them twelve inch stilletos tappin' through the ghetto
I can see it in your eyes lil nigga you ain't a part
Of shake a niggas hand, shake a nigga hard
I keep the underground in shape and never be soft
You wanna make it like the fat naked bitches turnin' me off!

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Unless you feedin' the dogs! (You're a masquerade!)
That's why we steal and we rob! (You're a masquerade!)
You're livin' in a, you're livin in a (Masquerade!)

Miri Ben-Ari won't you take 'em to the middle east

Uh uh uh (uh) uh (uh)
Uh (uh) uh uh (uh) uh (uh)
Uh uh (uh) uh (uh) yeah (uh)
Yeah (yeah) yeah (uh) yeah (yeah) waiya!