

# No Airplay

Wyclef Jean

Yo the Brooklyn Bridge is gonna collapse why'know?  
Yo this Wyclef Jean and the ReFugee All-Stars up in here  
Yo what's this I hear about the police in Brooklyn?  
Turn this jam up, yo, yo  
This the type of jam that be getting no airplay  
I want the whole world to hear this joint right here, yo  
This the type of jam that be getting no airplay  
You asked for it buddy, here it comes

One two, watch out for the man in blue  
Three four, I keep it raw and hardcore  
Five six, you're beating us with nightsticks  
Seven eight, I'm forced to pack a thirty-eight  
Nine ten, you put me in a pen; if I could  
Do it all again, I'd probably bust your chin

I'm from a land of black bats, alley rats and cats  
Scratch up my car, set me up for the carjack  
Under pressure, I gotta leave the gat  
Two straps, a total of sixteen caps  
Say something positive? No positivity  
More positivity, more positivity brutality  
Thugs get angry, the violence increase  
You want peace, make Wyclef chief of police  
Riding through the hood, it's the same ol story  
It's either you play ball or you drug dealy dealy  
Standin' on the block when the spot get hot  
Guaranteed to get set up, by a crooked cop  
So I'm sittin' back, rhymin' on instrumentals  
Anything I touch, it turns monumental  
Me and Jerry Wonder, we keep it credible  
For the streets, at the same time, we gotta eat  
When we commercialize it's to enterprise  
We guarantee to sell a hundred mil before we die  
But Jerry is broke, that's the situation  
Nine-seven, it's like no more eviction  
No more war milk, no more government cheese  
Police keep on shootin' at our bulletproof Bentley

Yo this the type of jam that be getting no airplay  
The Brooklyn Bridge about to collapse, apocalypse  
This the type of jam that be getting no airplay  
The ghettoes are fed up, we got the arms in the air

One two, watch out for the man in blue  
Three four, I keep it raw and hardcore  
Five six, you're beating us with nightsticks  
Seven eight, I'm forced to pack a thirty-eight  
Nine ten, you put me in a pen; if I could  
Do it all again, I'd probably bust your chin

Yo bust this  
Forty caliber, seventeen through your character  
Waterworld's world, underwater, Sub Mariner  
Derringer, twenty-two one in the challenger  
Seven, four-eight, 23rd on the calendar  
My word verses, burst raps you rap nervous

It's worthless, you get smashed up, on the surface  
Projectile, my forty-four style, blood on silver  
The red ripper, fill up the reservoir nigga  
Armageddon, you smack dead on, a world crisis  
The nicest, for sixteen bars, of preciseness

One two, watch out for the man in blue  
Three four, I keep it raw and hardcore  
Five six, you're sticking me with nightsticks  
Seven eight, I'm forced to call Canibus  
Nine ten, you put me in a pen; if I could  
Do it all again, I'd probably bust your whole chin

You got a gat nigga, use it, go 'head pull it  
Scientists got raw footage of me dodgin' bullets  
I walk the streets with heat, three biscuits  
Outnumberin' niggaz twin glocks with triplets  
When I spit shit I lace it, you get punched in face with  
Puncutations of five-knuckle phrases  
I assure you the vocalist standin' before you  
Will destroy you with temperatures hot enough to flame broil you  
My tongue moves much faster than yours do  
Every three thousand styles I change my voiceboxes oil  
Embarrass you in front of your crew to annoy you  
If you know some chicks that suck a good dick, then I'll employ you  
To this hip-hop shit, Canibus stays loyal  
That's why every Killuminati I battle somebody for you  
I'm warnin' you, me versus you, I hurt you  
My balance enables me to square dance in a circle  
Your head'll spin so fast you'll catch whiplash  
I practice lyrical witchcraft on your bitch ass  
Make your hard drive crash to see colon backslash  
Go back to the roots and reprogram your wack ass, nigga

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Three four, I keep it raw and hardcore  
Five six, you're sticking us with nightsticks  
Seven eight, I'm forced to pack a thirty-eight  
Nine ten, you put me in a pen; if I could  
Do it all again, I'd probably bust your whole chin  
Where Brooklyn at? Where Brooklyn at? (right here, right here)  
A-ight? New Jersey in the house

The people versus gestapo, what what  
Yo, there'll be no sequel to this revolution  
There will be no sequel to this revolution  
The people versus gestapo  
There'll be no sequel to this revolution, what what