

Red Light District

Wyclef Jean

Intro

Yea, oh!

Check me out, look

It goes love, hate, pleasure and pain

Four albums in the can and I'm still in the game (what up?)

And last album, they don't like me to tell this

Debuted at number one and sold more records than Elvis (shut up
!)

That's what they telling me, switch up your melody

Through with misdemeanors, they trying to give rappers felonies

So they can lock us up one at a time

But true writers stay free in every one of our lines

And if you not feeling I'm the cream of the crop

I'll knock rappers off your list 'til I get to the top!

Still you looking at a man that's financially stable

Only nigga getting checks cut from four different labels

That Pillsbury dough, women poke my guts

Still I walk around the streets like I'm broke as fuck

So if you see me in your town and I appear to be moody

It's cause I'm thinking 'bout plans that's bigger than Serena b
ooty

Me and shaka still starving and looking for meals

And heads up! Ludacris is almost out of his deal

I'm over ten million sold, every album is crack

And for now I'm bout to carry def jam on my back

Mad rappers I hear you talking way down at the bottom

Though I make big money, still handle small problems

The rambling at the mouth, I don't play that shit

I'm the best and I ain't really got say that shit!